

① MISCELLANEOUS
ESSAYS:

BY

Monfieur St. EUREMONT.
Saint Euremond.

Translated out of French.

WITH
A CHARACTER,

BY

A Person of Honour here in *England*.

CONTINUED

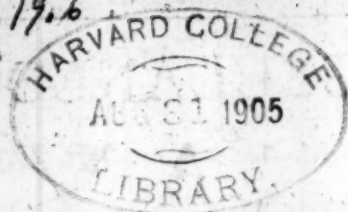
By Mr. DR Y D E N.

L O N D O N,

Printed for John Cberingham, at the
Star in Ludgate-street, near the West-End
of St. Paul's Church-Yard, 1692.

385#2.19.6

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Taylor fund

LICENSED.

Feb. 17. 169 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Rob. Midgley.



THE CHARACTER.

THE Discourses which compose this Book, being printed already, in another Language, there may be several amongst us, who have only heard in general of *Monsieur St. Euremont*, and the Reputation he has with the Men of Sence, and therefore may be well enough pleas'd to know what it is, wherein he Excels, and which distinguishes him from other Writers. For it is not with the Wits of our Times, how Eminent so ever, as with those who lived under *Augustus* when the Empire and Language

The Character.

were in some Sence Universal. They properly wrote to the World: the Moderns, even the French Authors themselves, write at most but to a Province of the *Roman Empire*; and if they are known beyond their own Country, and become a Common Benefit to Mankind, it is, in a great measure, owing to their Translators. *Monsieur St. Euremont* hath establish'd his Fame where-ever the *French Language* is understood, and yet surely he cannot be displeas'd with an attempt to carry it farther, by making him speak that of a Country, where he has resided so many Years.

Whoever reads these Essays will acknowledge, that he finds there a Fineness of Expression, and a Delicateness of Thought, the Easiness of a Gentleman, the Exactness of a Scholar, and the Good Sence of a Man of Business: That the Author

The Character.

is throughly acquainted with the World, and has conversed with the best sort of Men to be found in it. His Subjects are often Great and Noble, and then he never fails to write up to them ; when he speaks of the Ancient *Romans*, you would believe you were reading one of the same Age and Nation: the same Spirit, the same Noble Freedom, the same unaffected Greatness appear in both ; if the Subject he chuseth be of a lower Nature, he is sure to write that which is not common upon it : there is still somewhat New and Agreeable, and beyond what you could expect. However you were affected when you began to read him, he gains upon you insensibly, and before you have done, you take a pleasure to be of the same Opinion with him.

The Character.

The Variety and Choice of his Subjects pleases you no less, than what he writes upon them : He perpetually entertains you with new Objects, and dwells not too long upon any of them. As for Method, it is Inconsistent with his Design, neither pretends he to write all that can be said : He sets not up for a Teacher, but he Instructs you un-awares, and without pretending to it : Every thing appears so Natural, that the Art is hidden, and yet the Observer finds all the strokes of a Master's Hand : He knows exactly when to give over : All is so well, you'll wish he had said more ; and yet when he concludes, you believe he could not have ended better. He has truly studied Nature in that point, that it is with the Mind, as with the Body, they are to be treated alike : the desires of both should be

The Character.

be satisfied, yet so that you are to rise with an Appetite.

I know, how Nice an Undertaking it is to write of a Living Author: Yet the Example of Father *Bouhours*, has somewhat encourag'd me in this Attempt. Had not *Monsieur St. Eremont* been very considerable in his own Country, that Famous Jesuit wou'd not have ventur'd to praise a Person in Disgrace with the Government of *France*, and living here in Banishment. Yet in his *Pensees Ingenieuses*, he has often cited our Author's Thoughts and his Expressions, as the Standard of Judicious Thinking, and Graceful Speaking. An undoubted sign that his Merit was sufficiently establish'd, when the Disfavour of the Court cou'd not prevail against it. There is not only a justness in his Conceptions, which is the Foundation of good writing,

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but also a Purity of Language, and a beautiful turn of Words, so little understood by Modern Writers; and which indeed was found at Rome, but at the latter end of the Commonwealth, and ended with *Petrinus*, under the Monarchy. If I durst extend my Judgment to particulars, I wou'd say that our Author has determined very nicely in his Opinion of *Epicurus*; and that what he has said of his Morals, is according to Nature, and Reason. 'Tis true, that as I am a Religious Admirer of *Virgil*, I cou'd wish that he had not discover'd our Father's Nakedness. But after all, we must confess that *Æneas* was none of the greatest Hero's, and that *Virgil* was sensible of it himself. But what cou'd he do? The Trojan on whom he was to build the Roman Empire, had been already vanquish'd; he had lost his

A

Country,

The Character.

Country, and was a Fugitive. Nay more, he had fought unsuccessfully with *Diomedes*, and was only preserv'd from Death by his Mother Goddess, who receiv'd a Wound in his Defence. So that *Virgil* bound as he was to follow the Footsteps of *Homer*, who had thus described him, cou'd reasonably have altered his Character, and rais'd him in *Italy* to a much greater height of Prowess than he found him formerly in *Troy*. Since therefore he cou'd make no more of him in Valour, he resolv'd not to give him that Virtue, as his Principal, but chose another, which was Piety. 'Tis true this latter, in the Composition of a Hero, was not altogether so shining as the former; but it intitled him more to the favour of the Gods, and their Protection, in all his undertakings. And, which was the
Poets

The Character.

Poets chiefest aim, made a nearer Resemblance betwixt *Æneas* and his Patron *Augustus Cæsar*, who, above all things, lov'd to be flatter'd for being Pious, both to the Gods and his Relations. And that very Piety, or Gratitude, (call it which you please,) to the Memory of his Uncle *Julius*, gave him the Preference amongst the Soldiers to *Mark Anthony*; and consequently rais'd him to the Empire. As for Personal Courage, that of *Augustus* was not pushing; and the Poet, who was not ignorant of that Defect, for that reason, durst not ascribe it, in the supream degree, to him who was to represent his Emperour, under another name: which was manag'd by him, with the most imaginable fineness: for had Valour been set uppermost, *Augustus* must have yielded to *Agrippa*. After all, this is rather

The Character.

ther to defend the Courtier, than the Poet ; and to make his Hero escape again, under the covert of a Cloud. Only we may add, what I think *Bossu* says, That the *Roman* Commonwealth, being now chang'd into a Monarchy, *Virgil* was helping to that Design ; by insinuating into the People the Piety of their New Conquerour, to make them the better brook this Innovation ; which was brought on them by a Man, who was favour'd by the Gods : Yet we may observe, that *Virgil* forgot not, upon occasion, to speak Honourably of *Æneas*, in point of Courage, and that particularly in the Person of him by whom he was overcome. For *Diomedes* compares him with *Hector*, and even with advantage.

Quicquid

The Character.

*Quicquid apud dura cessatum est moenia Troja ;
Hectoris, Aeneaque manu Victoria Grajum
Hæsit, & in decumum vestigia rettulit annum :
Ambo animis, ambo insignes præstantibus armis ;
Hic Pietate prior —*

As for that particular Passage, cited by Monsieur St. Euremont, where *Æneas* shows the utmost fear, in the beginning of a Tempest : *Extemplo Æneæ solvuntur frigore membra, &c.* Why may it not be supposed, that having been long at Sea, he might be well acquainted with the Nature of a Storm ; and by the rough beginning, foresee the increase and danger of it ? At least, as a Father of his People, his concernment might be greater for them, than for himself. And if so, what the Poet takes from the merit of his Courage, is added to the prime virtue of his Character, which was his Piety.

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Piety. Be this said, with all manner of Respect and Deference, to the Opinion of *Monsieur St. Euremont*; amongst whose admirable Talents, that of Penetration is not the least: He generally dives into the very bottom of his Authors; searches into the inmost recesses of their Souls, and brings up with him, those hidden Treasures which had escap'd the Diligence of others. His Examination of the Grand *Alexandre*, in my Opinion, is an admirable piece of Criticism; and I doubt not, but that his Observations on the *English Theatre* had been as absolute in their kind, had he seen with his own Eyes, and not with those of other Men. But conversing in a manner wholly with the Court, which is not always the truest Judge, he has been unavoidably led into Mistakes, and given to some of our Courtest Poets

The Character.

Poets a Reputation abroad, which they never had at home. Had his Conversation in the Town been more general, he had certainly received other Idea's on that Subject; and not transmitted those Names into his own Country, which will be forgotten by Posterity in ours.

Thus I have contracted my Thoughts on a Large Subject: for whatever has been said falls short of the true Character of *Monsieur St. Euremont* and his Writings: and if the Translation you are about to read does not every where come up to the Original, the Translator desires you to believe, that it is only because that he has failed in his Undertaking.

J. Dryden.

THE

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ERRATA.

PAGE 16. Line 13. for *Arms* read *Armys*. Ibid. l. 15.
 r. *Papirius Censor* without a Comma between. Ibid.
 l. 22. after *great* leave out of. p. 21. l. 9. after *things* r. *were*.
 p. 26. l. 15. before *Carthaginians* r. *the*. p. 36. l. 14. for
Reason r. *Reasons*. p. 39. l. 26. for *Eye* r. *Eyes*. p. 52. l. 1.
 after *and* r. *I*. p. 73. l. 6. for *suffered* r. *suffered*. p. 97. l. 6.
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 l. 20. after *none* r. a full stop. p. 218. l. 18. r. *before him*,
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uncertain r. *uncertain*.

REFLECTIONS

Upon the
Divers GENIUS'S
Of the

Roman People,

In the different times of the
REPUBLIC.

CHAP. I.

IT is with the Original of People, as with the Genealogies of private persons, they cannot bear with low and obscure beginnings: these are purely imaginary, those shew themselves in Fables. Men are naturally defective in many

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ny things, and naturally vain; amongst whom the Founders of States, Legislators and Conquerors, little satisfied with their Human condition, whose defects and infirmities they had a sense of, have frequently enquired after the causes of their merits elsewhere; from whence it comes to pass that the Ancients held themselves obliged to some Deity or other, either upon the account of descending from it, or else because they acknowledged a particular Care and Protection from its Tutelary Vertue. Some persons have been under a seeming persuasion thereof, purely for the sake of persuading others, and have made an Ingenious Use of an Advantagious Deceit, which might afford a Veneration for their persons, and a submission to their Authority. There have been those that have flattered themselves with such thoughts, and seem'd to be in earnest; The Contempt they used men with, and the confident opinion of their own extraordinary qualities, has occasion'd their fantastical search after an Original different from ours; but it has been more frequent that some Nations to make themselves Honoured, and through a Spirit of Gratitude to those that had rendered

of the Roman People.

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dred them some very important Services, have given occasion for these sort of Fables.

The *Romans* have not been exempt from this Vanity. They are not contented with their Relation to *Venus* by *Aeneas*, who led the *Trojans* into *Italy*, they have refreshed their Alliance with the Gods by the Fabulous Nativity of *Romulus*, whom they supposed to be the Son of the God *Mars*, and whom they Deified himself after his Death.

His Successor *Numa* had nothing of Divine in his Race, but the Sanctity of his Life afforded him a particular Communication with the Goddess *Egeria*, which Commerce was of no small assistance to him towards the establishment of his Ceremonies.

In short, if you will believe them, the Destinies had no other cares upon them than the Foundation of *Rome*, and so far, that Providence seem'd Industrious to adapt the various Inclinations of its Kings, to the different Necessities of that People. I hate admirations founded upon Tales, or established through the Error of false Judgments. There are so many realities to be

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admired amongst the *Romans*, that to be willing to advance 'em by Fables, is to do them wrong; to be truly serviceable to their Memory, is to rescind all vain Comendations: In this design I am inclined to consider them by themselves, without any subjection to such and such opinions, which are not believed, and yet are kept up. It would be a tedious piece of business to give an exact account of every thing, but I shall not amuse my self about the particulars of actions; I'll be content with pursuing the Genius of some memorable times, and the different Spirit, wherewith *Rome* has been observed to be variously animated.

The Kings have had so little a share in the Grandeur of the *Roman* People, that they don't oblige me to very particular considerations: 'Tis with reason that Historians have entituled their Reign the Infancy of *Rome*, for 'tis certain that under them she has had but a very feeble motion. To be convinced of the little Action they were concerned in, it suffices to know that seven Kings at the end of Two Hundred, so many years, have not left behind them a Dominion much larger than
that

that of *Parma* or *Mantua* : One single Battel now adays gain'd in very narrow places, would afford a greater extent of Land. As for those various and singular Talents which are ascribed to each of them by a mysterious Providence, there's nothing of any more consideration, than what has happened to many Princes before ; 'tis an extraordinary thing to find a Successor endowed with the same Qualities of his Predecessor : The one Ambitious and Active, thinks nothing of Value but War : Another, who naturally loves Repose, thinks the finest Policy in the World consists in keeping himself in Peace ; this makes Justice his principal Vertue, that Prince is Zealous after nothing, but the observance of Religion ; so that each pursues his own natural Disposition, and is delighted in the exercise of his Talent ; now to make a sort of a Miracle of so ordinary a thing, is it not very ridiculous ? But further, This Difference of Genius is so far distant from procuring any Advantage to the *Roman* People, that their small encrease under the Kings, in my Judgment, is to be imputed thereto ; certainly nothing can be a greater hindrance to a Progress than this

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difference of Genius, for it oftentimes is the occasion of quitting the real Interest, which is not understood, by a new Spirit, which would introduce something that one has a better notion of, but which for the most part is inconsistent with the fore-mention'd advantage.

Allowing you could come at all you intended by these new Institutions, yet it happens many times from the diversity of applications, that several things were fortunately enough begun, without arriving to a happy accomplishment.

The disposition of affairs was all of a piece under *Romulus*. In *Numa's* Reign nothing was performed, but the establishment of Priests, and Religious persons. *Tullus Hostilius* found it no easie Province to Convert men from a pleasant amusement, to the application of War; this Discipline was hardly established, but that *Anus* appeared with inclinations to render the City commodious, and magnificent.

The first *Tarquin*, to give more Dignity to the Senate, and more of Majesty to the Government, invented Ornaments, and gave marks of Distinction.

The Principal Study of *Servius*, was to have

have an exact account of the estates of the *Romans*, and according to those, to divide them by Tribes, that so they might contribute with Justice and Proportion to the Publick Necessities.

Tarquin the Proud, says *Florus*, was extremely serviceable to his Countrey, when he gave occasion by his Tyranny to establish the Republiek; this is the Discourse of a *Roman*, who, although born in the Reign of Emperours, doth not think it amiss to prefer Liberty to the Empire.

My Opinion is, that the Common-Wealth may be justly admired, without admiring the manner of its Constitution. But to return to these Kings, 'tis certain that each had his particular Talent, but not one, a capacity large enough. *Rome* should have had some of those great Monarchs, that know how to embrace all things by the Advantage of a Universal Genius, and not to be under the necessity of borrowing from different Princes, the divers Institutions, which one might easily have composed, during his particular Life.

The Reign of *Tarquin* is as well known to the World, as the establishment of their Liberty. Pride, Cruelty, and Avarice, were

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his chieftest qualities, but he wanted dexterity to manage his Tyranny.

He had much of Injustice and Violence in him, his Designs ill contrived, and his measures ill taken. To define his conduct in a few words, he knew neither how to Govern according to the Laws, nor Reign against them: In a State so violent for the People, and dangerous for the Prince, there was nothing expected, but an opportunity for Liberty, when the death of the miserable *Lucretia*, presented one to their view.

This Vertuous Lady, so cruel to her self, could not Pardon her self for the Crime of another, she Stab'd her self with her own proper hands, after she had been ravished by *Sextus*, and commended the Revenge of her Honour to *Brutus* and *Collatinus*. 'Twas then that this constraint of Humours, so long since pen'd up, made the first Rupture.

It is incredible how all people agreed to revenge the death of *Lucretia*; the People, to whom the slightest matter relating thereunto served for a specious reason, were more incensed against *Sextus* for the Violence *Lucretia* offered her self, than

than if he had really himself been the Author of it ; and as it generally happens in Tragical events, by the mixture of Pity and Indignation, every one augmented the Horror of the Crime, by a Compassion for this Celebrated, but Unfortunate Vertue.

You may observe in *Livy*, the very least particulars of the concern and conduct of the *Romans*, an odd mixture of Fury and Wisdom, very ordinary in great Revolutions, where Violence produceth the same effects, that Heroick Vertue doth when accompanied with Discipline; 'Tis certain that *Brutus* made an admirable use of the Dispositions of the People ; but to describe him well, is a Task of no mean difficulty. The Grandeur of a Republick admired by the whole World, occasions an admiration of the Founder thereof without an examination of his Actions.

Every thing that appears Extraordinary, appears Great if it be Successful ; as every thing which is Great, appears Foolish, when there's a contrary Event. It were necessary to have lived in his time, and to have had some experience of his person, to be perfectly satisfied whether he Kill'd his Sons by a motion of Heroick
Ver.

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Vertue, or the hardness of a Cruel and Unnatural Humour.

As for me, I'm of Opinion that there's much of his Conduct owing to Design: His profound Dissimulation under the Reign of *Tarquin*, as well as his industry to chase *Collatinus* from the Consulship, is to me matter of a convincing nature. It might very well be, that the Sentiments of Liberty made him forget those of Nature: It might also be that his own proper Security prevail'd with him above all things, that in this hard and melancholy choice of undoing himself, or undoing his Children, so urgent an Interest overcame in him the safety of his Family. Who knows if Ambition had not a share in this action? *Collatin* ruined himself through a natural affection for his Nephews; *Brutus* rendred himself Master of the Publick by the Rigorous Punishment of his own Sons. That which may with assurance be affirmed is this, that there was something of Cruelty in his Nature, that was the Genius of the time; a disposition as Savage as it is free, did then, and has very long since produced Vertues, that are not rightly apprehended.

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

IN the first times of the Republick, people were strangely furious for Liberty and the Publick Good; the affection they bore to their Country, leaving no Obligation to the motion of Nature; the Zeal of the Citizen robbed the Man of himself. Sometimes through a Savage Justice, the Father caused his Son to Die for the performance of some extraordinary exploit contrary to his Commands; sometimes he made himself a Victim, through a Superstition as Cruel as it was Ridiculous; as if the intention of Society were to oblige us to Dye, when it was instituted to encourage us to live with less Danger, and with greater Freedom. Valour had I know not what of Cruelty in it, and an Obstinacy of Fighting, supplied the place of Discipline in War. In Conquests was as yet observed nothing of Generosity, it was not an aspiring Spirit which sought after an Ambitious Superiority over others: To speak
with

with something of Propriety, the *Romans* were Violent Neighbours, who were disposed to exclude from their Possessions the Legitimate Owners, and to Manure the Lands of other People by Force; oftentimes the Victorious Consul was in no better a Condition than the Conquered People; the refusing the Spoil has cost him his Life, the division of it has caused his Banishment; they have refused to go to War under the Conduct of some particular Generals, and denied to Conquer under others. Sedition was easily taken for the effect of Liberty, which was supposed to be prejudiced by the least mark of Obedervance, even to those Magistrates that they themselves had made, and those Captains whom they had Chosen.

The *Genius* of this People was as Rustical as it was Wild; Dictators were sometimes taken from the Plough, which they took to again after the end of their Expedition, not so much by a preference of an innocent and undisturbed Condition, as for having been accustomed to a sort of life so unpolite and unfociable. As for that Frugality which is so extreemly boasted of, it was not a retrenchment of
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superfluities, or a voluntary abstinence from things agreeable, but a gross usage of what they presently enjoyed. 'Tis true they were not Ambitious after more Riches, because they did not understand them, they were content with a little, because they conceived no more, those Pleasures too they omitted, of which they had no Idea. Notwithstanding for want of a due reflection, these old *Romans* were taken for the most considerable persons of the World; for their Posterity has Consecrated the very least particulars of their Actions, whether it is, that people naturally respect beginners of Great Actions, or that their Posterity, glorious throughout, were desirous that their Ancestors should be Masters of Vertues, when they were not of Greatness. I know very well that one might alledge some particular Actions of an extream Vertue, which will serve for Patterns to all Ages; but these Actions were done by certain persons, which did in no measure resemble the *Genius* of the time, or else they were Actions of so singular a nature, which proceeding from Men by Accident, had in them nothing

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common with the ordinary course of their lives.

It is to be acknowledged nevertheless, that manners so Unpolished and Rustical were agreeable enough to a Rising Common-Wealth. This roughness of Humour, which never yielded to Difficulties, established *Rome* on a stronger Foundation, than one more tractable, more enlightned, and rational, could have done.

This Quality considered in it self, to speak apprehensively, was very Savage, which deserves no respect but by the recommendation of Antiquity, and because it has afforded a Beginning to the greatest Power upon Earth.

CHAP. III.

Of the First Wars of the Romans.

THE First Wars of the *Romans* were of very great Importance in their respect, but little remarkable, if you except the
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the extraordinary actions of some particulars. It is certain that the Interest of the Common-Wealth could not possibly be greater, since there was some likelihood of their returning under the Subjection of the *Tarquins*; since *Rome* could not preserve it self from the resentments of *Coriolanus*, but by the Tears of his Mother; and that the defence of the *Capitol* was the ultimate refuge of the *Romans*, seeing that after the defeat of their Forces, their very City was taken and Sacked by the *Gauls*. But considering these Expeditions in themselves, one shall find that they were rather Tumults, than real Wars; and to speak the Truth, if so be the *Lacedemonians* had seen the kind of War-like Discipline which the *Romans* practised in those times, I question not, but they would have taken for *Barbarians*, a Nation, that took off the Reins of their Horses, to make their Cavalry the more impetuous, a Nation, who depended on Geese and Dogs for their Guard, as a Security sufficient, whose negligence they punished, and recompensed their Watchfulness. This gross Custom of wageing War, was of no small continuance, the *Romans* have purchas'd many considerable

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able Conquests with an indifferent Capacity : they were a people of bravery enough, and but little understood, who were concerned with Adversaries less Courageous and more ignorant, but because the Captains were nominated Consuls and Dictators, their Troops called Legions, and their Souldiers *Romans*, there has been more ascribed to the Vanity of these Names, than the Truth of things ; and without examining the distinction of Times and Persons, people would imagine, that they were the same Arms under the Commands of *Camillus, Manlius, Cincinnatus, Papirius, Cursor, and Curius Dentatus*, as under *Scipio, Marius, Sylla, Pompey and Caesar*.

That which may be affirmed to have been in the Primitive times of the *Romans*, is an extraordinary Courage- a great Austerity of Life, a great Affection for their Country, and an equal Valour ; in the latter times, a great of Discipline in War, and every thing else, but withal abundance of Corruption.

From thence it is come to pass, that persons of the highest Rank, to whom Vice and Luxury were become odious, have not been satisfied to admire the Probity of
their

their Ancestors, if they did not extend their admiration to the utmost degree, without distinguishing wherein their deserts consisted, and where not. Those that have found some occasion to complain of the Age they lived in, have afforded a Thousand Encomiums to Antiquity, which never exacted from them the least sufferance; and those who are so Morose as to censure and blame every thing that's in view, by the strength of their Imagination make that estimable which is no more. The most reputable persons have not been destitute of Judgment, and knowing that all Ages have their Imperfection and Vertues, they made a prudent Scrutiny into the Time of their Ancestors and their own; but they were obliged to admire with the People, and to exclaim sometimes suitably enough, sometimes without reason: *maiores nostri, maiores nostri*, when they observed others to cry out in so general an admiration. The Historians have not been wanting in the same respect to the Ancients, and making a Hero of every Consul, they have supposed every one, that has been very serviceable

to the Republick, to be of a Consummated Vertue.

I acknowledge that it was very deserving to serve it, but that's a different case from what we are upon; and it may truly be said, that the excellent Citizens lived amongst the ancient *Romans*, and the most accomplished Generals amongst the latter.

CHAP. IV.

*Against the Opinion of Livy,
upon the Imaginary War
which he makes Alexander
wage against the Romans.*

I Admire to what degree might extend the Opinion, that *Livy* entertain'd of those ancient *Romans*, nor can I comprehend, how a person of such excellent sense, could search out an Idea off from his Subject to reason so falsely, upon the
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imaginary War, wherein he engages *Alexander*: He makes this Conquerour descend into *Italy*, with a small number of Forces he then had, when he was no more than a little King of *Macedon*. He ought to have recollected, that a simple General of the *Carthaginians* hath pass'd the *Alpes* with an Army of 80000 men.

And this doth not suffice, he affords as much capacity in War to *Papirius Cursor*, and to all the Consuls of that time, as to *Alexander* himself; when to speak the Truth, they had but a very imperfect knowledge thereof: For the *Romans* at that time made no great Advantage of their Cavalry, their Horses were so little assistant to them, that they used to dismount in the very heat of the Engagement, and mount again to pursue their Foes, when defeated: 'Tis certain that the *Romans* made their Strength to consist in their Infantry, accounting the benefit, which might be received from the Horse, of little importance. The Legions particularly had in great misprision the Adversaries Horse, till the War of *Pyrrhus*, where the *Thessalians* gave 'em sufficient cause to change their Opinions: But the

Cavalry of *Hannibal* occasion'd to them since, great Terror, and those Invincible Legions were for some time so horribly frighted, that they durst not appear upon the least Plain.

To return to the time of *Papirius*, one was hardly acquainted with the notion of Cavalry, there was no skill either in Posting or Encamping in any Order; for they themselves acknowledge, that they learn't to form their Camp by the disposition of that of *Pyrrhus*, and before were used to Encamp always in Confusion: They were no less ignorant of Engines, and other works, necessary to form a considerable Siege; which proceeded either from the slackness of Invention of a People, not at all Industrious, or else because their Armies were never of a long continuance, whereby there was no opportunity afforded Men, to bring things to Perfection. Rarely was one and the same Army observed to pass from the Conduct of one Consul, to that of another; and yet more rarely was the Captain of the Legions continued in his Command, after the expiration of his Term; which management was admirable, for the preservation of the Republick,

publick, but very much repugnant to the establishment of a good Army. To let you see that the cause of this, was the Jealousy of Liberty; you may observe, that after the defeat of *Thrasimene*, at what time they were obliged to create a Dictator, *Fabius* had scarce stopt the Torrent of *Hannibal* by the Wisdom of his Conduct, but they put Consuls in his place: All things to be dreaded from the Fury of *Hannibal*, nothing to be fear'd from the moderation of *Fabius*; and yet the apprehension of a remote Evil, carried them beyond the present Necessity.

It is most certain, that the two Consuls managed themselves with Prudence in this War, and ruined *Hannibal* insensibly, as they established the Common-Wealth, when by the same reason *Terentius Varro* supplied their room, Presumptuous and ignorant, who gave Battel at *Canne*, and lost it, and reduced the *Romans* to that extremity, that their Vertue, as extraordinary as it was, was not so much instrumental in their preservation, as the carelessness of *Hannibal*. There was another Inconvenience, which hindred the Conduct of the Armies from being always given

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to the most Experienced and Capable. The Two Consuls could not be Patricians, and the Patricians would not agree, that both should be of the Plebeian Order. For the Generality it happened, that the first which was nominated, was a person agreeable to the People, who owed his Preferment to Favour; the other, whom they had a mind to choose for his Merit, was oftentimes excluded, either through the opposition of the People, if he was a Patrician, or by the Intreagues of the Senators, when he was not of their Rank. Amongst the *Macedonians* the contrary was observed, where the Captains and Soldiers stood together from their first establishment: They were like the *Veterans* of *Philip*, that I may so speak, renewed from time to time, and augmented by *Alexander*, as his occasions required. Here the Courage of the Cavalry equall'd the resolution of the Phalanx, which indeed might be preferr'd to the Legion, inasmuch as the Legions, in the War of *Pyrrhus*, were afraid to oppose some miserable Phalanxes of the *Macedonians* got together. Here they were equally expert in the War, relating to a Siege, or the Field. Never was
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Army concerned against so many Adversaries, or had seen so many different Climates. If so be the diversity of Countreys, wherein War is exercised, and the variety of Nations, which are brought under submission, can form our experience, how should the *Romans* enter in comparison with the *Macedonians*, a people that never went out of *Italy*, nor beheld other Foes than a few inconsiderable Neighbours of their Republick? The Discipline was in reality great amongst them, but the Capacity of an indifferent nature. Even since the Common-Wealth was become more puissant, they have suffered the disgrace of being defeated, as often as they made War against experienc'd Captains; *Pyrrhus* overcame them by the advantage of Conduct, which made *Fabrizius* declare, *that the Epirotes did not Conquer the Romans, but that the Consul had been Vanquished by the King of the Epirotes.*

In the first *Carthaginian* War, *Regulus* defeated the people of *Carthage* in *Africk* in so many Engagements, that they were already lookt upon as Tributaries to *Rome*. They were upon Conditions, which seem-

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ed insupportable, when *Xantippus* a *Lacedæmonian*, arrived with a Body of Auxiliaries. The *Græcian* a Man of Valour and Experience, informed himself of the Order and Discipline of the *Carthaginians*, together with the conduct of the *Romans*. Having fully instructed himself, he found both one and t'other very ignorant in War, and by his frequent discourse thereof amongst the Souldiers, the noise came to the very Senate of *Carthage*, in what little esteem this *Lacedæmonian* held their Foes. The Magistrates at length had the curiosity to give attention to him, where *Xantippus* after he had given them a sense of their past omissions, encouraged them to put him at the head of their Troops, through a promise of Victory.

In a miserable State where all things are despair'd of, a Man is more easily persuaded rather to confide in another, than himself; so those Suspicions fatal to the merit of Strangers, came to yield to the present Necessity, and the most powerful, urged with an apprehension of their ruine, abandoned themselves to the Conduct of *Xantippus* without Envy. I should make a History instead of alledging an Example

ple, to extend my self any further; it suffices to say, That *Xanthippus* becoming the manager of affairs, altered extreamly the *Carthaginian* Army, and knew so well how to prevail over the Ignorance of the *Romans*, that he obtained one of the most entire Victories over them, that ever was won. The *Carthaginians* out of Danger, began to be ashamed of owing their Preservation to a Stranger, and returning to the perfidiousness of their Nature, they thought to extinguish their disgrace, by ridding themselves of him, who had rid them of the *Romans*: It is not well known, whether they put him to Death, or that he was so Fortunate as to escape; but this is most assured, that through the absence of this person, the *Romans* most easily regain'd the Superiority they had over them before.

If you'd repair to the second *Punick* War, you will observe, that the vast advantages, which *Hannibal* received from the *Romans*, proceeded from the capacity of the one, and the small ability of the other; and in effect, when he would put a confidence in his Souldiers, he never said that his Enemies wanted Courage or
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Resolution, for they experienced the contrary often enough, but he assured them, that they were concerned with a people little dexterous in War.

It is with this Science, as with Arts and Politeness, it passes from one Nation to another, and Reigns at divers times, and in different places. Every one knows, that the *Gracians* enjoyed it to a high degree, *Philip* gained it from them, and all things arrived to their perfection under *Alexander*, when *Alexander* alone corrupted himself: It continued still with his Successors: *Hannibal* brought it amongst the *Carthaginians*; and for all the Vanity of the *Romans*, they have received it from him by the experience of their Defeats, their reflections upon their mistakes, and the observance of the Conduct of their Foes. You will be easily convinced of this, if you consider, that the *Romans* did not begin to make resistance against *Hannibal* in their utmost Bravery; for the most Valiant Persons were lost in Battel. Then there was Arming of Slaves, and Armies composed of unexperienced Soldiers. The truth is this, that they were prejudicial to him only, when the Consuls be-

became more expert, and that the *Romans* in general knew better how to make War.

CHAP. V.

The Genius of the Romans at the time when Pyrrhus waged War against them.

IT is not my intention to enlarge myself here, upon the Wars of the *Romans*, I should then ramble from the Subject I have proposed to my self: but it seems to me, that to apprehend the Genius of the times, one must consider in a people the different affairs, which they have been concerned in, and as those of War are without doubt the most remarkable, so 'tis there Men ought to be particularly observant, seeing that the disposition of Tempers, and the good as well as the ill Qualities, appeared with
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the greatest Figures. At the beginning of the Common-wealth, the *Roman* people, as I have elsewhere said, had something of wildness in them; afterwards this Humour turned into Austerity, and became a rigid Vertue, far remote from politeness or agreeableness, and repugnant to the very least appearance of Corruption. These were the manners of the *Romans*, when *Pyrrhus* passed into *Italy* to relieve the *Tarentines*. The Science of War was but indifferent amongst them, that of other things was unknown. As for Arts, either they had none at all, or they were very gross; there was a want of Invention, and they knew not what belong'd to Industry: but there was a good Order, and a Discipline exactly observed, an admirable greatness of Courage, and more Integrity us'd with the Enemy, than commonly with the Citizen. Justice, Sincerity, and Innocence, were common Vertues; Riches were already understood, and the use thereof amongst particulars prohibited. The being Impartial went even to Excess, every one making it a Duty to neglect their own affairs for the Service of the Publick,

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the Zeal of which did then supply the room of all other things.

After having spoken of these Vertues, its necessary to come to the Actions, which have made them known. A Prince is well esteem'd of, who by opposing Force to Force, employs nothing but open and lawful means to rid himself of a Formidable Enemy. But as if we were obliged to preserve those that are dispos'd to ruine us, to secure them from the Snares that are laid for them by others; and to save them from a Domestick Treason, is the effect of an unparallel'd Generosity.

Behold one instance hereof in the time I am speaking of; The *Romans* being defeated by *Pyrrhus*, and in a doubtful State, whether they should re-establish their affairs, or be constrained to yield; had in their power the loss of this Prince, and made the following use thereof.

A Physician, in whom *Pyrrhus* reposed a confidence, offered his Service to *Fabricius*, to Poyson his Master, provided he might have a reward proportionable to the importance of the action. *Fabricius* scared at the Horror of the Crime, forth-
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with gives notice of it to the Senate, who detesting with the Consul, so unworthy an Action, sent to advise *Pyrrhus* to take care of his person, adding, that the *Roman* Peoples temper was, to overcome him by their proper Arms, and not to free themselves of an Enemy by the Treason of his own People.

Pyrrhus, either sensible of the Obligation, or astonished at this greatness of Courage, was more desirous than ever to make a Peace; and to dispose the *Romans* thereto with the greater easiness, he remitted 200 Prisoners without Ransom; he sent Presents to the most considerable persons, to the Ladies also, and neglected nothing under a pretence of Gratitude, to bring Corruption amongst them. The *Romans*, who had not preserv'd *Pyrrhus* but by a perswasion of Vertue, would receive nothing that had the least Air of Acknowledgment. They sent to him an equal number of Prisoners, the Presents were refused by both Sexes, and all the Answer that he had, was, *That they would never hearken to a Peace, till he was removed out of Italy.*

Amongst an Infinite number of Vertu-

ous things, that were practised at this time, the great and impartial Natures of *Fabricius* and *Curius*, who went to a voluntary Poverty, were admired amongst the rest. 'Twould be a piece of Injustice not to allow them a great approbation; notwithstanding 'tis to be considered that it was more the general Quality of this time, than a Vertue peculiar to these two Men. And in effect since Riches were punished with Disgrace, and Poverty rewarded with Honour, it appears to me, that there was need of some Dexterity, to know well how to be Poor. By this means they raised themselves to the chiefest Employments of the Republick, where by the exercise of a great Power, they stood in greater want of Moderation than Patience. I cannot blame a Poverty that was Honoured through the World, it never wants any thing, but what our Interest, or Pleasure is concerned in. To profess the Truth, these sorts of Privations are of a delicious Nature, 'tis affording the Mind an exquisite Relish of what the sense is Robb'd of.

But who knows if *Fabricius* did not follow his humour, there are some persons

sons that are disorder'd upon a multitude and variety of Superfluities, who in repose would taste things Commodious and even Necessaries with Delight. In the mean time, those that have but a false knowledge of things, admire the appearance of moderation, when the exactness of Judgment would shew the small extent of a confined Spirit, or the little action of some negligent Soul. With those persons, to be content with little, is to rescind less of Pleasure than of Pain. Further, when it is not despicable to be Poor, we are in want of fewer necessities to live in Poverty with Satisfaction, than to live magnificently with Riches. Can you imagine the Condition of a Religious person to be unhappy, when he is considered in his Order, and is of some repute in the World? He makes a Vow of Poverty, which frees him from a Thousand Cares, and leaves him the desire of nothing that's agreeable to his Profession and his Life. Those who live magnificently, for the most part are the real Poor, they contend for Money on all sides with Inquietude and Disorder, to maintain the Pleasures of others; and whilst they expose their abundance, which

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strangers have more advantage of than they, in private consider their Necessity; with their Wives and Children, through the importunity of Tyrannizing Creditors, and the miserable State of their affairs, which they behold in a tendency to Ruine.

Let us return to our *Romans*; from whom we are insensibly stept aside. Admire who will, the Poverty of *Fabricius*, I commend his Prudence, and find him very much advised, to have had but one Salt-seller of Silver, to afford him the credit of chasing from the Senate, a man that had been twice Consul, a Triumpher, and Dictator, because in his person they observed something more, besides that it was the humour of the time, the real Interest was, to have no other than that of the Republick.

Men have established Society by a motion of particular Interest, imagining to live more pleasant and secure in Company, than they did in frights, when in solitudes; seeing they find therein, not only an Advantage, but Glory and Authority, Can they better do, than devote themselves wholly to the Publick, from

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whence they attract considerably more?

The *Decij*, who Sacrificed themselves for the good of a Society, whom they went to forsake, seem to me truly Enthusiastick; but these people here, appear very rational in the Passion they had for a grateful Republick, which was at least as careful in their respect, as they could be in hers.

I represent *Rome* in this time as a true Community, where every one lets alone his Private good, to find a better in that of the Body he belongs to; this Temper subsists no where but in small Republicks: In great ones, all appearance of Poverty is contemned; and 'tis much, when the extraordinary use of Riches is not there approved of. Had *Fabrizius* lived in the Grandeur of the Republick, either he must have changed his Manners, or he had not been useful to his Countrey; and if so be, the reputable Men of the latter time, had existed in that of *Fabrizius*, either they had made their Integrity more rigid, or they would have been chased from the Senate as, corrupted Citizens.

After having spoken of the *Romans*, it is reasonable to touch a little of *Pyrrhus*, who comes

comes in here naturally amongst such variety of things.

He was the most Expert Captain of his time, even in the opinion of *Hannibal*, who placed him immediately after *Alexander*, and before himself, as it seems to me, through modesty. He joined the curiousness of Negotiations, to the Science of War; but withall, could never make a solid establishment for himself; If he knew how to gain Battels, he failed in the issue of War; if he drew people to his Alliance, he knew not how to maintain them there; these two Noble Talents unseasonably employed, ruined the Work-manship of both.

When he had succeeded to his Wish in Fighting, his Thoughts were immediately bent to Treat; and as if he had kept Intelligence with his Enemys, he obstructed his own Progress. Had he known how to win the affections of a People, his first Thoughts would have been to have made them subject: From hence it came, that he lost his Friends without gaining his Enemies; for the Conquered took the Spirit of the Victors, and refused the Peace that was offered them,

and they not only withdrew their assistance, but considered how to get rid of an Allie, who shew'd the temper of a real Master.

A procedure so extraordinary, ought in part to be ascribed to the nature of *Pyrrhus*, partly to the different Interests of his Ministers. There was amongst the rest, two Men near his Person, whose advice he generally followed, *Cineas* and *Milon*. *Cineas* being Eloquent, Ingenious, fit for and skill'd in Negotiations, insinuated the Thoughts of Peace, every time he Debated upon War; and when the Ambitious Humour of *Pyrrhus* had transported him beyond his Reason; he patiently expected Difficulties, when managing the first distasts of his Master, he presently turned his Inclinations to Peace, to the end of re entring upon his Talent, and putting the affairs in his own disposal.

Milon was a Man experienc'd in War, who brought back every thing to force, he forgot nothing to hinder Treaties; or else to break them off, advised to overcome Impediments; and if so be, there was no subduing Adversary Nations, by
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all means to reduce the Allies to Subjection. As far as one may guess, behold the Rules by which *Pyrrhus* governed, as well by others as himself: It may be said in his Favour, that he was concerned with Powerful Nations, that could better shift than he; and again, that he won Battels by his Valour, that such a small and weak State as his, would not afford him the means to bring a long War to a Conclusion. In short, to look upon him through the qualities of his Person, and his Actions, he was an admirable Prince, who yields in no respect to any of the Ancients. To consider in general, the Success of his Designs, and the end of affairs, he will often appear to have been out of the way, and lose much of his reputation. To conclude, he possessed himself of *Macedon*, and was thence expell'd; his beginnings in *Italy* were fortunate; from whence he was forc'd to retire; he saw himself Master of *Sicily*, where he was not permitted to reside.

CHAP. VI.

Of the First Carthaginian War.

THE War of *Pyrrhus* enlivened the Romans, and inspired them with Thoughts, which they had not yet entertain'd; to speak the Truth, they enter'd upon it very Rude and Presumptuous, with much Temerity and Ignorance; but they had a great Courage to sustain it. And as they found every thing new with so experienc'd an Enemy, they became without doubt, more industrious, and more enlightened than they were before. They found out a way to secure themselves from the Elephants, which had put the Legions in disorder at the first Engagement; they learned to avoid the Plains, and search'd advantagious places against a Cavalry, which they had despised without Cause. They were at length in-

instructed to form their Camp by that of *Pyrrhus*, after having admired the Order and Distinction of Troops, which encamp'd with them in Confusion. As for the things which relate purely to the Mind, although the Harangue of old *Appian* drove *Cicero* from *Rome*, yet the Eloquence of *Cicero* did not cease to please, and his dexterity was very agreeable.

The Presents that were offered, notwithstanding the Refusal, gave a Veneration for those that could make them; and *Carus*, so much honoured for his impartial Vertue, was still the more, when he shew'd them in his Triumph, Gold, Silver, Pictures, and Statues. 'Twas then understood, that there were in other places things more excellent than in *Italy*.

Thus new Ideas, that I may so speak, made new Inclinations; and the *Roman* people, taken with an unknown Magnificence, lost those old Opinions, where the habit of Poverty was no less concerned than Vertue.

Curiosity was excited in the Citizens, even their hearts began to feel with emotion, what the Eye had begun to see with pleasure; and when their understandings

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were cleared, there appeared real desires for things abroad. Some particular persons did yet preserve the ancient continence, as it has happened since, and in the most corrupted time of the Republick; but at length, there was a general desire of passing the Seas, to establish themselves in places where *Pyrrhus* knew how to find so much Wealth. Behold properly, from whence proceeds the first *Carthaginian War*; the Succour given to the *Tarentines* was the pretext thereof, the Conquest of *Sicily* the true Occasion.

After having said by what motives the *Romans* dispos'd themselves to this War, it is necessary, in few words, to shew what their Genius was at that time. Their principal Qualities in my Judgment, were Courage and Resolution.

To undertake things of the greatest difficulty, not to be frighted with any danger, nor to be discourag'd with any loss. In all the rest the *Carthaginians* had over them a very great Superiority, whether through Industry or Experience at Sea, or else their Wealth, which afforded 'em the Traffick of the whole World, when the *Romans*, naturally poor enough, went to
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exhaust themselves in the War of *Pyr-
rhus*.

To speak the Truth, their Valour was instead of all things, a good Success encouraged them to the pursuit of a greater, and a contrary event did nothing but exasperate them the more. It happened directly otherwise in the *Carthaginian* affairs, who became careless in good Fortune, and easily dejected in Adversity. Besides the different nature of these two Nations, the different constitution of the Republicks contributed much thereto. *Carthage* was established upon Commerce, and *Rome* founded upon Armies. The first employed Strangers in their Wars, and Citizens in their Traffick: The other made themselves Citizens of the whole World, and of Citizens Soldiers: The *Romans* breath'd after nothing but War, even those that went not there, for having been formerly concerned, or else through the necessity of going one day.

At *Carthage* they always demanded Peace upon the first Inconvenience that was Threatned, as well to get rid of the Strangers, as to return to Trade. One may yet add this difference, That the *Carthaginians*

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thaginians have done nothing that's great, but by the Valour of particular Persons; where the *Roman* People has often re-established by their Constancy, what the Imprudence or Cowardise of their Generals had lost.

All these things considered, we need not be astonished at the *Romans* remaining Victorious, for they had the principal qualities, which render one People Master of another. As the Idea of Riches made the *Romans* desirous of subduing *Sicily*, so the Conquest of *Sicily*, made them desire to enjoy those Riches which they had got.

The Peace with the *Carthaginians*, after so rude a War, inspired a Spirit of Repose, and that Repose produced the Taste of Pleasures; It was then the *Romans* introduced the first pieces of the Theater, and made a discovery of their first Magnificence. They began to have a curiosity for Shews, and an affection for Pleasures.

The Proceedings at Law, although Enemies to Joy, did not cease to encrease, every one having recourse to the Publick

Justice, according as that of particular persons corrupted.

Intemperance occasion'd new Distempers, and Physicians were established to cure the Malady, from which Continence had formerly secured the Romans.

Avarice caus'd some little Wars, weak-ness made great ones apprehended. If so be necessity oblig'd the undertaking of one, it was begun with displeasure, and they were glad when it was ended.

They demanded Money from the Carthaginians, which they did not owe, when they were employed in the reduction of their Rebels; and they used all the cautions in the World, not to break with them, when affairs were a little accommodated.

So that it was sometimes Injuries, sometimes Considerations, always Averseness or Fear; and certainly one may say, that the Romans knew how to live neither as Friends nor Enemies: for they offended the Carthaginians, and suffered them to re-establish themselves, giving cause enough for a new War, where they apprehended above all things Ill Success.

A Conduct so uncertain, changed into

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a true Carelessness, and they let the *Saguntines* be destroyed with so much disgrace, that their Ambassadors were shamefully treated for it by the *Spaniards* and *Gauls*, after the ruine of this miserable People.

The contempt of Nations, wherewith they were Stung, drew them from this drowiness, and the descent of *Hannibal* into *Italy* revived their ancient Vigour. They made War sometime with much Incapacity and a great Courage; sometime with more Sufficiency, and less Resolution.

In fine, the lost Battel of *Cannæ*, made them find again their Verrue, and excited, to speak better, a new one, which extolled 'em yet above themselves.

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CHAP. VII.

Of the Second Punick War.

TO see the Republick in all the extent of her Vertue, its necessary to consider her in the second War of *Carthage*. She has had before more of Austerity; she has been found since with more of Grandeur; never so true a desert: In other extremities wherein she has been engaged, her Security was owing to the Boldness, Valour, or Capacity of some particular Citizen. Perhaps without *Brutus*, there would have been no Common-Wealth. If *Manlius* had not defended the Capitol, if *Camillus* had not come to rescue it, the *Romans* hardly free, would have fallen under the Bondage of the *Gauls*.

But here the *Roman* People hath sustained the *Roman* People, here the Universal Genius of the Nation hath preserved the Nation, here good Order, Resolution, a general Conspiring for the Publick Good, have

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have saved *Rome* when she was going to fall, by the Faults and Imprudences of her Generals.

After the Battel of *Canna*, where any other State had yielded to her Ill Fortune, there was not a motion of weakness amongst the people, not a thought but tended to the good of the Common-Wealth. All Orders, all Ranks, all Conditions voluntarily exhausted their Abilities; the *Romans* gave up with Pleasure the most valuable things they had, and kept with regret what they were obliged to leave themselves for their bare use. To retain the least, was a point of Honour, to reserve the most in their Houses, a kind of disgrace. When they treated about creating Magistrates, the Youth for the most part Jealous of one another, consulted freely the Wisdom of the more Ancient, to give their Suffrages the most discreetly.

Old Soldiers coming to be wanted, Liberty was given to the Slaves to make new ones; and these Slaves becoming *Romans*, were encouraged with the same Spirit of their Master to defend the same Liberty: But behold a greatness of Courage,

rage, which surpasses all other qualities, be they never so noble. It happens sometimes in an eminent danger, that persons of no remarkable Prudence, are observed to take good resolutions; it happens that the most concerned, contribute largely for the Publick Good, when by another Interest, they are afraid to ruine themselves with the Publick.

It may be, it never happened in the World, that people took an equal care both abroad and at home in such pressing extremities; and I find nothing so admirable in the *Romans*, as to see them send their Troops into *Sicily* and *Spain*, with the same Care, as they did against *Hannibal*.

Overwhelmed with so many Losses, exhausted of Men and Money, they divided their last Supplies between the defence of *Rome*, and the preserving of their Conquests.

A People so Magnanimous, chose rather to Perish than Fail, and to be no more, was held as an indifferent thing, when there was no being Masters of others. Admitting Self-Preservation to be always advantageous, yet I reckon amongst the

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the chief advantages of the *Romans*, the owing their Safety to their Constancy, and the greatness of their Courage.

This was yet a Felicity to them, to have changed their Genius since the War of *Pyrrhus*, to have quitted that extraordinary Impartiality, and that Ambitious Poverty which I have spoken of: otherwise there had not been found in *Rome* means to sustain it.

It was necessary that the Citizens had Ability, as well as Zeal, to assist the Commonwealth. If so be she had not relieved her Allies, she would have been abandoned by them. The Discourse of a Consul who thought to give Compassion to the Deputies of *Capua*, did but excite their Infidelity: The Senate much more Wise, took a quite different Conduct, sent Men and Provisions to the Allies, which stood in want thereof; and of all the Succours which they of *Naples* came to offer, they accepted of nothing but Corn in Exchange for Silver.

But notwithstanding so much Resolution and true sense of things, there had been no more Republick of *Rome*, if so be *Carthage* had acted the least of those things

things to destroy it, which Rome did for her security.

Whilst Thanks were rendred to a Consul that had fled, for not having despaired of the Common-wealth, Victorious Hannibal was accused at Carthage. Hanno could not pardon him the Advantages of a War, which he had dissuaded; and more Jealous of the Honour of his Opinions, than the good of the State, more an Enemy to the Carthaginian General, than the Romans, he forgot nothing that might obstruct the Successes that might be gained, or destroy those already obtained. Hanno had been taken for an Ally of the Roman people, who regarded Hannibal as the common Enemy. When the last sent to demand Men and Money to maintain the Army, *What would he demand said Hanno, if he had lost the Battel? No, no, My Lords, either 'tis an Impostor, that amuses us by false News, or a Publick Thief, that appropriates to himself the Spoils of the Romans, and the advantages of the War.* These Oppositions troubled at least the Succours, when they could not hinder their resolution. They executed slowly what had been resolved with pain. The

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Recruits at length prepared, remain'd a long time before their departure; if he were upon a March, Orders were sent to make him halt in *Spain*, instead of encouraging him to pass into *Italy*. They arrived then very late, and when they came to join *Hannibal*, which was miraculous, *Hannibal* received them infirm, ruined, and out of season.

This General was almost continually destitute of Money and Provisions, reduced to the Necessity of being Eternally Successful in War; no Retreat at the first Ill-Fortune, and much Confusion in good ones, where he found not wherewith to entertain different Nations; who rather followed his Person, than depended on the Common-wealth.

To keep so many different people in order, he added to his natural Severity an Artificial Cruelty; which made him formidable to some, whilst his Vertue gave him Veneration from others. To acknowledge the Truth, he used no great Violence in it to his Temper, but being naturally a little Cruel, he found himself in such a Condition, that was necessary for him to be so: Yet his Interests some-
times

times diverted his Cruelty, and afforded him the use of Mercy; for he knew how to be pleasant and tractable for the benefit of his Affairs, and Design always in him got the better of his Temper.

He made War upon the *Romans* with all sorts of Severity, and treated their Confederates with much Civility, and Sweetness, contriving to destroy the first absolutely, and to disengage the others from their Alliance: A Procedure extremely different from that of *Pyrrhus*, who kept all his Courtesies for the *Romans*, and his ill Entertainments for their Allies.

When I consider that *Hannibal* departed from *Spain*, where he had left nothing behind him well secured, that he cross'd the Country of the *Gauls*, whom they ought to have accounted Enemies, that he pass'd the *Alpes* to make War against the *Romans*, who came to drive the *Carthaginians* from *Sicily*.

When I consider, that he possess'd in *Italy*, neither Places, Magazines, nor any certain Assistance, or hopes of Retreat, I am astonish'd at the boldness of his Design. But when I consider his Valour, and his Conduct, I admire none but *Han-*

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nibal, and esteem him yet beyond the undertaking.

The *French* particularly admire the War of the *Gauls*, both for the reputation of *Cesar*, and because, it being done in their Countrey, it affects them with a more lively Idea, than other people. Notwithstanding, to judge thereof with exactness, it doth not approach to *Hannibal's* Actions in *Italy*. Had *Cesar* found amongst the *Gauls*, the Union and Bravery, which the other did amongst the *Romans*, he had obtained over them but small Conquests; for it is to be acknowledged, that *Hannibal* met with very strange difficulties, without reckoning those he carried with him. The only advantage on which he could reasonably depend, was the goodness of his Troops, and his own Personal Courage.

It is certain, that the *Romans* had a great Superiority over the *Carthaginians* in the *Sicilian War*; but the Peace having made them disband their Army, they insensibly lost their Vigour, whilst their Adversaries, employed in *Spain* and *Affrick*, made a practice of their Valour, and acquired Experience.

It

It was then with an old Body, that *Hannibal* came to attack *Italy*; and with an old Reputation, more than old Troops, the *Romans* found themselves obliged to defend it.

As for the *Roman* Generals, they were persons of a great Courage, who thought to have injured the Glory of their Commonwealth, if they had not given Battel upon the first offer of the Enemy.

Hannibal made it his particular Study to know their Genius's, and observed nothing so much, as the humour and conduct of each Consul, that opposed him. It was by provoking the Fiery Temper of *Sempronius*, that he knew how to draw him to Fight, and gain the Battel of *Trebia*; The Defeat of *Thrasimene* is owing to a like Stratagem.

Knowing the haughty Spirit of *Flaminius*, he burned before his Eyes, the Villages of his Allies, and incited so opportunely, his natural Temerity, that the Consul not only took a resolution to Fight, at an unseasonable time, but he engaged him in certain Straits, where he unhappily lost his Army, together with his Life. As *Fabius* had a contrary me-

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thod of acting, so the conduct of *Hannibal* was different.

After the Fight of *Thrasimene*, the Roman People created a Dictator, and a General of Horse. The Dictator was *Quintus Fabius*, a Man wise and slow, who placed the only hope of Safety in Caution, from whence might proceed Security. In the posture things were in, he thought there was no difference between Fighting, and losing the Battel; inso-much that he aimed at nothing, but to secure the Army, and omitting the hope of Conquest, he thought to act Prudently enough by preventing his being overcome.

Marcus Minutius was the General of Horse, Violent, Rash, Vain in Discourse, equally Daring, through Ignorance, and through Courage: This person placed the Interest of the State in the reputation of Affairs, and imagined that the Republick could not subsist, if so be she did not efface the discredit of passed Defeats, by some Glorious Action: He was for Grandeur, when there was a necessity for Prudence; for Glory, when Safety was questionable.

Han-

Hannibal soon apprehended these different humours, by the report that was made him, and his own Observations; for he offered Battel to *Fabius*, many days successively, who was so far from accepting of it, that he would not permit a single man to stir out of his Camp.

Minutius on the contrary, took the Artificial Bravado's of the Enemy, for so many Affronts, and made the Dictator pass for a weak Man, or at least insensible of the disgrace of the *Romans*.

Hannibal advertised of this Discourse, endeavoured to augment the opinion of Fear and Weakness, which was attributed to *Fabius*. He burnt in his view, the most delightful Countrey of *Italy*, to draw him to the Fight, which he could not do; or at least to disparage him, in which he did not want for Success. He made it even suspected, that there was Intelligence between them, preserving his Lands with great Care, in the general Desolation of the Countrey.

This is but one part of his Contrivances, Whilst he laboured to ruine the Reputation of *Fabius*, which gave him some disquiet, he forgot nothing, to encrease

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that of *Minutius*, in whom he wished the Command, or at least, a great power in the Army; sometimes he made a seeming to observe him, when he shewed all manner of Contempt for the other: Some time after, being engaged in a small Skirmish with him, he retired first, and let him take a small Advantage, which encreas'd his Credit with the *Romans*; and he prepared him to fall by an inconsiderate Confidence: At length he knew how to employ so much Artifice, as to cry down the Dictator, and to make the General of the Horse esteemed; insomuch that the Command was divided, and the Troops shared, which was never done before. You would say, that *Rome* acted by the Spirit of her Enemy; for in Truth so extraordinary a Decree, was the pure effect of his Contrivance and Design.

Then was the Vanity of *Minutius* without bounds, he contemned with an equal Imprudence, *Fabius* and *Hannibal*, declaring nothing less, *Than that he alone, would expell all Foreigners from Italy.*

He would have a separate Camp, of which *Hannibal* was no sooner sensible, but

but he approached with his; and without amusing my self, by describing the particulars of all actions, *Minutius* engaged in a Fight, where he was defeated.

This was the behaviour of *Hannibal*, during the Dictatorship of *Fabius*, and his Conduct was much after the same manner, towards the Consuls that gave the Battel of *Canna*; it is true, that there was no need of so delicate a Conduct. The Wisdom of *Paulus*, was less injurious to him than that of *Fabius*; and the Presumptuous Ignorance of *Terentius*, hurl'd him head-long to his own ruine.

One will admire perhaps, that I extend my self so far upon an affair, which ends at the simple defeat of *Minutius*, and that I do but just mention that great and famous Battel of *Canna*: But I rather aim at making known the Genius's, than to describe the Battels. And as Ingenious Men, are better pleas'd by considering *Cæsar* in the War of *Petreibus* and *Afranius*, than in Actions of his, which make the greatest shew: I have imagined, that one ought to consider *Hannibal* more curiously, in an affair of entire Conduct, than that great and fortunate Success,
which

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which the imprudence of *Terentius* gave him without much difficulty.

It is to be confessed notwithstanding, that never was Battel so entirely won, and that very day, that I may so speak, had been the *Romans* last, if *Hannibal* had not chose rather to enjoy the Pleasures of the Victory, than to pursue the Advantages thereof.

He that made others guilty of so many mistakes, is here sensible of the weakness of Human Nature, and cannot hinder himself from failing: He shewed himself Invincible in the greatest Difficulties, but could not resist the sweetness of his good Fortune, and let himself yield to ease, when a little Action, would fix him in a state of Repose all his life.

If you enquire the reason of it; 'tis that every thing hath Bounds in Man, Patience, Courage, Resolution is worn out in us.

Hannibal could endure no more, because he had endured too much, and his consummated Vertue finds it self without assistance in the midst of Victory.

The remembrance of past difficulties, gave him a prospect of new ones; his
Spi-

Spirit, which ought to have been full of Confidence, and almost Assurance, turns it self to a fear of the Future: He considers, when he should be bold; he Consults, when he should be Active; he gives reasons for the *Romans*, when he ought to have put his own in Execution.

As the Faults of great Men have always apparent Subjects, so *Hannibal* did not cease to represent to himself very specious Reasons.

That his Army, Invincible in the Field, was by no means fit for Sieges; his Infantry not good, no Engines, no Money, no certain Subsistence: That by the same defect he had Attacked *Spolete* to no purpose, after the success of *Trasimene*, as Victorious as he was; that a little before the Battel of *Canna*, he had been constrained to raise the Siege of a Town, without Name or Forces; that to Besiege *Rome*, furnished with all things, was to loose the Reputation he went to gain, and to destroy an Army, which alone made him to be considered; that he ought to let the *Romans*, shut up within their Walls, fall insensibly of themselves; and in the mean time to go and establish himself near the
Sea

Sea, where he might receive Recruits from *Carthage* with conveniency, and where it would be easy to settle the most considerable power of *Italy*. Behold the Reasons, which *Hannibal* accommodated to the disposition he found himself in, and which he had not tasted in his first heats.

In vain did *Maharbal* promise him to Sup in the Capitol, his Reflections, which had nothing but the Air of Wisdom, and a false Reason, made him reject, as unadvised, a confidence so well established. He had pursued Violent Counsels, to begin a War with the *Romans*, and he is kept back by a false Circumspection, when he finds a time to make an end of all.

It is certain, that Spirits too delicate, such as *Hannibals* was, make difficulties in Undertakings, and stop themselves by the Obstacles, which proceed more from Imagination, than the thing it self.

There is one point in the declining of States, where their ruine would be unavoidable, if so be one knew the easiness of destroying them; but for want of a Sight pure enough, or a sufficient Courage, we are content with a little, when we might do more, making either the mean-

meanness of Spirit, or the want of Greatness in the Soul, pass for Prudence. In these conjunctures, a Man is not the Instrument of his own Security, an old reputation maintains you in the imagination of your Enemies, when the real Forces abandon you.

Thus *Hannibal* puts in his view, a power which is no more : He entertains an Idea of dead Soldiers, and dissipated Legions, as if he were to Fight and Defeat, what he has already defeated.

And certainly the Confusion had not been less at *Rome* after the Battel of *Canne*, than it was heretofore after that of *Allia* ; but instead of approaching a City where he had carried a Consternation, he removed at a distance from it, as if he had a mind to hearten it, and give the Magistrates leisure to provide for all things at their ease : He took their part who advised to attack the Allies, who would have fallen with *Rome*, and sustained themselves by her with more easiness, than she sustained her self.

Behold the first and great omission of *Hannibal*, which was also the first refuge of the *Romans* : The Amazement passed, their

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their Courage encreased, as their Forces grew less; and the *Carthaginians* lost their Vigour, as their power encreased.

If so be one would enquire the cause of all their misfortunes, there may be found two Essential ones; The Carelessness of *Carthage*, which let good Successes fall to nothing, for want of Relief, whilst *Rome* made use of all things to repair the bad; and *Hannibals* inconsiderate desire, to put an end to his Labours, before he had ended the War.

After having tasted Repose, he was not long before he was inclined to taste delights, and he was the more easily charmed therewith, inasmuch as they were always unknown to him.

A Man that knows how to mingle Pleasures with Business, is never possessed of them; he quits them, and re-takes them at his Pleasure; and in the habit, which he has made of them, he rather finds a weariness of Spirit, than a dangerous Charm that might corrupt him.

It is not so with these Austere persons, who by an Alteration of Temper come to taste of Voluptuousness, they are immediately enchanted with its sweetness,
and

and have nothing but an aversion for the Austerity of their past life, Nature being in them wearied with Inconveniences and Pains, abandons it self to the first delights it meets with: Then what had appeared Vertuous, presents it self with a rude and difficult Air; and the Soul, which imagines it self to be undeceived of an old Error, pleases it self with its new affection for things agreeable.

'Tis this that properly arrived to *Hannibal* and his Army, which did not cease to imitate him in Remissness, when it had done it so well in Fatigues.

There was nothing then but Baths, Festivals, Inclinations and Passions; there was no more Discipline, neither by him that ought to have given Orders, nor in those that should have put them in Execution. When he was to go into the Field, Glory and Interest excited *Hannibal*, who took again his former Vigour, and found himself, but he found no more the same Army; there was nothing else but softness and carelessness; if they were to endure the least necessity, they bewailed the abundance of *Capua*.

They thought upon Mistresses, when they

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they were to meet the Enemy ; they languished with the tenderness of Love, when there was need of action and fierceness for Battel.

Hannibal forgot nothing that might excite their Courage, sometimes by the remembrance of a Valour which they had lost, sometimes by the shame of Reproaches, which they were insensible of.

In the mean while the *Roman* Generals became every day more expert. The Legions had an advantage over corrupted Troops ; and there arrived from *Carthage*, no assistance which might encourage so languishing an Army. But the more resolution *Hannibal* found amongst the Enemies, the less Service he received from his own, and the more he took upon himself. It is not credible with what Valour he maintain'd himself in *Italy*, from whence the *Romans* did not make him depart, but by obliging the *Carthaginians* to recall him : These being defeated and chased from *Spain*, beaten and undone in *Affrick*, had recourse to their *Hannibal* for their last refuge. He obeyed the Orders of his Countrey with the same submission, that the least Citizen

zen could have done: And he was no sooner Arrived, but he found affairs in a desperate posture.

Scipio, who had seen the Calamities of his Republick under unfortunate Generals, commanded then the Army, in the Prosperity which he had brought.

As for *Hannibal*, he had nothing but the memory of his good Fortune, which he had ill used; but he was not in the least wanting to support the bad. The first naturally assured, and by the present happiness of his affairs, was at the head of an Army, which doubted not of Victory; the second encreas'd his natural distrust by the miserable condition he saw his Countrey in, and by the ill opinion he conceived of his Souldiers.

These different scituations of Spirit, made Peace to be offered, and rejected; after which, every ones Thoughts were upon Battel.

The day that it was given, *Hannibal* surpassed himself, whether by taking his Advantages, disposing his Army, or giving Orders in the Fight; but at length the *Genius* of Rome carried it from that of *Carthage*, and the defeat of the *Carthaginians*.

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nians, yielded the Empire for ever to the *Romans*.

As for the General, he was admired by *Scipio*, who in the midst of his Glory, seem'd to envy the Capacity of the Conquer'd; and the Conquer'd, whose humour was remote enough from vain Ostentations, thought always to have some Superiority in the Science of War: For discoursing one day with *Scipio* of the Great Captains, he put *Alexander* first, *Pyrrhus* second, and himself the third; to which *Scipio* coldly answered, *if you had Conquer'd me*, said he, *in what rank would you have placed your self?* The first of all, replied *Hannibal*. 'Tis certain, that he had an admirable Capacity in War, and those Illustrious Conquerors, who have left so great a Name to Posterity, came not near his Industry, both in bringing together, and maintaining Armys.

Alexander pass'd into *Asia* with *Macedonians* that would obey their King; if he had but little Money and Provisions, the Battels which he obtain'd, put him in the abundance of all things: A City taken or surrendred, afforded him the Treasures of *Darius*, who became necessitous in his
own

own Countrey, as *Alexander* possessed the Riches thereof.

Scipio, whom I was speaking of, made War in *Spain* and *Affrick*, with Legions which the Republick had levied and maintained.

Cesar had the same Conveniencies for the Conquest of the *Gauls*, and made use of the Forces and Money of the Commonwealth, even to bring them in Subjection.

As for our *Hannibal*, he joined to a little body of *Carthaginians*, several Nations, which he knew how to link together by himself; and by whom he could make himself be obeyed in a continual necessity of Provisions and Money. That which is yet more extraordinary; Victories made him not the easier, he was almost as much straitned after the gaining of them, as before.

But if he had Talents which the others had not, so was he guilty of a fault, which in probability they would not have committed.

Alexander was so far from leaving things imperfect, that he always went beyond, when they were compleated.

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He was not satisfied with subduing the great Empire of *Darius*, even to the least Province; his Ambition carried him to the *Indies*, when he might have united his Glory and Repose, (which is extraordinary) and have had a peaceable enjoyment of his Conquests.

Scipio did not think of ease before he had reduced *Carthage*, and established in *Affrick* the affairs of the *Romans*.

And one of the great Commendations which is given to *Cesar*, is, *That he thought nothing was done, while there remained any thing to do.*

Lucan. *Nil actum reputans, si quid superesset agendum.*

When I think upon the fault of *Hannibal*, it comes presently into my mind, that the importance of a good resolution in great affairs is not enough considered.

To go to *Rome* after the Battel of *Canna*, makes the destruction of this City, and the grandeur of *Carthage*; not to go, produceth with time the ruine of the *Carthaginians*, and the Empire of the *Romans*.

I have seen a resolution taken which would

would have occasioned the loss of a great State, if so be it had been pursued. I have seen a contrary taken the same day, by a happy Change, which was its security: but it gave less reputation to the Author of so good advice, than the defeat of Five Hundred Horse, or the taking an inconsiderable City would have done.

These last events strike the eyes or imagination of all the World: Judgment is hardly admired by any, because 'tis known but by the reflections which few people know how to make. Let us return to our *Hannibal*.

If the Trade of War, for all the shew it makes, merited only Consideration, I don't see one amongst the Ancients, which might reasonably be preferred before him: but he that knows it best, is not necessarily the greatest Man.

The Beauty of Genius, Greatness of Soul, Magnanimity, the being disinterested, Justice, a Capacity universally extensive, make the better part of the Merit of these Great Men.

To know simply how to Slaughter Men, to be more understood than others in rooting out Society, and destroying Nature,

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is to excell in a very fatal Science.

The application of this Science ought to be Just, or at least Honourable; it should turn to the good of those whom it has subdued, if possible; always to the Interest of ones Countrey, or the necessity of a private advantage. When it becomes the employment of Fancy, it serves for Irregularity and Fury; when its end is to prejudice all the World, then that Glory which is ascribed to it, ought to be taken away, and it render'd as Shameful, as it is Unjust.

But it is certain, That *Hannibal* had but few Vertues, and many Vices; Infidelity, Covetousness, a Cruelty oftentimes necessary, always natural. However, people judge for the most part by the Success, whatsoever is the opinion of the wiser sort; allowing we had all the good Conduct that is possible, if so be the event is not successful, ill Fortune is instead of a Fault, and is justified but with a very few persons.

So that *Hannibal* has made War better than the *Romans*; that these are become Victorious by the good Order of the Republick, and that he was undone by the
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ill Government of his own; this is the consideration of a few persons.

That he was defeated by *Scipio*, and that the ruine of *Carthage* was the consequence of his defeat, is a thing fully known; from whence is framed the universal Opinion of all Men.

CHAP. VIII.

Upon the end of the Second War of Carthage.

UPON the end of so great and so long a War, there was formed a certain particular Spirit unknown till then in the Common-Wealth.

Not but that there was often Seditions, The Senate was more than once inclined to the Oppression of the People, and the People was inclined to much Violence against the Senate. But men had acted in these Occasions by a publick Sentiment, regarding the power of one as a Tyranny

which ruined Freedom, and the Liberty of
t^other as an irregularity which confound-
ed all things. Here men begin to respect
themselves, less in Publick than in parti-
cular; the Bonds of Society, which had
been found so agreeable, seemed then to
be troublesom Chains, and every one out
of conceit with the Laws, had a mind to
re-enter into the first right of disposing
himself, to go to his own choice, and to
follow in this choice by the Light of his
own Spirit, the motions of his Will.

As the disgust of Subjection had been
the occasion of casting out the Kings, and
dispose the People to the establishment of
Liberty, so the disgust of this same Liber-
ty which had been found troublesom to
sustain, disposed the Spirits to particular
Passions.

The Love of the Countrey, the Zeal of
the Publick good were exhausted in the
midst of the War against *Hannibal*, where
the affection and vertue of the Citizens
had been beyond the expectation of the
Republick. Men had given their Estates
and Blood for the Publick, which was not
yet in a State to give any Comfort to Pri-
vate men.

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The hardness even of the Senate had increas'd that of the Laws in some occasions, and the rigour which had been used to the Prisoners of the Battel of *Canna*, had touch'd the whole World: but people had suffer'd patiently, at a time when they thought to have endured all things by a common Interest. So soon as they had less to Fear, they thought the necessity of Suffering was at an end, and every one having lost their being tractable and patient, before the conclusion of their misfortunes, they supported with Pain, what they imagined to endure without necessity, by the sole pleasure of the Magistrates.

'Twas thus properly that the first disgusts were fram'd, from whence it came to pass, that Men return'd from the Republick to themselves, sought new engagements in Society, and preferr'd amongst themselves the choice of Subjects, which deserv'd their affections.

In this Disposition of Minds, *Scipio* presented himself to the *Romans*, with all the Qualities that might acquire the Esteem and Favour of Men.

He was of a Great Birth, and in him was equally discern'd Goodness, and the
Beau-

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Beauty of an excellent Nature. He had an admirable greatness of Courage; a humour sweet and bountiful; a Spirit earnest in Publick to inspire his Resolution and Confidence, polite and agreeable in particular conversations, for the Pleasure of Friendship most refined; a lofty Soul but regulated, more sensible of Glory than Ambitious of Power, seeking less to distinguish himself by Authority, or the splendor of Fortune, than by the difficulties of his Undertakings, and the merit of his Actions.

Add to so many things, that Happy Successes always answered to high designs; and to leave nothing that's desirable, he perswaded the People, *That he enterprised nothing without Advice, and never acted without the Assistance of the Gods.*

It is not strange, that such a Man as I describe, should draw to him inclinations which they had a mind to give, and disengage Spirits from a Republick, which they had already some disgust for: So that the Will of a Person so Vertuous, was preferred before Laws, which perhaps were not so equitable.

As for *Scipio*, he used all sorts of Humanity

manly and Courtesy ; and quitting the ancient Severity of Discipline, he commanded Troops with Sweetness, that obeyed with Affection.

Besides, never had a Roman General so much Capacity, nor so well managed ; never were Legions so desirous to do well ; never was Common-wealth so well served, but by a different Spirit from that of the Common-wealth.

Fabius and *Cato* were sensible of this evil, and forgot nothing that might administer a Remedy. In truth, they mixed therewith the slowness of their Passions ; and the envy they bore to this Great Man, had as great a share in their oppositions, as the Jealousy of Liberty. That which is extraordinary, is, that the Corruptor remained a person of Credit amongst those whom he Corrupted, and acted more nobly than those who opposed the Corruption.

Indeed he made all things subservient to the Common-wealth, from which he took others off, and had no Crime but serving it with the same qualities, where-with he might have ruined it.

I acknowledge, That in the Maximes of
so

so Jealous a Government, some Alarm might be reasonably taken.

A Soul so elevated, is thought incapable of Moderation; a desire of Glory so passionate, hardly distinguisheth it self from Ambition, which aspires to Power. A confidence so uncommon, is not remote from undertakings so extraordinary. In a word, the Vertues of Heroes are suspected in Citizens; I dare even affirm, that this Opinion of Commerce with the Gods, so advantagious to Legislators for the foundation of States, seemed of a perilous consequence in a private person for an established Common-wealth.

Scipio then was unfortunate, in giving appearances contrary to his intentions: which served as a pretence for the malice of his Rivals, as a ground for the caution of alarmed persons.

Behold immediately a Man of Reputation suspected, and a little after an Innocent accused: He could answer and justify himself; but there is an Heroick Innocence as well as a Courage, if one may be allowed to say so: he neglected those forms, where the ordinary Innocents are subjected, instead of answering his Accusers,

fers; and he render'd the Gods Thanks for his Victories, when they demanded of him an Account of his Actions. All the People followed him to the Capitol, to the shame of those that prosecuted him. And to justify better the sincerity of his Designs, and the pureness of his Vertue, he gave up his resentments to the Publick, choosing rather to live at a distance from *Rome*, through the ingratitude of some Citizens, than to render himself the Master of it through the injustice of an Usurpation. So many Noble Qualities have obliged *Livy* to make his Heroe of so great a Man, and to give him a curious preference over the rest of the *Romans*.

If there have been those that have obtained more Battels, and taken a greater number of Cities, they have not defeated *Hannibal*, nor reduced *Carthage*: if they have known how to command others as well as he, they have not known how to Command themselves, and to enjoy themselves equally in the hurry of Business, and the Repose of a Private Life.

I will not dispute whether he was the Greatest, but if I dare affirm what *Livy* hath

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hath but insinuated, to take him all together, he was the most deserving Person. He had the Vertue of the Ancient *Romans*, but cultivated and polished; he had the knowledge and capacity of the last, without any mixture of Corruption. It is to be acknowledged notwithstanding, that his Actions were more advantagious to the Common-wealth, than his Vertues. The *Roman* People had too deep a taste of his Vertues, and disengaged themselves from the Obligations of their Duty, to follow the engagements of their Will.

The Humanity of *Scipio*, did not cease to produce unhappy effects with time. It taught the Generals how to make themselves beloved, and as things always degenerate, an agreeable command was followed by an unworthy complaisance; and when Vertues wanted to gain esteem and friendship, they employed all the means that might corrupt. See the miserable effects of this particular Spirit, Noble and Glorious in its beginning, but which since produced the Ambitious and the Covetous, the Corrupters and the Corrupted.

This first disrelishing of the Republick, had notwithstanding so much of Honesty,

fly, that people disengaged themselves from the Love of the Laws, on purpose to settle their affections on Vertuous persons.

The *Romans* came to consider their Laws, as the sentiments of the old Legislators, who ought not to Rule their Age; and those of *Scipio* were lookt upon as living and animated Laws.

As for *Scipio*, he turned to the Service of the Publick, all that consideration which they had for his Person; but desiring to sweeten the austerity of Duty by the Charm of Glory, he was perhaps a little more sensible therein than he ought, and at *Rome* particularly, where all the Citizens appeared Criminals, when they attracted too favourable an esteem.

This new Genius which succeeded to the Publick Good, encouraged the *Romans* long enough to great things, and the Spirits dispos'd themselves thereto with something of Life and Industry, which they had not before: for the Love of our Country makes us abandon our Fortune, and even our Lives for its Security; but the ambition and desire of Glory much more excite our Industry, than this first Passion

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always delicate and noble, but rarely cunning and ingenious.

'Tis to this Genius that is owing the defeat of *Hannibal*, and the ruine of *Carthage*, the fall of *Antiochus*, and the Conquest or subjection of all the *Greeks*: from whence one may say with reason, that it was advantageous to the Common-wealth for its Grandeur, but prejudicial for its Liberty.

At length they were as much out of humour with that, as they were with the love of the Republick; that esteem, that inclination so Noble for Men of Vertue, seemed ridiculous to those that would consider nothing but themselves. Honour began to pass for a Chimera, Glory for a meer Vanity, and every one rendred himself basely Interested, imagining to become judiciously solid.

But the Genius of Interest, which took place to that of Honour, acted differently amongst the *Romans*, according to the diversity of Tempers.

Those that possessed any thing of Greatness, would acquire Power; Inferiour Souls contented themselves by heaping up Riches all manner of ways.

As they did not fall quite of a sudden to
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an entire corruption, so there was a passage from Honour to Interest, where both one and t^other subsisted in the Republick, but with different respects. There was something of Honesty in some particular things, and Infamy in others.

The Tempers were corrupted in *Rome*, in affairs that related to the Citizens. Integrity became every day more rare; Justice was hardly known any more, the desire of becoming Rich the predominant Passion, and the considerable persons applied their Industry in appropriating to themselves what did not belong to them.

But still there was a Dignity in what related to Strangers; and the most depraved within shewed themselves Jealous of the Glory of the *Roman* Name abroad.

Nothing was more unjust than the Judgments of the Senators, nothing so filthy as their Avarice; in the mean time the Senate applied themselves with niceness to the preservation of their Dignity, and never were they more careful of hindring the Majesty of the *Roman* People from being violated.

This Senate, in other things so much given to Interest, and so corrupted with their

Citizens, had as elevated Thoughts, as *Scipio* could have, when they were concerned with Enemies. In the time of a great corruption, they could not dispence with the shameful Treaty of *Mancinus* with the *Numantines*; and this miserable Consul was obliged to go and deliver up himself into their hands, with all manner of Disgrace.

Gracchus, who had some share in the Peace, being Quæstour in the Army of *Mancinus*, made a useless endeavour to sustain it; his Credit was of no Service, and his Eloquence was vainly employed. As there has happened through *Gracchus*, one of the most important affairs of the Common-wealth, and perhaps the rise of all those that have since disturbed it, it will not be amiss to describe him to you.

He was a person very considerable by his Authority, by the Advantages of his Body, and the Qualities of his Mind; of a Genius opposite to that of the Great *Scipio*, from whom his Mother *Cornelia* came; more Ambitious of Power, than Animated through a desire of Glory, unless it were that of Eloquence, necessary at *Rome* to get a Reputation. He had a great and lofty Soul;

Soul; more fit notwithstanding to embrace Novelties, and to recall past affairs, than solidly to pursue those established. His Integrity could not suffer any Interest of Money for himself; it is true that he did not procure that of others, without mingling therein the consideration of some design; yet the Love of good things was natural enough to him, the hatred of bad ones yet more. He had a Compassion for the Oppressed, more Animosity against the Oppressors: insomuch that his Passion prevailing over his Vertue, he insensibly abhor'd the Persons, more than the Crimes.

Several great Qualities made him admired amongst the *Romans*: he had not one in that exactness where it ought to have been. His Engagements carried him farther than he thought, his Firmness turn'd into something of obstinate; and those Vertues which might have been useful to the Republick, became so many advantageous Talents for Factions.

I see neither curiousness nor moderation in the Judgments, that have been left of him.

Those that have held the Party of the Senate, have made him pass for a Furious

person; the Partisans of the People, for a true Protector of Liberty. It seems to me that he aimed at goodness, and that he naturally hated all manner of Injustice; but opposition put these good motions in disorder: A thing contested, incensing him against those that made resistance, made him pursue by his Spirit of Faction, what he had begun by a Sentiment of Vertue.

Behold, in my Opinion, what was the Genius of *Gracchus*, who stirr'd up the People against the Senate. Its necessary to see what disposition the People was in.

After having rendred great Services to the State, the People found themselves exposed to the Oppression of the Rich, and particularly to that of the Senators, who by Authority, or other wicked methods, robb'd the Commons of their small Possessions. Continual Injuries then had alienated the Spirits of the Multitude, but without conceiving, as yet, any Ill intentions; they suffered with Grief a Tyranny, and more Miserable, than Seditious, they expected, more than they sought after, a Deliverance from an unfortunate Condition.

I thought it necessary, to describe the Senate, *Gracchus*, and the People, before I

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entred into that violent agitation, which the Common-wealth was sensible of.

One will conceive then the Senate unjust, corrupted, but concealing the Infamys within, by some Dignity to the affairs abroad : One will have the Idea of *Gracchus*, as a person that had great Talents, but fitter to ruine altogether a corrupted Common-wealth, than to re-establish it in its purity by a wise Reformation. As for the People, they were not disaffected, but they could not tell how to live in their Misery, nor how to employ themselves after the loss of their Possessions.

CHAP. IX.

Of Augustus, his Government, and his Genius.

I Will not treat of the Beginnings of the Life of *Augustus*, they were too Tragical : I pretend to consider him since his Arrival to the Empire. And in my Opi-

nion, never did Government deserve more particular observations, than his.

After the Tyranny of the *Triumvirate*, and the Desolation that the Civil War occasioned, he had a mind at length to Govern by Reason, a People subjected by Force, and disgusted by a Violence, which perhaps the Necessity of things had obliged him to: He knew how to establish a happy subjection, farther distant from Slavery, than the ancient Liberty.

Augustus was not one of those, who fix the Beauty of Command, in the Rigour of Obedience; who reap no Pleasure from the Service which is done them, but by the Necessity which they impose for it.

This fineness of Government hath been a point of Nicety under some of the Emperours, that Subjects were not permitted to seem willing to bear that, which they were willing to impose on them. A Disgrace that was received without Pain, a Banishment whereto one agreed with facility, a Submission easy in every thing, caused the disgust of the Prince; to Obey at his Pleasure, it was necessary to Obey in spite of himself; but it was also requisite to be very exact, when they seem'd

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dissatisfied; for he that did so, and made a shew of it, excited Malice and Anger, so that the poor *Romans* knew not where to find a Medium too nice, between two dangerous things.

Augustus had a contrary Judgment; he supposed that to dispose Men with ease, it was proper to gain their Minds, before he exacted Duties; and he was so successful in perswading them of the usefulness of his Orders, that they thought less upon the Obligation they were under to follow them, than upon the advantage, that they found therein. One of the greatest Cares that he ever had, was to make the *Romans* taste the Happiness of Government, and to make the Power, as far as he could, insensible to them. He rejected the very Names that he thought might be displeasing, and above all things the quality of Dictator, detested in *Scylla*, and even odious in *Cesar*.

The most part of those that raise themselves up, take new Titles to Authorize a new Power; he was for hiding a new Power under usual Names, and ordinary Dignities.

He made himself called Emperour, from

time to time, to preserve his Authority over the Legions; he made himself to be created Tribune, to manage the People; Prince of the Senate, to govern them; but when he re-united in his person, so many different Powers, he also charged himself with divers Cares; and he really became the Servant of the Armies, People, and Senate, when he rendered himself Master thereof: yet he made use of his Power, only to take away the Confusion, that was slip't into all things. He re-united the People in their Rights, and retrenched nothing but Factions at the Election of Magistrates: He restored to the Senate their Ancient Splendour, after having banished Corruption; for he contented himself with a moderate Power, which did not afford him the Liberty of doing ill; but would have it absolute, when he treated of imposing upon others the necessity of doing well.

So that the People were not less free, but to be less Seditious; the Senate was not less powerful, but upon the account of being less unjust: Liberty lost nothing but the misfortunes which it might occasion, nothing of the Happiness it might produce.

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After having established so good an Order, he found himself agitated by different Thoughts, and considered a long time with himself, whether he ought to keep the Empire, or restore the People to their first Liberty. The examples of *Scylla* and *Cesar*, notwithstanding their difference, made an equal impression in favour of the last Opinion. He considered that *Scylla*, who had voluntarily quitted the Dictatorship, dyed peaceably in the midst of his Enemies: and that *Cesar*, for having kept it, was Assassinated by his most intimate Friends, who made an Ostentation of it.

Struggling with so troublesome an uncertainty, he discovered the disorder of his Soul to his two principal Friends, *Agrippa* and *Mecenas*. *Agrippa*, who gained him the Empire by his Valour, advised him by moderation to lay it down; unless it were perhaps, that he had more concealed ends: And to shew himself a greater Warriour, than *Augustus* was, he expected the chief Employments of the Common-wealth, when it should be re-established. As for *Mecenas* who had no share in the Victories, he Counsell'd him to retain what they had given him.

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It was not without making enter into his Reasons, the consideration of the Publick, which could not be sustained, said he, without *Augustus*: But allowing it might be so in some measure, he followed in effect his inclination for the Person of the Prince, and his own proper Interest.

Mecenas was a person of Esteem, of those notwithstanding that are complaisant, tender, more sensible of the agreements of Life, than of those solid Vertues, which were esteemed in the Common-wealth. He was Ingenious, but given to his Pleasures, apprehending all things with much clearness, and judging thereof with solidity; but more capable of advising, than acting: So that finding himself weak, unactive, and purely for the Cabinet, he hoped from his nicety with a Nice Emperour, what he could not expect from the *Roman* People; where he must have raised himself by his own proper means, and acted briskly by himself.

To return from the persons to the thing, the Empire was retained by his Advice, and the resolution of keeping it being taken, *Augustus* did not cease to offer to lay it down to the Senate.

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Some were affected therewith as a great moderation, many acknowledged the simple Honesty of the Offer: But all truly agreed in this point, to refuse the ancient Liberty.

You would have said, that there was a contest of Civilities, which concluded in a common Satisfaction: For *Augustus* governed the Empire by the Senate, and the Senate did not govern it self, but by *Augustus*.

A Government so ordered was pleasing to all the World, and the Prince followed no less his Interest therein, than his moderate Temper; for at length one passes with much ado from Liberty to Subjection, and he might esteem himself happy to command, in some fashion, a Free People.

Moreover, the fatal example of *Cæsar*, had perhaps obliged him to take different ways, to avoid the same end.

The Great *Julius* Born, that I may so speak, in a Faction opposed to the Senate, had always a secret desire of oppressing the same; and having found it contrary to his Designs in the Civil War, he took a new aversion for the Body, although he had

had much Sweetness and Clemency for the Senators in particular. After his return to Rome, as he saw himself assured of the People and the Legions, he made but a small reckoning of the Senate, and even treated it insolently upon some occasions; so difficult is it in the most reserved, not to forget themselves in a great Fortune.

But it is certain that this proud Contempt, incensed a great many persons, and produced, or at least advanced, the Conspiracy that ruined him.

Augustus, one of the wariest Princes of the World, did not omit the benefit of an observation so necessary, and scarce was he Possessed of the Empire by the Legions, but he thought to govern it by the Senate.

He knew the Violence of the Soldiers, and the Tumultuousness of the People, both one and t'other appearing to him, more fit to be employed in a present occasion, than easy to be managed, when it is over.

He had a mind then to found the Government upon the Senate, as upon the Body the best ordered, and most capable of Wisdom and Justice; but at the same time he assured himself of the Legions and the

the People, by Donatives and Acts of Grace. So the whole World was content. ed, as I have said, and *Augustus* found in his moderation, the safety of his Person, and his Power. In which, certainly he had an extraordinary Happiness, imagining nothing so desirable in Life, as to be able honestly to pursue his Inclination and his Interest.

I will not excuse his Beginnings, but I make no question, but that in the violence of the *Triumvirate*, he did much Violence to himself.

'Tis certain, that he naturally hated the cruel humour of *Marius*, *Sylla*, and such as were like them; he hated those fierce Souls who have but an imperfect Pleasure in being Masters, if they don't make their Power felt by others; who place Greatness in Force, and the happiness of their Condition, in making persons miserable at their Pleasure.

He had experienc'd that an Honest Man makes himself first unhappy, when he makes others so; and he was never so well satisfied, as when he saw himself in a capacity of doing well, according to his inclination, after having done ill against his Mind.

He

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He always aimed at the good of affairs, but he desired that affairs should go to the advantage of Men; and considered less in his undertakings the Glory, than the Benefit. During his Government, no War was neglected that might be useful; and left those for Heroes, that are purely Glorious.

This made him come to an Accommodation with the *Parthians*, and renounce the Project which *Cesar* made, when he was killed; this made him reject the Proposal of a certain War in *Germany*, where he discerned no real Interest; this made him set Limits to the Empire, whatsoever Interpretation *Tacitus* has given of so prudent a Design. In a word, he was little attentive to Opinion, Noise, and Vanity. He esteemed a solid Reputation, which renders the Life of Men more pleasant and secure.

'Tis very true, that *Augustus* had but an indifferent Talent for War; and to commend his Wisdom and his Capacity, one must not commend his Valour in all things. *Hirtius* and *Pansa* carried on the first War against *Anthony*, whereof *Augustus* alone reaped the Advantage. He gained

gained but little glory in that of *Brutus*, which was managed and concluded by *Anthony*. The loss of *Anthony* was the effect of his Passion for *Cleopatra*, and the Valour of *Agrippa*. *Augustus* had but little share in Battels, and obtained the Empire. Not but that he was in several, and even wounded in some: but with more Success for his affairs, than Glory for his person. So the Tenth Legion somewhat insolent through the high esteem that the Great *Cesar* had for them, could not bear with the Nephew, every time they remembred the Uncle; from whence it came to pass that it was Disbanded, notwithstanding all its Merit, for shewing a want of Respect to him once in his Presence. That doth not hinder him from making an admirable use of War for his own Interest, and that of the Empire. Never did Prince know how to give a better Order, nor Transport himself more willingly, wherever his affairs called him, to *Egypt*, to *Spain*, amongst the *Gauls*, *Germany*, and the East.

But at length it was discerned, that War was not agreeable to his true Genius, and although he triumphed with the applause
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of all the World, it was well known that his Lieutenants had Conquered.

He would have passed for a great Captain in the time of those Emperours, who by their little Valour, or a false Greatness, durst not take, or else thought below them the Conduct of Armys. Being come in an Age, wherein he could not recommend himself but by his own Exploits, and particularly succeeding to *Cæsar*, who owed all to himself, it was a disadvantage to him to owe more to another, than himself.

It was not so in the Government, where the Senate did nothing that was Wise and Good, but what *Augustus* had Inspired into them: The Good of the State was his first Thought, and he did not apprehend by the good of the State, a vain and fantastical Name, but the real benefit of those that composed it. His own first; for it is not just to quit the Pleasures of a Private Life, to abandon himself to the cares of the Publick, if so be he did not find his advantages therein: And that of others, which he imagined could not be absolutely separate from his own.

Persons of the greatest Service had his first consideration, and Merit advanced under

der him those, which it had ruined under his Successors, where the Crimes were less dangerous than the Vertues. *Agrippa* had not so great a share in his Confidence, as *Mecenas*; but his great qualities rendred him much more considerable; and and it being come to that point in *Rome*, that *Augustus* found himself obliged to be rid of him, or gain him entirely, he rather chose to give him his Daughter, for all the meanness of his Birth, than hearken to what Jealousy might Inspire him with. As for *Mecenas*, as he was more agreeable, and more versed in the Closet, so had he the preference in his Pleasures, and in his Secrets.

He was obliging to his Courtiers, and was not displeas'd, that these *Romans* heretofore so fierce and free, would take the advantage of his Favours. So that they studied to please *Augustus*, and the application of the Court became a true Interest: Yet it was not the most considerable. The Merit which related to the State, was preferred before that which was acquired by an inclination for his person: Which he established himself by his Discourses, never speaking of what was due to him,

but always what he owed himself to the Republick.

In the mean time, there is no life so regular, where particular Actions don't sometimes exceed the general habit and conduct: He defended one day a Friend of his, that was accused of a horrible Roguery, and in all appearance preserved him by his consideration alone. It was not without offending all persons of repute, but yet he had so much moderation in keeping the forms, and in suffering the liberty of those, who answered him something smartly, that he regained their minds; and even those that were scandalized, returning from their Indignation, excused the Injustice of Protecting a wicked Man, by the Honesty that appeared in not deserting a Friend.

The Men of Learning had a share in his familiarity, amongst the rest *Livy*, *Virgil*, *Horace*; whereby one may see the goodness of his Judgment, as well for Works of Learning, as in Business. He loved the exquisite taste of his Age, the delicacy of which has been but little common in all the rest. But he fear'd the singularities which came from a false Spirit,

tit, and whereof the Wicked persons that are knowing therein, make an extraordinary merit. As he lived amongst curious persons, so he took delight in seeing his Laws approved, and his Opinion was, that it is much better to fall naturally into the good sense of others by his Reason, than to make his Humours received by Force. I imagined formerly, that the most delicate Spirits of the *Romans*, had been in the Reign of *Augustus*, but since my Writing this small Treatise of *Augustus's* Government, I have altered my Opinion.

Besides the Honour of his Judgment, which he was Jealous of, he still thought that a Gift disapproved of, was a Favour but to one, and a prejudice to a great many. That the disgrace of an honest man on the other side was resented by all honest men, by the compassion it gives to some, and the alarm that it gives to others.

He had an admirable Faculty in discerning the humour and ambition of the most elevated persons, yet without conceiving Suspicions fatal to their Vertue.

The Liberty of Opinions was not displeasing to him upon general affairs, e-

steeming that Men have their Priviledges therein ; that it is a crime to search curiously into the Secrets of the Prince, and a piece of Infidelity not to make a good use of his Confidence : But that business which was become publick, belonged in spite of all to the Judgment of the Publick ; that he ought to represent it to himself before he was concerned, and not to pretend to obstruct it, when it was done.

It was perhaps upon the knowledge of his humour, that *Livy* durst write so boldly the War of *Cesar* and *Pompey*, without being e're the less in his Favour. *Cremutius Cordus* recited his History to him, and he did not think himself scandalized to see therein *Brutus* and *Cassius* called the last of the *Romans* : An Encomium fatal to *Cremutius* under *Tiberius*, in that he was accused of a Crime says *Tacitus*, till then unheard of, and which cost him his Life. *Mecenas* had given him an advice yet more particular, but of a more difficult use ; it was, *never to be concerned at what was spoken against him.*

If so be what is alledged of us be true, added *Mecenas*, it is our business rather to correct our selves, than for others to contain

tain themselves. If so be what is said of us be false, so soon as we shew a concern at it, we make it suspected for Truth. The contempt of such Discourses discredits them, and takes away the pleasure from those that make them. If you are more sensible of them than you ought to be, it is in the power of the most miserable Enemy, the most pitiful envious person, to disturb the repose of your life, and all your power cannot defend you from your own Vexation.

Augustus went further in certain matters, and not so far by abundance in others. I see Injuries forgotten, I see him so bold in his Clemency, that he durst Pardon a Conspiracy not only true, but even ready for Execution.

In the mean time for all the Vertues of Men, they never give so much to their Vertue, but they leave to their humour. It is not credible how nice he was, in relation to his Family, nothing was so dangerous as to talk of the Amours of *Julia*, if he would not be thought to have some Interest with her: *Ovid* was Banished for it, and was never recalled; and that which appears to me extraordinary, the Husband

himself resented this unlucky humour. That the Conduct of *Julia* should displease *Augustus*, was a natural thing; but that the poor *Agrippa* should suffer the Anger of his Father in Law, and the Debaucheries of his Wife at the same time, is an odd business, and the last misfortune of a Husband's state.

It is to be confessed that the Family of the Emperour, gave him too much disturbance in the general applause of the whole Empire. He could not resist the little Troubles which his Family afforded him, and he behaved himself therein more like a Private person than a Great man, for he knew neither how to end a misfortune by a good Order, which is really no easy thing, nor yet to pacify himself.

After having been too much afflicted on one side, he let himself go too carelessly to the sweetness he found on t'other; and if so be *Julia* tormented him as long as she lived, *Livia* knew how to possess him so well in the declining of his Age, that the adoption of *Tiberius* was rather the effect of her Conduct, than the real choice of the Emperour.

Augustus discerned Vices better than any one;

one; the Vices of *Tiberius*, and the designs of *Livie*: but he had not the force to act according to the Judgment he made thereof.

Whilst he saw every thing with a sound prospect, which moved him to nothing, his Wife left his Understanding there with an unprofitable Knowledge, and made herself Mistress of his Will.

'Tis this which hath deceived *Tacitus*, in my Judgment, in that malicious curiosity, which he gives *Augustus*. He knew that the nature of *Tiberius* was not unknown to him; and to believe, that a Great Emperour could not be perswaded to so important a business against his own proper Sentiment, he hath made a Design and a Mystery, where there was nothing, if I am not deceived, but facility.

After these particulars of his Family, let us return to generals: He made the World happy, and was happy in the World: He had nothing to desire of the Publick, nor the Publick of him: And considering the Evils which he occasion'd to come to the Empire, and the good he hath done since he was Emperour, I find that it hath been said with reason, that he should never

have been Born, or never have Died.

He died at length regretted of all men, less great without comparison than *Caesar*, but of a more regular Spirit; which makes me believe, that it had been more glorious to have been in the Army of *Caesar*, but more pleasant to have lived under the Command of *Augustus*.

As for the *Romans*, they had nothing so elevated, as in the time of the Republick, neither for the greatness of Genius, nor the force of the Soul; but something more sociable. After all the misfortunes they had suffered, they were glad to find some refreshment, no matter how. There was no more a sufficient Vertue to sustain Liberty; they would have been ashamed of an entire subjection; and with an exception of some fierce Spirits, which nothing could content, every one took a Pride in the appearance of a Republick, and was not displeas'd with the effect of a pleasant and agreeable Government.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Of Tiberius, and his Genius.

AS there are but few Revolutions, where one stops at terms that are moderate, a happy and an honest State is frequently changed into a miserable and unworthy condition. The Roman Valour was softened after the death of *Brutus* and *Cassius*, who sustained the fierceness thereof.

After the loss of *Anthony*, there was, as it were, a general agreement for the conduct of *Augustus*, and an equal complaisance for his person.

When *Tiberius* came to the Government, this complaisance turned into baseness and flattery.

One might have said, that this Prince, being naturally irresolute, would have taken but a moderate power; but the Romans more disposed to serve, than *Tiberius* to command, gave him themselves their Slavery, when he hardly durst hope for
their

their Subjection. See what was the Genius of the *Roman* People at that time.

Its necessary now to speak of that *Tiberius*, and to shew the temper he brought with him to the Government of the Empire.

His design most concealed, but best followed, was to change all the maxims of *Augustus*. This, when he came to be Emperor, gave all his Thoughts of so just and so prudent a conduct, to the general Good. *Tiberius* made a Science of the Closet, wherein was shut up a false and mysterious Interest of the Prince, separate from the Interest of the State, and almost always opposed to the Publick Good. A

Judgment, Capacity, and the Secret, were changed into Slyness, Artifice, and Dissimulation. There was no more knowing of Good and Evil actions by themselves; every thing was taken according to the nice intention of the Emperor, or was judged by the curiouseness of some malicious Speculation.

The Credit which *Germanicus* had to appease the Legions, was a Service very advantageous, and a little while agreeable: When the danger was over, it was reflected

pected that he could draw the Troops from their Obedience, since he knew how to bring them there. In vain was he faithful to *Tiberius*, his moderation in refusing the Empire, made him not to be thought Innocent; he was judged capable of what had been offered to him; and so many tricks were employed for his loss, that they at length got rid of a Man that would have Obeyed well, but deserved to Command.

He perished, this *Germanicus* so dear to the Romans, in an Army, where he had less reason to fear the Enemies of the Empire, than an Emperour whom he had so well served.

He was not the only person that had a sense of this fatal Policy, the same Spirit reigned generally in all things. The distant employments were mysterious exiles, the Charges, the Governments were given to persons that ought to have been ruined, or else to those that should ruine others. In a word, the benefit of good service entered no more in any consideration; for in truth the Armys had rather Out-laws than Generals; and the Provinces, Banished Men, than Governours. At *Rome*,
where

where the Laws had been always so religiously observed, and with so much formality, every thing was then managed by the jealousy of his Mysterious Cabinet.

When a person of considerable Merit testified some Passion for the Glory of the Empire, *Tiberius* suspected immediately, that it was with a design to obtain it.

If any other had an innocent remembrance of Liberty, he pass'd for a dangerous Man that had a mind to Re-establish the Re-publick. To praise *Brutus* and *Cassius*, was a mortal Crime; to bewail *Augustus*, a secret Offence, which was so much the less pardoned, as they durst not complain; for *Tiberius* always commended him in Publick, and made Divine Honours be decreed to him, which he first of all performed to him; but Humane Motions were not permitted, and a Passion testified for the Memory of this Emperour, was taken for an Accusation to disturb the Government, or for a disaffection for the Person of the Prince.

Hitherto you have had Crimes inspired by the jealousy of a false Policy, now 'tis an open Cruelty, and a declared Tyranny.

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One is not contented to forsake good Maxims, one abolished the best Laws, and made an infinite number of new ones, which respected in an appearance the safety of the Emperour, but in truth the loss of the Men of Credit that remained at *Rome*.

Every thing was made Treason; formerly a true Conspiracy was punished, here an innocent word maliciously explained.

The Complaints, which have been left to the Unfortunate for the support of their Miseries, the Tears, those natural Expressions of our Grief, the Sighs which slip from us in spite our Will, the simple Regards at length became fatal. The simplicity of Discourse expressed evil Designs, the discretion of Silence concealed mischievous Intentions: Joy was observed as a Hope, conceiving the Death of the Prince. Melancholly was remarked as a Trouble for his Prosperity, or an Envy of his Life: In the midst of Dangers, if that of Oppression gave you any motion of Fear, your Apprehension was taken for the Testimony of a frightened Conscience, which, betraying it self, discovered what you was going to do, or what you had done. If you
were

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were in the Reputation of having Courage and Resolution, they fear'd you as a bold Man, capable of understanding all things: To Speak, to be Silent, to Rejoyce, to be Afflicted, to be Fearful or Assured, all was Criminal, and very often incurr'd the utmost Punishments.

Thus the Suspicions of others rendred you culpable; it was not enough to wipe off the Corruption of your Accusers, the false Reports of Spies, the Suppositions of some Infamous Informer, you were also to fear the Imagination of the Emperour; and when you thought to be secure by the Innocence not only of your Actions, but of your Thoughts, you would be ruined by the Malice of his Conjectures.

To push the matter no further, there was need of much Desert to be a person of Credit; for by that there were many misfortunes to be endured. That Vertue, which durst appear, was infallibly lost, and that which was but guessed at, was never assured.

As one is not exempt from Perplexity in the Evil which one makes others endure. *Tiberius* was not always at Peace in the Exercise of his Cruelties. *Sejanus* who in-
nuated

minated into his Favours, by ways as unjust as his own; this great Favourite surfeited with Honours and Riches, which left him always in a Dependance, had a desire to free himself from all Subjection, and forgot nothing to put himself insensibly in the place of his Master.

Being instructed in the Maxims of the Emperour, and knowing in his Art, he took off his Children by Poison, and was upon the point of dispatching him, when this Prince returning from his Blindness, as by a Miracle, preserv'd his unhappy days, and destroyed this great Confident that would have ruined him.

His condition was not more happy than before; he lived odious to all the World, and troublesome to himself, an Enemy to the Lives of others, as well as to his own: at length he died, to the great Joy of the *Romans*, not being able to escape the impatience of a Successor, who caused him to be stifled in a Sickness he was going to be cured of.

I once made a Reflection upon the Difference there was between the Republick and the Empire, and it appears to me, that it had not been less pleasant to live under
Empe.

Emperours, than under Consuls, if so be the Maxims of *Augustus* had been pursued.

Rome was not so happy. The Politicks of *Tiberius* were embraced by the greatest part of his Successours, who placed the Honour of their Reign, not in governing the Empire best, but in enslaving it the most.

In this opinion *Augustus* was less esteem'd, for having known how to make the *Romans* happy, than *Tiberius* for having made them miserable without help. It appeared to these Emperours, that it was a mark of Insufficiency or Weakness to keep the Laws; and sometimes the art of deluding them, made the Secret of their Policy, sometimes the violence of breaking through them, appeared a true Greatness, and a worthy Authority.

The Forces of the Empire no more regarded Strangers, the Power of the Emperour was felt by the Natives, and oppressed *Romans* held the place of the subdued Nations.

At length the *Caligula's*, the *Nero's*, and the *Domitian's* push'd the Dominion beyond all Bounds; and although the Prerogatives of Emperours were infinitely below
those

those of the Kings, they dispos'd themselves to Violences, which *Tarquin* himself would not have done.

The *Romans* of their side became equally fatal to the Emperours, for passing from Slavery to Fury, they Massacred some of them, and attributed to themselves an unjust and violent Power to depose and set them up at their Fancy.

Thus the Bonds of Government were broken, and the Duties of Society coming to fail, they had no other aim but to ruin those that obeyed, or to destroy those that should have commanded others.

So strange a confusion ought chiefly to be imputed to the ill nature of these Emperours, and to the brutish Violence of the Soldiers; but if you'd ascend to the first Cause, you will find that this ill nature was authorized by the Example of *Tiberius*, and the Government established upon the Maxims, which he hath left.

As those, who concert things the best, don't always stick to the justice of Rules, the most Irregular don't eternally follow the disorders of their Inclinations, and their Humours.

They add at least a Policy to their Temper. Even those who do all things without Deliberation, return there by Reflection, when they are done, and apply a Conduct of Interest to the pure Motions of Nature.

But let the Emperours have acted by Nature, by Policy, or both together, I maintain, that *Tiberius* hath corrupted every thing that was good, and hath introduced every thing that was bad in the Empire.

Augustus, who had a pure and delicate sight into things, knew admirably well the Genius of his time, and had no trouble in changing a Subjection, voluntary in the Captains of Parties, into a true one.

Tiberius full of Frauds and Subtilty, but a false Judgment, scorned to search into the disposition of Spirits. He thought he had to do with those old *Romans* amorous of Liberty, and incapable of any Subjection: in the mean time the general inclination was to serve, and the least enslaved were disposed to Obedience.

This false account of things made him take cruel Cautions against persons, he fear'd without Cause; for it is to be observed, That a Prince so suspicious had never

ver occasion to fear any one, but *Sejanus*, who made him distrust all others.

With his false measures Cruelty encreas'd every day, and as he that offends, is the first in hating, the *Romans* became odious to him, by the injury which he did to them. At length he acted openly, and treated them as his Enemies, because he had afforded them an occasion to be so.

The Humours of Yielding, which reigned then, made his Tyranny endured without Complaints. They suffered the brutality of *Caligula* with the like Submission, for his Death is a particular Fact, wherein neither the Senate, People, nor Legions were concerned. They suffered the dangerous Stupidity of *Claudius*, and the insolence of *Messalina*. They suffered the Fury of *Nero*, till their Patience being exhausted, there was a Revolution in Men's Minds.

Immediately there was a Conspiracy against his Person, from particular Combinations they came to the revolt of the Legions, from the revolt of the Legions to the Declaration of the Senate. It may be the Senate could have Re-established Liberty, but being already accustomed to Emperours, they were contented to dis-

pose of the Empire, the Prætorian Cohorts would dispose thereof themselves, and the Legions of the Provinces could not yield them that advantage. A Division intruded amongst these, some nominating one Emperour, some another. There was nothing but Massacres, and Civil Wars, and never were Peoples Minds in their true Situation; if you except the Reign of some Princes, who knew how to re-unite the Interests, which the false Conduct of *Tiberius* had divided for the common Misfortune of the Emperours, and Empire.

OBSERVATIONS

UPON

SALUST and *TACITUS*.

I Once intended to have made an exact Judgment of *Salust* and *Tacitus*, but understanding since, that others had already done it, that I might neither wholly follow, or lose my Design, I have reduced my Thoughts

Thoughts to one single Observation, which I send you.

In my Opinion, the last turns every thing into Policy, with him Nature and Fortune have very little to do in the management of Affairs, and I am deceived, or he oftentimes gives too far fetcht Causes of some Actions, which are altogether Simple, Ordinary, and Natural.

When *Augustus* would set Bounds to the Empire, it is in his Conceit out of a jealous Apprehension, least some other should have the Glory of extending it. The same Emperour, if you believe him, took measures to assure himself, that the People of *Rome* should have a Concern for him, Artificially managing the Advantages of his Memory, by the choice of his Successor.

The dangerous temper of *Tiberius*, his Dissimulations are known to all the World; but it is not enough to know the Nature of the Man, without giving this Prince a Craftiness in every thing: Nature is not yet so much reduced, but that she keeps as much Right over our Actions, as we can take over her Motions. Something of ones Temper always enters into the best form'd De-

signs: And it is not credible, that *Tiberius*, who was so many years subject to the Will of *Sejanus*, or his own infamous Pleasures, could have, in that Weakness, and abandoning up of himself, so far fetched an Act, and so studied Politicks.

The Poysoning of *Britannicus* causes not so much Horrour, as it should, by *Tacitus* his putting us upon the observing the Behaviour of the Spectators: So long as the Reader is taken up in considering the divers Motions they are in, the one's being frighted out of Imprudence, others deeply reflecting on it, *Nero's* dissembled Coldness, the secret Fears of *Agrippina*, their Spirits turn'd off from the blackness of the Action, and from the sad Image of this Death, lets the Parricide escape their hatred, and leaves the unhappy dying Person to their Pity.

The Cruelty of the same *Nero* in his Mother's Death, has too delicate a Conduct, when *Agrippina* had certainly perished by a small Intrigue of Court so well managed, he ought at least to have suppressed half the Art, for the Crime finds less aversion in our Spirits, and if I may say so, he reconciles the Judgments of the Readers to it, when he puts so much Address and Dexterity in the Conduct.

Almost

Almost in all things *Tacitus* leaves us pieces too finished, where he leaves us nothing to be desired of Art, but where he gives us too little of the Natural. Nothing is finer than what he represents; oftentimes 'tis not the thing which ought to be represented; sometimes he passes beyond things by too great a Depth and Penetration. Sometimes Speculations too fine rob us of the true Objects, to place in their stead fine Ideas. What one may say in his Favour is, that he obliges us more than he had done, in giving us things grossly, the truth of which had been of no importance.

Salust, of a Spirit opposite enough, gives as much to Nature, as the other to Policy. The greatest care of the former is to make known the Genius of Men, Affairs come afterwards naturally, by the Actions not far fetch'd of those Persons, whom he hath described.

If you consider with Attention, the Character of *Catiline*, you will not be astonish'd at that horrible design to oppress the Senate, nor at that vast project, to render himself Master of the Re-publick, without the assistance of the Legions. When you shall reflect on his Pliantness, his In-

sinuations', his Faculty of inspiring his Motions, and uniting the Factious Persons to himself; when you shall consider that so much Diffiultation was sustained by so much fierceness, when there was a necessity for Action, you will not be surpris'd, that at the head of all the Ambitious, and Corrupted Men, he was so near over-whelming Rome, and ruining his Country. But *Salust* doth not content himself with describing the men to us in Characters, he makes them describe themselves in Speeches, where you always see an expression of their Nature. The Oration of *Cesar* made it plain enough to us, that a Conspiracy did not displease him. Under the Zeal which he testifies for the preservation of the Laws, and the Dignity of the Senate, he leaves to be discern'd a delicate inclination for the Conspirators; he is not so careful to hide his Opinion of Hell; the Gods are less considerable to him than the Consuls, and in his Conceit Death is nothing else but the end of our Torments, and the repose of the Miserable. *Cato* makes his own Picture, after *Cesar* had given us his. He goes directly to that which is good, but with a rough Air; the Austerity of his Manners is

is inseparable from the integrity of his Life ; he mixes the sowness of his mind, and the hardness of his manners, with the usefulness of his Counsels.

This single expression of (*Optimo Consuli*) which vexed *Cicero* so much, for not giving to his merit extent enough, makes me fully comprehend both the good intentions, and the vain humour of this Consul. To conclude, by the various descriptions of different Actors, I not only represent to my self the persons, but I seem to behold every thing that passed in the Conspiracy of *Cataline*.

You may observe the same thing in the History of *Jugurtha*. The description of his qualities and his humour, prepares you to see the Invasion of a Kingdom, and three lines shew his whole method of making War. You see in the Character of *Metellus*, with the re-establishment of Discipline, a happy alteration of the *Roman* affairs.

Marius managed the Army in *Africk* with the same Spirit, wherewith he spoke at *Rome*.

Sylla talks to *Boccus*, with the same Genius that appeared in his Character, little tied

tied to Duty and Regularity, giving all things up to the passion of making Friends to himself. *Dein parentes abunde habemus, amicorum unquam neque nobis, neque cuiquam omnium satis fuit.* Thus *Salust* makes Men Act by their temper, and thinks to oblige his Reader enough, by describing them well. Every extraordinary person that's represented, is exactly drawn, even when he has no considerable part in his Subject. Such is the Character of *Sempronia*, in my Judgment, inimitable; he goes even to search remote considerations, to give us the Pictures of *Cato* and *Cesar*, so fine in truth, that I should prefer them before entire Histories.

To conclude my observation upon these two Authors, Ambition, Avarice, Luxury, Corruption, all the general causes of the Disorders of the Republick, are very often alledged by *Salust*. I know not whether he descends enough to particular Interests and Considerations. You will say, that subtle and refined Counsels seemed to him unworthy of the grandeur of the Republick; and that is perhaps the reason, that he goes to seek as it were all things in Speculation, few things in the Passions and Genius of Men.

One

One sees in the History of *Tacitus* yet more Vices, more Wickedness, and more Crimes; but Ingenuity conducts them, and Dexterity manages them: one speaks there always with design, there's no acting without measure, the Cruelty is prudent, and the Violence advised. In a word, the crime there is too delicate; from whence it comes to pass, that men of the most credit taste the Art of mischief, which doth not let it self be known enough, and that they learn to become Criminal before they are aware, imagining only to become expert. But leaving here *Salust* and *Tacitus*, in their different Characters, I will affirm, that one meets but seldom together, a curious description of Men, and a profound intelligence of things.

Those that are brought up in Societies, that speak in Assemblies, learn the order, the forms, and all the matters that are treated of there. Passing from thence through Embassys, they instruct themselves in Foreign affairs, and there are but a few things, of what nature soever they be, but they become capable of, through application and experience. But when they come to settle at Court, they are look'd
up-

upon as awkward in their choice of persons, without any taste of Merit, ridiculous in their Expences, and in their Pleasures.

Our Ministers in *France* are altogether free from these defects, I may affirm it of them all without Flattery, and enlarge myself a little upon *Monsieur de Lionne*, whom I am better acquainted with.

'Tis in him properly, that separated Talents are collected; 'tis in him that meet a curious knowledge of the merits of Men, and a profound Intelligence of things.

To speak the Truth, I have a Thousand times admired, how a Minister, who hath confounded all the Politicks of the *Italians*, who hath disorder'd the settled Prudence of the *Spaniards*, who hath turn'd to our Interests so many Princes of *Germany*, and hath made them act as we would have them, who were brought with much difficulty to act for themselves: I have admired, I say, how a Man so compleat in Negotiating, so well vers'd in affairs, can have all the delicateness of the most polite Courtiers for Conversation, and Pleasures. One may say of him, what *Salust* affirmed of a Great person of Antiquity, *that his leisure is Voluptuous*: but that by a just dis-

dispensation of his time with the facility of labour, which he hath made himself Master of, never was any affair retarded by his diversions.

Amongst the divertifements of his leisure, amongst his most important employments, he doth not cease to dedicate some Hours to Learning, whereby *Atticus*, that honest Man among the Ancients, did not acquire a more curious knowledge in the sweetness of his Repose, and the tranquillity of his Study. He is infinitely skilled in all things, and Learning, which very often spoils the Nature, doth but embellish his; it quits what it hath of obscure, difficult, rude, and brings him entirely all its advantages, without disturbing the neatness and politeness of his Spirit. No body is better acquainted with fine works, than He; no body composes them better; he knows equally how to judge and to produce, and I am a little at a stand, whether one ought to esteem more in him the fineness of his Judgment, or the beauty of his Genius. It is time to leave his, and come to that of the Courtiers.

As they are educated near Kings, and make their ordinary residence near Princes,

ces, they make it their particular Study to know them well: There is not an inclination that is concealed from them, no aversion unknown, no weakness which is not discovered to them. From thence comes insinuations, complaisance, and all those curious measures which compose the Art of winning hearts, or at least to reconcile their Wills; but whether it be for want of application, or else thinking those employments below them, where one's instructed in affairs, they are equally ignorant of them all, and their agreements coming to fail with their Age, nothing affords them consideration and Credit. They grow old then in the Closets, exposed to the Raillery of the Young men, who can't suffer their Censure, with this difference, that these for the most part do things that agree to their humour, and that the others cannot abstain from those that are unbecoming them; and certainly the most honest man, of whom no body has need, finds it troublesome to exempt himself from being ridiculous in growing old. But it is with them as with those gallant Women, who are still pleas'd with the World, when that's displeas'd
with

with them. If we were wise, our disgust would answer to that which is had for us; for in the disadvantage of States, where one doth not sustain himself but by the merit of pleasing, when he ceases to be agreeable, he ought to think of retiring. Lawyers, on the other side, appear less Genteel when they are young, by a false Air of the Court, which makes them succeed in the City, and renders them ridiculous to Courtiers: but at length the knowledge of their Interest brings them to their Profession, and becoming expert with Time, they find themselves in considerable Stations, where all the World generally stands in want of their assistance. It is very true, that those Courtiers that arise to Honours by great employments, leave nothing to be desired in their sufficiency, and their merit is fully perfected, when they joyn to the nicety of the Court, the knowledge of affairs, and the experience of War.

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THE COMPARISON OF

Cæsar and Alexander.

TIS almost universally agreed, that *Alexander* and *Cæsar* have been the greatest Men in the World: And all those that have undertaken to Judge, have thought to oblige the Heroes that came after 'em, by finding some resemblance between their Reputation and their Glory. *Plutarch*, after having examined their Natures, their Actions, and their Fortunes, leaves us the liberty to decide, that he had not assurance enough to undertake it. *Montagne*, more confident, declares himself for the former, and since the Versions of *Vaugelas* and *Ablancour*, have made these Heroes the Subject of all our Conversations, every one has embraced the part of one or t'other, according to his own particular Inclination or Fancy. As for me, who

who perhaps have examined their Lives with as much curiosity as any person, notwithstanding I will not allow my self the Authority of an absolute decision. But because you are unwilling to dispence with me from discovering my Thoughts, you shall have some observations of the relation and difference I find between 'em. Both have had the Advantage of Illustrious Births. *Alexander* Son of a considerable King; *Cæsar* descends from one of the most Noble Families of that Republick, whose very Citizens esteem themselves more than Kings. It seems that the Gods had a mind to let us know the future grandeur of *Alexander*, by *Olympias's* Dream, and by some other Presages. His inclinations sublime from his Infancy, his Tears which shew'd him jealous for the Glory of his Father, the Judgment of King *Philip*, who believed him worthy of a greater Kingdom than his own, are sufficient supports for the declaration of the Gods. Many things of this Nature have been no less remarkable in relation to *Cæsar*. *Sylla* apprehended in him, tho' he was very young, many *Marius's*. He dream't that he had lain with his Mother, and the Sooth-sayers

interpreted, that the Earth the common Mother of mankind, should be subjected to his Power. He was observ'd to weep, when he look'd upon the Statue of *Alexander*, for having perform'd nothing considerable, at an Age when this Conquerour had made himself Master of the World. They were both Passionate Lovers of Learning; but *Alexander* in every thing Ambitious, was Jealous of any Superiority in his Studies, and his chief Prospect in Sciences, was to exceed all others. So we may see that he complain'd of *Aristotle*, for publishing some mysterious matters, which ought to have been reserv'd for him alone, and he declares, that he aspires no less to raise himself above Men by his Learning than his Arms. As he had a most curious Genius, and whose Passions were easily raised, so he was addicted to the searching after the most hidden Mysteries, and had a particular Fancy for Poetry.

There's no man can be ignorant of the great affection he bore to *Homer*, and that in favour of *Pindar*, the Houses of his Posterity were preserv'd in the general ruine and desolation of *Thebes*.

The Genius of *Cesar*, not altogether so vast,

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vaſt, reduced the Sciences to his own uſe, and he ſeems to have admired Learning, for no other purpoſe in the World, than for his own advantage. In the Philoſophy of *Epicurus*, which he held preferable to all others, he made his chief application to that part which relates to Man. But it appears that Eloquence was his principal aim, through a perſuaſion of mind, that 'tis moſt neceſſary in a Republick, to arrive at the higheſt employments. He made a Funeral Oration in Publick at the death of his Aunt *Julia*, which ſucceeded with great Applauſe. He accuſed *Dolabella*, and afterwards made that Speech that was ſo exact and ſo fine, for the ſaving the Lives of thoſe that were Imprison'd for *Catiline's* Conſpiracy.

We have nothing that we have any aſſurance to be *Alexanders*, except ſome ſmart ſayings of an admirable Turn, which leaves us an equal impreſſion of the greatneſs of his Soul, and the vivacity of his Genius.

But the greateſt diſtinction that I can apprehend in their Sentiments, is upon the Subject of Religion; for *Alexander* was devout even to Superſtition, giving an en-

tire credit to Divinations and Oracles ; which might be attributed, besides his inclination, to his ufual reading of Poets, who imprint in men a Fear and Reverence of the Gods, and made up all the Divinity of thofe times.

As for *Cæfar*, whether it were out of a pure natural temper, or elfe giving way to the opinions of *Epicurus*, 'tis beyond difpute that he pafs'd into the other extream, had no expectation from the Gods in this Life, and was very little concern'd about the Thoughts and Accidents of the other. *Lucan* represents him at the Siege of *Marfeilles*, with an Axe in his hand in a Consecrated Wood, where giving the firft ftroaks himfelf, he encourages his Soldiers, who were feized with a fecret hor- rour of Religion, with expreffions impi- ous enough. *Saluft* makes him affirm, that *Death is the conclufion of all misfortunes, that after it there remains neither remembrance nor imaginations of Joy.*

But as men, be they never fo great, compar'd one to another, are always infirm, defective, contrary to themfelves, fubject to Miftakes or Ignorance ; *Cæfar* was concern'd at a Dream, which predicted to him
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the Empire, and would not give the least Credit to that of his Wife, which advertiſed him of his Death. His Life was answerable to his Belief; he was in reality moderate in indifferent Pleasures, but denied himself nothing in those that affected him. This was the cause that *Catullus* writ so many Epigrams against him, and whence, at last it became a Proverb, that *Cæsar* was the Wife of all Husbands, and the Husband of all Wives.

Alexander was moderate enough in this, yet he was not altogether insensible, for *Baryne* and *Roxana* made him Captive to their Charms, and his Continence at last could not restrain him from using *Bagoas*, as *Darius* had formerly done.

The pleasure of Banqueting, which *Alexander* loved so much, and where sometimes he suffer'd himself to be carried, even to Excess, was indifferent to *Cæsar*; not but that *Alexander*, in time of Action, was very sober, and could easily endure a fatigue; but when Ease and Repose had succeeded the Toils of War, Tranquility he esteem'd as insipid, and unsavory, if he did not stir it up, as it were, by some thing extraordinary.

They were both magnificent, even to Profusion: but *Cæsar* with more of Design and Interest. His Gratuities to the People, his excessive Expences in the Edileship, his Presents to *Curio*, were properly, rather Corruptions than true Liberalities. *Alexander's* Gifts proceeded from a pure greatness of Soul. When he pass'd into *Asia*, he distributed his Patrimony, he left himself destitute, and had no other prospect than the hopes of Conquest, or a resolution to dye. At a time, when he hardly wanted the assistance of a Man, he discharg'd the Debts of the whole Army. Limners, Engravers, Musicians, Poets, Philosophers (all famous in their way, but generally in want) did partake of his Magnificence, and were sensible of his Grandeur; nor but that *Cæsar* also was naturally dispos'd to be Liberal; but out of a design to raise himself, he was obliged to gain Persons necessary for his Affairs, and he hardly saw himself Master of the Empire, but he was unhappily deprived of it, together with his Life. I don't find in *Cæsar* those Friendships that *Alexander* had for *Hephestion*, nor that Confidence that he had in *Craterus*. His Correspondences were either Obligations for his own

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Affairs, or else a Proceeding complaisant enough, but much less passionate in relation to his Friends. 'Tis true, his Familiarity had nothing in it of Danger, and those that were his Intimates, never apprehended his Wrath, nor his Humours. As *Alexander* was in extreams, either he was the most Charming, or the most formidable Person, and there was no security to be expected in an Intrigue wherein he himself was engaged; notwithstanding Friendship, after Glory, was his greatest Passion, of which there needs no other Testimony, than his own Expression, when he cried out near the Statue of *Achilles*: O *Achilles*, how happy do I esteem thee, in that thou hadst a faithful Companion during thy Life, and such a Poet as *Homer* after Death!

Hitherto we have examined the Natures of these two great Men, 'tis now time to make a Scrutiny into the Genius's of the Conquerors, and to consider 'em in the utmost extent of Action. 'Tis a kind of Folly, to reason much upon things purely Imaginary; notwithstanding in all appearance, if *Alexander* had been in *Cæsar*'s place, he had made no better use of his great and admirable Qualities, than to his own pro-

per Destruction. One may suppose that his haughty Humour, which scorn'd to take any care of preventing things, would have but ill preserved him in the persecutions of *Sylla*, he would hardly have been brought to secure himself by a voluntary Absence. As his Gifts proceeded out of a principle of Generosity, they would undoubtedly have proved pernicious to him. Instead of waiting for the Edileship, where his Magnificence and Profusions had been permitted, his Largesses and Presents at an unreasonable time, would have render'd him justly suspected to the Senate. Perhaps too, he could not have confined himself to those Laws, they would have tormented a Soul so imperious as his, and by undertaking something at an inconvenient time, he would have found the Destiny of *Manlius*, of the *Gracchi's*, or that of *Catiline*. But then, if *Alexander* had perished in the Republick, *Cesar*, whose Courage and Wariness went ordinarily together, had never entertain'd in his Thoughts, the vast design of the Conquest of *Asia*. 'Tis to be believed of *Cesar*, whose Conduct was so delicate, and so secret, that he entred into all Conspiracies, without being

ing (except once) accused, and never convicted: He that in the Divisions of his own making amongst the Gauls, assisted one to oppress the other, and brought them all under at the last: 'Tis to be believed, I say, that this same *Cæsar* following his own Genius, would have established the State, subdued his Neighbours; and set all the Republick of *Greece* at difference one with another, in order to have made himself Master of them. And certainly, to have relinquished *Macedon* without the least hope of return, to have left his Neighbours disaffected; *Greece* in a manner subdued, but not quite reconciled to the new method of Government, with 35000 Men, 70 Talents, and an inconsiderable quantity of Provisions; to have gone directly to seek out a King of *Persia*, whom the Greeks called the Great King, and whose simple Lieutenants upon the Frontiers, struck the whole World with Amazement: This is beyond ones Imagination, and something more surprizing, than if the Republick of *Genoa*, together with those of *Lucca*, and *Ragusa*, should at this day enterprize the Conquest of *France*. Had *Cæsar* declared War to the
Great

Great King, he had acted, perhaps, only upon the Frontiers, and would not have been judged Unfortunate, if he had made the River *Granicus* to be the extent of his Territories. If Ambition had caused him to have advanced further, can it possibly be imagined, that he would have refused the offers of *Darius*, he, that always proposed an Accomodation with *Pompey*, and that he would not rest satisfied with the Daughter of the King, with Five or Six Provinces, which *Alexander*, perhaps, insolently enough refused? In fine, if there's any Reason in my Conjectures, he would hardly have been so inquisitive after the King of *Persia*, in the Plains, attended by a Million of Soldiers: Let us allow *Cæsar* to be exceeding brave; let us allow him also to be of an assured Spirit, but when that's done, I can't promise my self, that he would have slept so profoundly the Night preceding the Battel of *Arbel'a*; I rather believe he would have been of *Parmenio's* Opinion, and that his Answers would have bore no proportion to *Alexander's*; notwithstanding that great Battel was absolutely necessary for the Master Ship of *Asia*; otherwise *Darius* had protracted the War

War from Province to Province all the remainder of his Life; 'twas necessary, that he fell as he did, or that a thousand different People should observe him vanquished with his whole Power.

'Tis true, that this immoderate desire of Glory, and this excessive Ambition which allowed him no interval of Repose, rendered him at some particular times so insupportable to the *Macedonians*, that they were all ready to abandon him; but 'tis there particularly, that is observed, that prodigious Courage which nothing could abate. Go Cowards, says he, Go Ungrateful Men, and tell to your Country, that ye have left Alexander, with his Friends, labouring for the Glory of Greece, amongst Nations that know how to obey him, better than you.

In all the Passages of his Life, the Prince of Conde admired nothing more than this brave fierceness to the *Macedonians*, and this Confidence in himself. Alexander, says he, left by his own men, amongst the barbarous Nations, who were not thoroughly subdued, was so perswaded of his own Worthiness, and Capacity to Command, that he thought it not in the Power of men to refuse to pay him Obeisance. To reside in Europe, or in Asia, amongst

amongst *Greeks*, or amongst *Persians*, each was indifferent to him; he was assured to meet with Subjects where he found Men. That which is said to the advantage of *Cæsar* is this, that the *Macedonians* were employed against a People drowned in Ease, and Cowardise, and that the Conquest of the *Gauls*, who are a fierce and Military People, must of necessity be much harder to the *Romans*. I won't amuse my self, by enquiring into the Courage of one or t'other, but 'tis certain, that *Cæsar* never found real, and substantial Armies amongst the *Gauls*. There was entire Nations, if you reserve the Women, Children, and Old Men, who made a Tumultuary Assembly for the defence of their Liberties: a vast number of Combatants without Order, or Discipline; and to acknowledge the Truth, excepting two or three, *Cæsar* might boast, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, in all his Undertakings; which makes me thoroughly convinced, that *Labienus* commanding the Legions, would have had the same good Fortune to subject our Provinces to the Republick, or by all the appearances of things *Parmenio* had not given that great Battel, that afforded a decisive Judgment

ment concerning the affairs of *Asia*. You may observe also this remarkable particular, that *Parmenio* wanted *Alexander's* assistance in the Battel, and that *Cæsar* had been infallibly lost without *Labiennus*, who after having routed all of his side, sent the Tenth Legion to disengage him. Whether it were that he undertook more dangerous enterprizes, or else by exposing himself more than he need, or whether he was in this point the more unfortunate, *Alexander* was a hundred times in manifest danger of his Life, and very often extreamly wounded. 'Tis certain too, that *Cæsar* had his Hazards, but more rarely, and I'm in suspence whether he was ever much Wounded in all his Wars. For my part, I can't conjecture how the People of *Asia* should be so lost and pusillanimous, they, that have been always formidable to *Europe*. In the greatest power of the Republick, have not the *Romans* been unhappy in their Encounters with the *Parthians*, who possessed but one part of the Empire of *Darius*? *Crassus* was there lost with his Legions in the time of *Cæsar*; and a little after, *Anthony* made an Expedition thither with loss and shame. As for
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Conquests, we can't justly attribute any others to *Cesar* than those of *Gaul*: for by the advantage of a Civil War, he subjected the Common-wealth with the better part of its own Forces; and the single Battel of *Pharsalia*, rendred him absolute Master of a Hundred different people, which others had subdued before.

Vespasian cannot be said to have Conquer'd the Empire, when he was made Emperour upon the Defeat of *Vitellius*. So *Cesar* has advantaged himself by the Labours and Exploits of all the *Romans*: the *Scipio's*, *Emilius*, *Marcellus*, *Marius*, *Sylla*, and *Pumpey*, even his own proper Enemies have fought for him; and all that was perform'd in 600 years, was the fruits of one hours Battel. That which seems to me still more incomprehensible, as to *Alexander* is this, that in twelve or thirteen years he has subdued more Countreys, than the greatest States in the whole extent of their Durations. At this time a Traveller is celebrated, for having passed but a part of those Nations, that he subdued; and that nothing might be deficient to render his Happiness compleat, he had a most peaceable enjoyment of his Empire, even so

so far as to be adored by the Conquered. In which particular I pity the misfortune of *Cæsar*, who had not opportunity enough to give a form to the State conformable to his intentions, being Assassinated by those he went to reduce to a Compliance. There remains still one consideration upon *Alexander*, viz. that all the *Macedonian* Captains, after his Death, were powerful Kings, who compar'd to him when alive, appear'd but as indifferent persons. And certainly, he's in some measure pardonable, if in a Countrey where was a strong Belief that the greatest part of the Gods had once their Habitations upon Earth, where *Hercules* was suppos'd to be the Offspring of *Jupiter*, because he had the fortune to slay a Lion, and to rid the World of a pernicious Robber: I say, sure he's pardonable in some measure, if having a reliance on the opinion of *Philip*, who was under a perswasion that his Wife had some communication with a Deity, if impos'd on and flattered by the Oracle; if upon finding himself so much above ordinary men, he has sometimes disown'd his real Birth, and given credit to the sentiments of his Divine Race. Perhaps he only dispers'd this Belief

lies amongst the *Barbarians*, to attract from 'em Veneration, for at the time he put himself out to the World for a kind of a God, his natural Slumbers, his Society with Women, the Bloud which came from his Wounded Body, made him sensible he was but a Man. After so large a discourse of the advantages of *Alexander*, I'll briefly affirm, that through the Beauty of a Universal Genius, *Cesar* was the greatest of the *Romans* in all respects, both in matters of the State, and those of War. In reality the enterprizes of *Alexander*, have something in them more amazing; but the conduct and the capacity must not stand for so great a share: The War of *Spain* against *Petreius* and *Afranius*, is a passage that men of approved experience yet admire. The most memorable Sieges of the latter times, have been form'd in imitation of the Siege of *Alexia*, and to *Cesar* is owing our Fortifications, our Lines, our Contravallations, and every thing that generally relates to the security of Armies before the places Besieged. As to what regards Vigour, the Battel of *Munda* was by far more contested than those of *Asia*; and *Cesar* run as great a risque in *Egypt*,
as

as *Alexander* did in the Town of the *Mallians*. They were no less different in the proceeding than in the action. When *Cæsar* had not the Justice of his side, he search'd for appearances, and prætexts were never wanting to him. *Alexander* gave no other reasons to the World than his own Will; he followed throughout either his Ambition or his Humour. *Cæsar* on the other side suffer'd himself to be conducted either by his Interest, or his Reason.

There never was observ'd in any person so much equality in Life, so much Moderation in Fortune, and so much Clemency in apparent Injuries. Those impetuosities which cost poor *Clitus* his Life, those ill made out Suspicions, which occasion'd the loss of *Philotas*, and which to the Infamy of *Alexander*, at length drew on, as a necessary misfortune, the death of *Parmenio*; all these irregular motions were unknown to *Cæsar*: he is irreproachable in that particular, except in relation to himself, for not having been careful enough of his own proper Security.

It must be acknowledged, that instead of being subject to the disorders of his Passion, he was the most active Man of the

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World,

World, and the least liable to disturbance. Great things and little things, found him still easy, without being raised by the one, or dejected by the other.

Alexander seem'd to be out of his way, but when he was doing extraordinary things. If he was to Run, it was to be with none but Kings; if he loved Hunting it was that of Lions; he could not make a Present unworthy of himself. He was at no time so resolute, nor in so good a humour, as at the despondency of his Troops: never so full of hope, as in their despair. In a word, he began to enjoy himself, when Men for the most part, either through Fear, or some other Infirmary, are us'd to give themselves up to their Afflictions. But his too elevated Soul, could not easily dispence with the common Accidents of Life; and hardly secure of himself, it was to be fear'd least he should be lost either amidst his Pleasures or his Ease.

Here I must oblige my self to make some reflections upon the Heroes, whose Dominion has so much sweetness in it, that without trouble we submit to it. There remains with us, none of those secret repugnances for 'em, nor those internal no-
tions

tions of Liberty, which are ſo painful to us in a forced Obedience: All our qualities are eaſy and compliant, but what proceeds from them is ſometimes inſupportable. When they are our Maſters by power, and ſo much beyond us in regard of their deſert, they think to enjoy a double Empire, which exacts a double ſubjection; and very often 'tis a miſerable condition to have our dependance upon Men that are ſo great, that they may with reaſon deſpiſe us. In the mean time, ſince they don't rule in Deſarts, and that they are under a neceſſity of converſing with us, methinks it ſhould be for their Intereſt to accommodate themſelves to our Infirmities, and we would then juſtly reſpect them as Gods, when they would be content to live as men. But let me conclude a diſcourſe, which begins to grow tedious to my ſelf; and determine, that by practicable means Cæſar hath executed the greateſt things, and hath rendered himſelf the firſt of the Romans.

Alexander was naturally above Men; you'd ſay that he was Born Maſter of the Univerſe, and that in his Expeditions he rather ſought to make himſelf taken no-

rice of by his People, than to encounter
his Foes.

A Discourse upon

THE FRENCH Historians.

IT is to be acknowledged that the greatest
part of our Historians have had but an
indifferent merit, and without the natural
desire of knowing what has come to pass in
their own Countreys, I can't imagine how a
person, that has good Skill in ancient Hi-
stories, could perswade himself to suffer
the tediousness which ours afford. And cer-
tainly 'tis strange enough, that in a Monar-
chy where there has been so many memo-
rable Wars, and so many signal alterations
of affairs; that amongst a People that have
a Courage to perform great things, and a
Vanity to speak of them, there should not
be one Historian, that answers either to the

Dignity of the Subject, or to our own proper inclination.

I was of opinion formerly, that one ought to attribute this defect to our Language; but when I have since considered, that the Beauty of the *French* in the Translation almost equalled that of the *Greek* and *Latin* in the Original, it is come into my Thoughts in spight of my self, that the indifference of our Genius is below the Majesty of History. Besides, if so be there were amongst us some Genius's of a sufficient height, there are too many things necessary to the composition of a fine History, to be able to meet with them in one and the same person. One might find perhaps a stile pure enough and noble enough in some of our Authors, who by reason of their living at a distance from the Court and Business, would handle them with general maxims and common places, which relish more of the Policy of Antiquity, than ours. Our experienc'd men of business have a great knowledge of our own Interests; but they have the disadvantage of being used to a certain stile of dispatch, as proper for Negotiations, as it is little agreeable to the Dignity of History. It is

also a usual thing with them, to speak very ill of War; unless Fortune has laid it in their way to be concerned therein sometimes, or they have lived in the acquaintance and familiarity of Great Men, that have had the management thereof: That has been a considerable defect in *Grotius*, who after he had pierced into the most secret causes of the War, the nature of the Government of the *Spaniards*, the disposition of the People of *Flanders*; who, after he had entred into the true Genius of Nations, forms a just Character of Societies and that of principal persons; who after he had so well explained the different States of the Christian Religion; who after he had ascended to Originals, unknown to *Cardinal Bentivoglio* and to *Strada*, could not maintain in mens minds the admiration which he had caused there, so soon as he was to open the Field of War, when he was to speak of the motion of Armies, and come to the description of Sieges, and to the recital of Battels.

We have some Persons of Quality of an extraordinary merit, who for having executed great employments with a good natural Judgment, and some acquired knowledge,

ledge, are equally capable of acting well and speaking well; but generally they want a Genius, or have not the Art of Writing well: Besides that, referring all things to their own way, and the function of their Charges, they seek little to instruct themselves in the forms of the Government, and Orders of the Kingdom. They would imagine to do themselves wrong, and take the Spirit of the Lawyers against the Dignity of their Profession, if so be they should apply themselves to the knowledge of our Principal Laws. And without those Lights I durst assure, that it is as it were impossible, to make a good History filled (as it ought to be) with sound and judicious Instructions.

Bacon often complained, that Historians took pleasure in extending themselves upon Foreign affairs, and that they seemed to avoid as a weakness, the discourse of Rules, which compose the publick Tranquility: That letting themselves go, with Joy, to the recital of those Evils which War brings, they don't treat of, but with distaste, the good Laws, which establish the happiness of a Civil Society. His complaints appear to me so much the better

founded, inasmuch as there is not one History amongst the *Romans*, but where we discern the in-side of the Republick, by its Laws, as well as the out-side by its Conquests. You see in *Livy*, sometimes the abolishing of old Laws, and sometimes the establishment of new ones; you see there every thing that depends on Religion, and what relates to Ceremonies. The Conspiracy of *Catiline* in *Salust*, is quite full of the Constitutions of the Republick; and the Speech of *Cesar* so delicate, doth it not all roll upon the *Portian* Law, upon the just considerations their Fathers had for quitting the ancient rigour in the punishment of Citizens, upon the dangerous consequences which would follow, if so be so vile an Ordinance should be violated?

The same *Cesar* in his Commentaries, never loses an occasion to speak of the Manners, Customs, and Religion of the *Gauls*.

Tacitus is perhaps but too full of Accusations, Defences, Laws, and Judgments.

Quintus Curtius, in a History made to please more than to instruct, puts at the mouth of *Alexander* the Laws of the *Macedonians*, to answer the reproaches of *Hermolaus*,

molays, who had Conspired against his Life.

This *Alexander* that seems to have known no other Laws, than his own Will, in the Conquest of the World.

This *Alexander* doth not scorn to support himself by the Authority of the Laws, for having ordered a young Lad to be Whipt, when he was Master of the Universe.

As there is no Nation, that is unwilling to secure it self from Foreign Violences, when it is infirm, or to render its condition more glorious by Conquests, when it is Powerful. As there is none, but ought to assure its repose by the constitution of a good Government, and the Tranquillity of the Conscience by the Sentiments of their Religion; so there is no Historian, but ought to be instructed in all these different Interests, when he undertakes their History; but ought to make known what renders men unhappy, to the end that it may be avoided, or what makes their happiness, that it may be procured. One cannot write a good History of *France*, for all the Wars that are to be described, without shewing the orders of the Kingdom,
the

the difference of Religion, and the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church.

It would be ridiculous to undertake to write that of *England*, without knowing the Affairs of the Parliament, and being well instructed in the different Religions of this Kingdom.

It would not be less to attempt that of *Spain*, without knowing exactly the various forms of its Counsels, and the mystery of its Inquisition, as well as the secret of its Foreign Interests, and the motives, and successes of its Wars.

But in truth, these diversities of Laws, Religion, Politicks, and War, ought to be ingeniously mingled, and very discreetly managed: For a Man, that should affect to speak often of the Constitution and Laws of a State, would rather favour of the Legislatour or Lawyer, than the Historian. To treat of each point of Religion with a meditated curiosity, would be to make Lectures of Divinity; and one should suffer him with pain in the History of *Father Paul*, if one did not pardon the tediousness of his Controversys between the Doctors, by the necessity of his Subject.

Although the Description of Wars seem

to hold the first place in History, 'tis to appear a sort of a troublesome Romancer, to heap up accidents upon accidents, without any diversity of matter, 'tis to find the means in true Subjects of imitating the manner of the Old Romance-makers, in their false Combats, and fabulous Adventures.

The *Latin* Historians have known how to mingle admirably the divers pieces of Knowledge, that I have treated of: so the History of the *Romans* ought to have some resemblance with their Lives, which were divided in the different Offices of several Professions. Indeed, there has hardly been any Great Persons at *Rome*, but have passed through the Dignities of the Priesthood, have belonged to the Senate, and taken from thence to Command Armys. Now a days every Profession takes up a man wholly: The greatest Vertue of the Clergy, is to apply themselves intirely to Ecclesiastical affairs; and those whose ambition hath push'd them to the management of Business, have gone through a thousand reproaches for having corrupted the Sanctiry of Life they were destined to. The Lawyers are made ridiculous, so soon

as they go out of their Profession; and a Souldier is for the most part ashamed, to know any thing beyond his Art.

It is certain notwithstanding, that the divers applications of the Ancients, formed a capacity much more extensive, the same persons understanding how to employ well the forces of the Republick, and to contain the People by the Reverence of Religion, and by the Authority of the Laws. It was a great advantage to the Magistrates to be Masters of the strongest impressions, which are made upon the Spirits, and to seise on all the Sentiments, whereby they are disposed to the being tractable, or constrained to Obedience. It was not a less benefit to Generals to be instructed in the Secrets of their Religion, to be able to inspire their own Notions, and to make them received with the same respect, as if they had been truly Inspired by the Gods; to have the Art of turning all things into Presages of good or ill Fortune, and to know seasonably how to fill the Souldiers with Confidence or Fear. But there returned yet another advantage to the Republick, to wit, that the Magistrates made themselves entirely known;

known; for it was impossible that in these different functions, the most profound nature should equally conceal it self throughout, and that these good or ill Qualities should not be at length discerned. One discovered in these limited Genius's, whom Nature hath restrained to certain Talents, that a sweet and peaceable Temper, which was accommodated to the Ministry of Religion, had not sometimes constancy enough to maintain the Laws in Vigour.

Sometimes a Senator could not be corrupted in Trials, who had neither the activity nor vigilance of a good Captain.

Such was a Great Warriour, as *Marius*, who had no capacity in what related to Religion and business. To speak the Truth, there was often a general sufficiency, and a compleat Vertue throughout, which might render the Citizens useful to the Publick in all things, but oftentimes also a capacity not so large, made Men to be employed to certain uses, for which they were but just fit.

'Tis this which hath been seen in the Consulship of *Cicero* and *Antonius*, where the first had orders to watch for the safety of the Republick according to his Talent,
the

the other was sent to gather Troops with
Petreins, to Fight with those of *Carthine*.

If one makes reflection upon what I
 have said, one will not be surprized to
 find excellent Historians amongst a Peo-
 ple, where those that writ History were
 most frequently very considerable persons,
 to whom was wanting neither Genius, nor
 the Art of Writing well, and who had in
 an equal measure a profound knowledge
 of the affairs of Religion, War, and Men.
 To affirm the Truth, the Ancients had a
 great Advantage over us in knowing the
 Genius of Men by these different proofs,
 where they were obliged to pass into the
 Administration of the Common wealth;
 but they have not been less careful in de-
 scribing them well, and whosoever will
 examine their Characters with a little
 curiosity and intelligence, shall discover
 therein a particular Study, and an Art deep
 laid.

In effect you see them gather as it were
 opposite qualities, which one could not
 imagine to find in one and the same per-
 son, *animus audax, subdolis*. You see them
 find a difference in certain qualities, which
 appear to be absolutely the same, and
 which

which one cannot discover without a great nicety of Judgment: *subdolus*; *varius*; *cujuslibet rei simulator*, *ac dissimulator*. There is another diversity in the Characters of the Ancients, more curious, and which is yet less known to us.

There is a certain difference, where-with each Vice, or each Vertue is mark'd by the particular impresson it takes in minds, where it is. For Example, the Courage of *Alcibiades* hath something singular in it, which distinguisheth it from that of *Epaminondas*, although both knew how to expose their lives equally. The integrity of *Caro* is different from that of *Cornelius*; the boldness of *Catiline* is not the same, as that of *Anthony*; the ambition of *Sylla*, and that of *Caesar* have not a perfect resemblance: from whence it comes that the Ancients forming thereby the Characters of their Great Men, form, that I may so speak, at the same time the Character of the Qualities they give them, to the end that they might appear not only Ambitious and Daring, or Moderate and Prudent, but that one might know more particularly what was the kind of the Ambition and the Courage, or the Moderation

on and Prudence, which they had.

Salust describes *Catiline* to us, as a person of a Wicked Nature, and the wickedness of this nature is immediately expressed: *Sed ingenio malo pravoque.*

The kind of his Ambition is distinguished by the irregularity of his manners, and the irregularity is mark'd in regard of the Character of his Spirit by imaginations too vast and too high: *Vastus animus immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta semper cupiebat.*

He had a temper wicked enough to enterprize all things against the Laws, and too vast a Spirit to fix himself to designs, proportioned to the means of making them succeed.

The bold Spirit of a Voluptuous and Unchast Woman, such as *Sempronia* was, might have made it believed that her boldness would have undertaken all things in favour of her Amours: But as this sort of confidence is little proper for dangers, to which one is exposed in a Conspiracy, *Salust* presently explains what she is capable of doing, by what she had done before: *Qua multa saepe virilis audacia facinora commiserat.* Behold the species of her boldness expressed.

He

He makes her Dance and Sing not with the Fashions, Gestures, and Motions, which the Singing and Dancing Women at Rome used, but with more Art and Curiosity than was decent for an honest Woman: *Psallere & saltare elegantius quam necesse sit proba.* When he attributes to her a Wit which you would value, he tells at the same time wherein it consisted. *Ceterum ingenium ejus haud absurdum versus facere, jocos movere, sermone uti vel modesto, vel molli, vel proterbi.* You will know in the Character of Sylla, that his Nature agreed happily with his Designs. The Republick at that time being divided into two Factions, those that aspired to the power had no greater Interest than to acquire Friends, and Sylla had no greater pleasure than to make them.

Liberality is the best means to gain Affections. Sylla knew how to give all things. Amongst the things, which one gives, there's nothing which enslaves Men more, and assures so much their Services, as the Money, which they receive of us. In which the Liberality of Sylla was particularly exercised. *Rerum omnium, pecunie maxime largitor.* He was liberal of his own Nature, liberal of his Money out of Interest.

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His

His leisure was Voluptuous; but it had not been giving a fine Character of this Great Man, to have described him with Sensuality or Laziness: which obliges *Salust* to mark the Character of the pleasure of a Gentleman which yielded to Glory, by whom Affairs are never retarded, for fear one should come to suspect him of a softness, wherein for the most part languish the Effeminate. *Voluptatum cupidus, glorie cupidior otio luxurioso esse, tamen a negotiis nunquam voluptas remorata.*

He was the happiest Man of the World before the Civil War, but this happiness was not the pure effect of Chance; and his Fortune, as great as it was always, never was above his Industry. *Atque illi felicissimo omnium ante civilem victoriam, nunquam super industriam fortuna fuit.*

When *Tacitus* leaves us the description of *Petronius*, he marks the qualities he gives him, with these sorts of distinctions; he makes him consume his Wealth not as a profuse Man in Debauchery, but as a delicate Person, in a polite and curious Luxury.

The contempt of Death which he ascribes to him, hath nothing common with that, which

which the other *Romans* had ; It is not the constant gravity of *Thraseas*, giving Instructions to him that brought him the order to Die ; it is not the forc'd constancy of *Seneca*, who has occasion to encourage himself by the remembrance of his own Precepts and Discourses ; it is not that affected firmness, which *Helvidius* spurs himself on with ; it is not a resolution form'd upon the Opinions of Philosophers ; it is a soft and careless indifference, which left in his Soul no room for the fatal thoughts of Death ; it is a continuation of the ordinary course of his Life to the last moment. But if the Ancients had so much curiousness in marking these distinctions, there is not less Art in the stile of their Characters to tye our judgment to the knowledge of them.

In their Narrations they engage us to follow them by the insensible bond of an agreeable and natural recital. They attract our minds in their Orations, by the earnestness of discourse, fearing if our Spirits were not moved out of their place, they should examine the little Judgment there is in the amplifications of Eloquence, and should have the opportunity of forming secret oppositions to the being perswaded.

Sometimes they bring in a Council Reasons upon Reasons to determine Souls unresolved to the party, which they ought to take. But in Characters where one should discern Vices and Vertues, where one should discover the differences which meet in one Nature, where one should not only distinguish the different qualities, but the differences whereby each quality is marked, one ought not to make use of a stile which engages us, or draws us in, nor of Arguments one upon another, which should put ours in subjection. On the contrary one ought to disengage us from every thing that draws us on, from every thing that imposes on us, from every thing that enslaves our understanding, to the end of leaving us with our selves, is a full use of our own understanding, tied notwithstanding, as much as it is possible for us, to every term of a compendious stile, and a various construction, for fear the mind should come to disperse it self in too rambling considerations.

By that a Reader is obliged to give his utmost attention to divers singularities, and to examine separately each feature of the Picture.

'Tis

7 Tis thus the Ancients formed their Characters. As for us, if so be we were to describe a Nature, like that of *Catiline*, we should be troubled to conceive in one and the same person, qualities which appear to be opposite.

So much boldness with so great Artifice, so much fierceness and so much Policy, so much Ardour in what he desired, with so much Fraud and Dissimulation.

There are nice differences between qualities, which seem to be the same, which we have much ado to discover.

There is sometimes a mixture of Vice and Virtue in one single quality, which we never truly separate. It is easie for us to know Vertues, when they are pure and entire; and for the most part we give prudence in Counsels, promptness in Execution, and valour in Battels.

As for what regards good Manners, Piety towards God, Honesty towards Men, and Fidelity to his Friends, and to his Master.

We make the same use both of Defects and Vices; of Incapacity in Affairs, of Cowardice against Enemies, of Infidelity to his Friends, of Idleness, Avarice and In-

gratitude: But where Nature hath not put a great purity in Vertues, where she has left some mixture of Vertue amongst Vices, we want sometimes a penetration to discover what lyes concealed, sometimes a curiousness to disentangle what is confused.

These particular distinctions, which variously mark the qualities according to the Spirits, where they meet are yet more obscure to us. The diversity of Valour is unknown to us; we have but one Courage for all the Valiant Men; one Ambition for all the Ambitious; and to speak the truth, the Character, which we make of a Person of great Desert, might agree to every thing that has been given to the Great Persons of our Time.

If so be we were to speak of those Dukes of *Guise*, whose Reputation is Eternal, we should Entitle them, Valiant, Generous, Courteous, Liberal, Ambitious, Zealous for the Catholick Religion, and declared Enemies of the Protestant; but the qualities of the one too little distinguished from those of the other, would not form the Characters as different as they should be.

Those

Those Vertues, which Morality and general Discourses represent to us to be the same, take a different Air by the difference of the Humour and Genius of the Persons that have them.

We judge well that the Constable, and the Admiral have been capable of sustaining the Burthen of the most important Affairs; but the difference of their capacity is not sufficiently marked in our Authors.

The Courage of the *Mareschal de Chastillon* was a slow and negligent stoutness. That of the *Mareschal de la Meilleraye* had a Fervency very proper to press a Siege, and a Passion, which disordered him in Field-fights.

The Valour of the *Marechal de Ranzau* was admirable for great Actions; it could save a Province, it could preserve an Army: But one would have said that it esteemed common dangers below it self, to have seen it so careless in little and frequent occasions, where common Parts could have done the Business.

That of the *Marechal de Gassion*, more lively and active, might have been useful at all moments; there was not a day,

wherein it gave not to our Troops some advantage over the Enemies. It is true that it was less free at the sight of something that was weighty. This *Marechal* who had ventured so much in falling upon Parties, so brisk in charging the Rear of an Army, fear'd an entire Engagement, being Occupied with the thoughts of Events, when it was more necessary to act than to think.

Sometimes we insist wholly upon Qualities, without having regard to what Humour mixes therein. Sometimes we give too much to Humour, and don't consider enough the depth of Qualities.

The Meditation of Monsieur *de Turenne*, his Spirit retired into himself, full of his Projects, and his Conduct, have made him pass for timorous, irresolute and uncertain, altho' he gave Battel with as much easiness, as Monsieur *de Gassion* went to a Skirmish. And the Natural heat of the Prince of *Conde* made him thought impetuous in Battels; He, that was Master of himself more than any Person in the World in the heat of Action, He, that had more presence of Mind at *Lens*, *Fribourg*, *Narlingue*, and *Senef*, than he would have had perhaps in his Closet.

After

After so long a Discourse upon the knowledge of Men, I will affirm that our Historians don't give us enough of it, for want of Application or Judgment to know them well.

They imagined that an exact recital of Events sufficed to instruct us, without considering that Affairs are done by Men, whom Passion oftner transports, than Policy conducts them.

Prudence governs the Wise; but there is but a few of them, and the most Wise are not so at all times: Passion agitates almost the whole World, and almost always.

In States, where the Maxims of true Interest ought to be better followed, one sees the greatest part of things acted by a Spirit of Faction, and all Factions are passionate; Passion is found every where, the Zeal of the best Persons is not exempt from it.

The Animosity of *Cato* against *Cesar*, the Fury of *Cicero* against *Anthony* have not been less serviceable to the Ruin of Liberty, than the Ambition of those, who have Established Tyranny.

The Opposition of two Great Men, equally, but differently Zealous for the good of *Holland*, have been very near destroying of it, when it had no more to fear from the *Spaniards*.

Prince *Maurice* would have it powerful abroad; *Bernaveld* would have it free at home. The first put it in a condition to support it self against a King of *Spain*: The second sought to assure it against a Prince of *Orange*.

It cost *Bernaveld* his Life, and that which frequently enough happens, one saw the Partisans of Liberty even Ruined by the People.

I pass from Observations upon History, to Reflections upon Politicks: Perhaps I may be pardoned for it; whatever happens, I shall satisfy my self.

In the beginnings of a Republick; the love of Liberty is the chief Vertue of the Citizens, and the Jealousie which it inspires, establishes the principal Policy of the State.

As weary as Men are of the troubles, perplexities and dangers, which they must endure to live always Independent, they follow any Ambitious Man, that pleases them,

them, and fall easily from a troublesome Liberty, to an agreeable Subjection.

I remember that I have often said in *Holland*, and even to the Pensioner, that Men were mistaken in the Nature of the *Hollanders*.

One is perswaded, that the *Hollanders* love Liberty, and they only hate Oppression. There is with them more roughness in the Mind, than fierceness in the Soul, and the fierceness of the Soul makes the true Republicans. One would be apprehensive there of a Covetous Prince, capable of taking away their Estates; a Violent Prince, that might be outrageous to them. But they agree to the Quality of Prince with Pleasure.

If so be they love the Republick, 'tis for the Interest of their Traffick, more than through a satisfaction, they have in being free.

The Magistrates love to be Independent, to govern those that depend on them: The People would more easily acknowledge the Authority of the Prince, than that of the Magistrates.

When a Prince of *Orange* had a design to surprize *Amsterdam*, all declared for the
Burgo-

Burgo-Masters, but that was more through a hatred of Violence, than a love of Liberty.

When another opposed a Peace, after a long War, there was a Peace made in spite of him: But it was done through a sense of the present misery; and the natural consideration, which they had for him, is but suspended, not destroyed.

These extraordinary strokes being passed over, they return to the Prince of *Orange*. The Republicans are displeased to see the people take up their first Affections, and they apprehend a Dominion, without daring to appear jealous of Liberty.

When the Prince of *Orange* had neither Charge, nor Government, when he had no Credit but by his Name, the Pensioner and Monsieur *de Nordhuis* were the only Persons, that durst boldly pronounce the word Republick at the *Hague*.

The Family of *Orange* had other Enemies enough; but these Enemies always spoke of States with general Expressions, which did not explain the Constitution of the Government.

Holland (says *Grotius*) is a Republick made by chance, which maintains it self by

by the fear they conceive of the Spaniards,
*Respublica casu facta, quam metus Hispano-
rum continet.*

The Apprehension, which the *French* now-a-days give them, produceth the same effect; and the necessity of a good Intelligence unites the Prince to the States, and the States to the Prince.

But to judge of things by themselves, *Holland* is neither free, nor subject. 'Tis a Government made up of pieces very slightly fastned, where the Power of the Prince, and the Liberty of the Citizens have an equal necessity for Stratagems to preserve it.

Let us come now to what regards the Courts, and make Reflection upon the Effects that Passions occasion there.

In what Court have not the Women had Credit, and in what Intrigues are not they concerned?

What hath not the Princess of *Eboli* done under *Philip* the Second, as Prudent and Politick as he was?

And the Countess of *Carlisle*, from the most inward part of *Whitehall*, did not she animate all the Factions of *Westminster*?

'Tis

'Tis a Consolation for us to find our Infirmities in those, that have the Authority to govern us ; and a great delight to those, that are distinguished by Power, to be made, like us, for Pleasures.

REFLECTIONS UPON THE FRENCH Translators.

THE Works of our Translators are generally esteemed throughout the World. 'Tis not the very exact fidelity, that recommends our *Ablancour* : But one must admire the agreeable force of his Expression, where there is neither harshness, nor obscurity. You will find therein not a term to be desired for the purity of Sense, nothing to be rejected, nothing of superfluity, nothing that's displeasing to us. Every word is there measured for the exactness of periods, without the stile's appearing less natural ; and yet a Syllable
more

more or less would ruin, I know, any Harmony, which is as agreeable to the Ear, as that of Verse. But, in my Opinion, he holds the Obligation of these advantages to the discourse of the Ancients, which rules his own; for so soon as he returns from their Genius to his own, as in his Prefaces and Letters, he loseth the best part of all these Beauties: And he who is an admirable Author, whilst he is animated with the Spirit of the Greeks and Latins, becomes but a moderate Writer, when he is not supported, but by himself. 'Tis that which happens with the greatest part of our Translators; whereof they appear to me to be convinced, to be first sensible of their own Barrenness. And indeed he that places his Merit in improving the Thoughts of others, is not very confident of being capable to recommend himself by his own: But the Publick is infinitely obliged to him for the labour he undergoes to bring forth Forreign Riches, where the natural ones don't suffice: I am not of the Humour of a Person of Quality, whom I know to be a declared Enemy to all Translations. He is a Learned and Ingenious *Spaniard*, who cannot suffer that
things

things should be rendred apprehensive to Idle Persons, which he has learned amongst the Ancients with pains. As for me, besides that I improve in a thousand places by the Laborious Enquiries of Translators, I love that the knowledge of Antiquity should become more general, and I am pleased in seeing his Authors admired by those very Persons, that would have treated us as Pedants, if so be we had named them, when they did not understand them. I mix then my knowledge with that of the Publick, but I don't give my esteem, and can be very liberal of my praises for Translation, when I shall be very covetous of them for the Genius of its Author. I can much esteem the Versions of *Ablancour*, *Vangelas*, *Durier*, and many others, without having much value for their Spirits; if they have not appeared by those Works that proceed from themselves.

We have the Versions of two Latin Poems in *French Verse*, which deserve to be as much considered for their Beauty, as for the difficulty of the Enterprize. That of *Brebanf* has been generally esteemed, and I am not so censorious, or so severe, as to oppose my self to so favourable an approbation.

Approbation. I will observe, notwithstanding, that he hath shot forth the heat of *Lucan* in our Language, further than it goes in his own; and that by the attempt which he hath made, to equal the warmth of this Poem, he hath fired himself, if one may speak so, much more. Behold, what happens to *Brebauf* often enough, but he relaxeth sometimes; and when *Lucan* happily meets with the true beauty of a Thought, the Translator remains much below him, as if he had a mind to appear easie and natural, when he might be permitted to employ all his Force.

You will remark a hundred times the truth of my first Observation, and the second will not appear to you less just in some places; for example, to render *Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*.

Brebauf has only said, the Gods serve *Cesar*, and *Cato* follows *Pompey*.

'Tis a low Expression, which doth not answer to the Nobleness of the *Latine*; besides, that it is not well using the Sense of the Author: for *Lucan*, who hath a Spirit full of the Vertue of *Cato*, would raise him above the Gods, in the opposition of Opinions, upon the merit of the Cause; and *Brebauf* turns a noble Image of *Cato* raised

N

above

above the Gods, into that of *Cato* subjected to *Pompey*.

As for *Segrais*, he remains throughout much below *Virgil*, which he easily acknowledges himself; for it would be very extraordinary, to be able to render a Translation equal to so excellent an Original: Moreover, one of the greatest advantages of the Poet consists in the Beauty of the Expression, which it is impossible to equal in our Language, since it could never be done in his own.

Segrais ought to be contented with having found the Genius of *Virgil*, better than any of our Authors; and whatsoever Graces the *Æneids* have lost in his hands, I durst pronounce, that he, by far surpasses all those Poems, that our French-men have published with more Confidence than Success.

The great Application of *Segrais*, to know the Genius of the Poet, appears in his Preface, as well as in the Translation, and it seems to me, that he has succeeded well, as to the whole, except the Characters. In that I cannot be of his Opinion, and he will pardon me, if, for having been displeas'd a thousand times with his Heroe, I do not lose the occasion of speaking here,
of

of the little merit of the good *Aneas*:

Although Conquerors are usually more careful in making their Orders executed upon Earth, than in observing Religiously, those of Heaven; as *Italy* was promised to this *Trojan* by the Gods, 'tis with Reason; that *Virgil* has given him a great Compliance to their Wills; but when he describes him to us so devout, he ought to attribute to him a Devotion full of Confidence, which agrees with the Constitution of Heroes, not a scrupulous Sentiment of Religion, which never subsists with a true Valour.

A General, that has a good Faith in his Gods, ought to augment the greatness of his Courage, by the hopes of their Assistance: His Condition were unhappy, if he could not believe in them, but with a Superstition, which would take away the natural use of his Understanding, and his Heart. 'Tis this that happened to poor *Nicias*, who lost the Army of the *Athenians*, and himself too, by a credulous, and superstitious Opinion of the Anger of the Gods. It is not so with the Great *Alexander*, he believes himself to be the Son of *Jupiter*, to undertake things very extraordinary. *Scipio*, who feigns, or thinks to

have a commerce with the Gods, draws an advantage from thence, to recover his Common-wealth, and to pull down that of the *Carthaginians*. Ought then the Son of *Venus*, assured by *Jupiter*, of his Prosperity, and future Glory, to have Piety only to fear Danger, and to distrust the Success of every Undertaking? *Segrais* hereupon defends a Cause, which is troublesome to him, and has so much affection for his Heroe, that he prefers rather not to express the Sense of *Virgil* in all its extent, than to discover purely, the shameful Fears of poor *Aeneas*.

*Extemplo Aeneas solvuntur frigore membra,
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sydera palmas,
Italia voce refert; ô terque, quaterque beati,
Quis ante ora patrum Troja submanibus altis
Contigit oppetere.*

I acknowledge, that these sorts of Seizures happen to us in spite of our selves, by a defect of Constitution: but since *Virgil* had the liberty of framing that of *Aeneas* according to his Fancy, I admire that he should give him one susceptible of these Frights. Philosophers take a Pride in the defects of Tempers, when they know how

to correct them by Wisdom: And *Socrates* easily confesses those evil Inclinations, which Philosophy had made him overcome. But Nature ought to be all noble in Heroes; and if by a necessity of Humane Condition, it must offend in something, their Reason is employed in moderating Transports, not in surmounting Infirmities, even many times their impulses have something of Divine, which is above Reason; that which is called Irregularity in others, is in them but a full Liberty, where their Souls display themselves in their utmost Extent; one makes of their Impetuosity, that Heroick Vertue, which transports our Admiration, without our Judgments being concerned in it.

But mean Passions dishonour them, and if so be, Friendship exacts from them, sometimes Fears and Afflictions, (like those of *Achilles* for *Patroclus*, and *Alexander* for *Hephestion*,) it is not permitted them in their own Dangers, and their particular Misfortunes, neither to shew the same Fear, nor to discover the same Complaints. But *Aeneas* knew how to Fear, and lament upon every thing that concerned himself. It is true, that he doth the same thing for his Friends; but one ought to attribute it less

to a noble and generous Passion, than to an inexhaustible source of Apprehensions and Tears, which furnish'd him naturally therewith, both for himself, and others.

*Extemplo Æneas solvantur frigore membra,
Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad sydera palmas.*

Seized as he is with this Coldness through all his Members, the first argument of Life, which he gives, is to groan; then he extends his hands to Heaven, and in all appearance would implore its Succour, if so be the State, wherein is the good Heroe, would afford him the strength to elevate his Spirit to the Gods, and to have some attention to Prayer. His Soul, which could not apply it self to any thing, abandons it self to Lamentations; and like to those desolate Widows, who desire to be dead with their Husbands, say they, upon the first trouble they meet with, *The poor Æneas bewails, in that he did not perish before Troy, with Hector, and esteems them very happy, who left their Bones in the Bosom of so sweet, and so dear a Country.* Another will believe, that 'tis to envy their Happiness; I am persuaded, that it is for fear of the Danger that threatens him.

You

You will observe still, that all these Lamentations begin almost as soon as the Tempest.

The Winds blow impetuously, the Air is darkned, it Thunders, it Lightens, the Waves grow larger and more furious; behold what happens in all Tempests. Yet there is neither Mast broken, nor Sails torn to pieces, no Oars dash'd in two, nor Rudder lost, no Leak made, whereby the Water might enter into the Ship; this is the time when one ought to be Afflicted: For there are a thousand young Lads in *England*, and as many Women in *Holland*, who would hardly be amazed, where the Heroe shews his Despair.

I find one thing remarkable in the *Æneids*, it is, That the Gods abandon wholly to *Æneas*, all the subject Matters of Lamentation. Let him speak of the Destruction of *Troy* as pitifully as he will, they won't interfere to moderate his Tears: but as soon as there's a great Resolution to take, or an Execution difficult to perform, they don't trust to his Capacity, nor to his Courage, and they do even at all times what otherwise great Men have been used to undertake, and execute themselves.

I know how much the intervention of the Gods is necessary to an Epick Poem ; but that doth not hinder, that one ought to leave more things to the Valour of the Heroe ; for if the Heroe is too confident, who in contempt of the Gods, will found all upon himself ; the God is too favourable, who, to perform all, quite takes off from the Merit of the Heroe.

No body better understood this delicate management of the Assistance of Heaven, and the Courage of great Men, than *Longinus*. *Ajax*, says he, finding himself in a Battel, in a horrible dark Night, doth not ask *Jupiter* to save him from the danger he was in ; that had been unworthy of him. He doth not ask of him a Supernatural Strength to overcome with Security, then he should have too little a share in the Victory. He only begs for Light, that he might be able to discern his Enemies, and to exercise against them his own proper Valour, *Da lucem ut videam*.

The greatest fault of the *Pharsalia* is, That it is properly but a History in Verse, where illustrious Men perform almost all things by Methods purely Humane. *Petronius* blames him for it with Reason, and remarks judiciously, That *per ambages Deorumque*

orumque ministerium, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum precipitandus est liber spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio, appareat, quam religiosa orationis sub testibus fides.

But the *Aeneids* is an Eternal Fable, where the Gods are introduced to manage, and execute all things. As for the good *Aneas*, he hardly concerns himself in important, and glorious Designs. It suffices him not to be wanting in the Offices of a pious, tender, and compassionate Soul. He carries his Father on his Shoulders, he conjugally laments his dear *Creusa*; he causes his Nurse to be Enterred, and makes a Funeral Pile for his Pilot, in shedding a thousand Tears.

This was a poor Heroe in *Paganism*, that might be a great Saint amongst the *Christians*, very proper to afford us Miracles, and a more worthy Founder of an Order, than a State.

To consider him through the Sentiments of Religion, I can reverence his Sanctity. If so be I would judge of him by those of Glory, I should not suffer a Conquerour, that furnisheth himself with nothing but Tears in Misfortunes, and Fears at all Dangers that happen. I cannot suffer that he should be rendred Master of so delicious a Country,

Country, as *Italy*, with Qualities that agreed better to lose his own, than to subdue that of another.

Virgil, in my Opinion, was undoubtedly very pitiful. He doth not make the desolate *Trojans* complain of so many misfortunes, but by a secret Inclination he found in himself to be compassionate. If he had not been of that constitution, he would not have given to the good *Aeneas* so great an Affection for his dear Countrey; for Heroes easily part with the remembrance of their Countrey in Nations, where they ought to perform great matters. Their Souls quite turn'd to Glory, preserve no Sentiment for those trifling Delights.

The *Trojans* then should have been less afflicted for their Misery: Warlike Men that would excite our pity for their Misfortunes, inspire nothing but contempt for their weakness. But *Aeneas* particularly ought to have been taken up with his great design, and to have turned his Thoughts from what he had suffered, upon the Establishment he was going to make: He, that went to found the greatness and vertue of the *Romans*, ought to have an Elevation, and a Magnanimity worthy of them.

In other things, *Segrais* could not give
too

too many commendations of the *Aeneids*, and perhaps I am pleas'd with the fourth and sixth Books, more than he is himself with the Characters. I acknowledge that they don't affect me, and I find those of *Homer* as enlivening, as those of *Virgil* are flat and insipid.

Indeed, there is no Soul, which is not elevated by the impression, that the Character of *Achilles* makes upon it.

There is none, to whom the impetuous Courage of *Ajax* doth not give some motion of impatience. There is none but is animated, and excited by the Valour of *Diomedes*.

There is no person, in whom the Rank and gravity of *Agamemnon* doth not imprint some respect; who hath not a veneration for the long Experience and Wisdom of *Nestor*; in whom the advised industry of the Subtle and Ingenious *Ulysses* doth not raise the Imagination. The Unfortunate Valour of *Hector* makes him lamented by the whole World; the miserable condition of old King *Priam* touches the most obdurate Soul; and although Beauty hath as it were a secret privilege of reconciling the Affections to it, that of *Paris* and *Helena* attracts nothing but indignation, when
one

one considers the Blood she caus'd to be spilt, and the fatal Misfortunes she was the occasion of.

Of whatsoever manner it is, all Animates in *Homer*, all is Affecting; but in *Virgil*, who is not tired with the good *Aeneas*, and his dear *Achates*? If you except *Nisus*, and *Euryalus*, who, indeed, interests you in all their Adventures, you will of necessity languish with all the rest; with an *Ilioneus*, a *Sergestes* *Mnestheus*, *Cloantes*, *Gias*, and the rest of those ordinary Men, that accompany an indifferent Leader, Judge by that, how much we ought to admire the Poetry of *Virgil*, since in spite of the Courage of the *Heroes* of *Homer*, and the little merit of his own, he is, it may be preferable to him, or assuredly, is not his Inferiour.

Some Observations
UPON THE
Tast and Judgment of the French.

ALthough the ordinary Genius of the *French* appears indifferent enough, it is certain, that those, who distinguish them-

themselves amongst us, are capable of producing the finest things: But when they know how to compose them, we are at a loss how to esteem them; and if so be, we have rendered Justice to some excellent Work, our Distaste, or our Levity, doth not suffer it long to enjoy the Reputation, we have given it.

I don't much wonder, that a good Sense of things is not found in places where Barbarity Reigns, and that there is no Judgment, where Letters, Arts, and Disciplines are lost; it would be ridiculous too, to search for so exquisite a Light in certain times of Weakness and Ignorance: but that which is surprising, is, to see in a most Polite Court, a good and evil Sense, a true and false Genius succeed turn by turn *A-la-mode*, like Habits.

I have seen considerable Men sometimes pass for the Ornaments of the Court, and immediately held ridiculous; to be liked again, then fall into Contempt, without any alteration, either in their Persons, or their Conduct.

A Man retires with the Applause of the whole World, who, the next day finds himself the Subject of Raillery, without knowing what might become of the Opini-
on

on which was had of his Merit. The reason of it is, That one rarely Judges of Men by solid Advantages, which is an Argument of good Sense; but by Measures, whose Applause finisheth, as soon as the Fancy, which produced them. The works of Authors are subject to the same inequality of our Judgment. When I was young, *Theophile* was admired, in spite of his Irregularities, and Negligence, which escaped through the little Curiosity of the Courtiers of that time. I have seen him since Cried down by all the Versifiers, without any respect to his fine Imagination, and the happy Graces of his Genius.

I have seen the Poetry of *Malherbe* thought admirable in the Turn, Exactness, and Expression. *Malherbe* a little after was neglected, as the last of Poets, Fancy having turned the *French* to Riddles, Burlesque, and unfinished Verses.

I have seen all the World exclaim against the *Pucelle* of *Chapellain*.

I have seen our Judgments returned from an Error of Surprise, to fail.

I have seen then a Conspiracy, which was made to render it ridiculous, without distinguishing what it might have of Good, from what it had of Bad.

I have

I have seen *Corneille* lose his Reputation, if it were possible for him to lose it, at the representation of one of his best pieces.

I have seen the two best *Comedians* of the World exposed to all our Railleries; and the influence of this false Spirit being passed, they made themselves admired, as before, through a happy return of our good Sense.

The *Airs* of *Boisset*, which heretofore so justly charmed all the Court, were soon left for little Songs; and *Luigi*, the first Man of the Universe in his Art, must come from *Italy* to admire them, to make us repent of this abandoning, and to give up to them again the Reputation, which a meer Fancy had taken from them.

If so be you ask the Reason of it, I will tell you, that Industry in *France* holds the place of the greatest Merit, and that the Art of making himself esteemed, oftner, gives a Reputation, than the thing it self.

As good Judges are as rare as good Authors; as it is as difficult to find the Judgment in one, as the Genius in the t'other; every one aiming to give a Reputation to that which pleases him, it happens, that the Multitude values that which is agreeable to their ill Judgment, or at most, to their moderate Understanding. Add,

Add, That the novelty thereof is a temptation to us, from which our Minds cannot easily defend themselves. The Merit which we are accustomed to, forms with time an envious Habit, and the defects are capable of surprising us agreeably, in what we never saw.

The most valuable things, which have long appeared amongst us, make no more Impressions, as good; they bring a distast, as old. Those on the other side, which deserve no Esteem, are less rejected as despicable, than sought after, as New.

Not, but that there are in *France* very sound Minds, which never dislike any thing that ought to please, and are never pleas'd with what is distastful: but the Multitude either ignorant, or prepossess'd, stifles the small number of those that are knowing.

Besides, Persons of the greatest Figure make every thing valued according to their Fancy, and when a person is *Alamode*, he may equally esteem those things he knows, and those he doth not.

There is no Country, where Reason is more rare, than it is in *France*; when it is found there, there is not a purer in the World.

For the most part all is Fancy, but a
Fancy

Tast and Judgment. 193

Fancy so fine, and a Capriccio so noble, in what regards the outside; that Strangers ashamed of their Judgment, as of a gross Quality, seek to make themselves esteemed amongst them; by the Imitation of our Modes, and renounce Essential Qualities, to affect an Air, and Ways, which its hardly possible for them to invent. Thus that continual alteration in our Habits, which they reproach us with, and is always followed, becomes insensibly a very great piece of Wisdom; for, besides, infinite sums of Money which we draw from thence, 'tis an Interest more solid than is imagined, to have French Men dispersed throughout, who form the outside of all People by our own; who begin by enslaving the Eyes, when the Heart is still opposed to our Laws; who gain the Senses in favour of our Government, when the Opinions hold still for Liberty.

Happy then is that Fancy, Noble, and Genteel, which makes it self accepted by our greatest Enemies; but we ought to lay aside our claim to that, which would rule in Arts, and which imperiously decides the Productions of the Spirit, without consulting either good Tast, or Reason.

When we are arrived to the perfection

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of any thing, we ought to fix our Curiosity in the knowledge of it, and the Justice we owe thereto, in our Eternal Esteem of it; without that we may be reproached upon good Grounds, that Strangers more justly value the merit of our Works, than our selves.

We shall see the good things, which proceed from us, preserve their Reputation elsewhere, when they have lost it in *France*; We shall see our Fopperies elsewhere rejected by good Sense, when we extol them up to Heaven out of a ridiculous Conceit.

There is a Vice opposed to that, which is no more supportable, that is our passionate Affection, for what is done in any other time but our own, and our dislike for every thing that is done in that we live.

Horace thereupon made the Character of old Age, and an old Man is, indeed, admirably described.

Difficilis, querulus, Laudator temporis acti.

In this sad and unhappy Age we impute to Objects, the defects which proceed purely from our Moroseness; and when a pleasant Remembrance turns our Thoughts from what we are, to what we have been, we attribute

tribute Agreements to many things, which had none, because they recall in our Minds the Idea of our Youth, when every thing pleased us by the disposition of our Sentiments.

But we ought not to impute this Humour to old Age alone, there are some persons, who imagine, that Merit consists in despising every thing that is New, and Solidity, in valuing all the old Works.

There are those, who, of their own Nature, are discontented with what they see, and amorous of what they have seen.

They will tell you wonders of an old Court, where there was nothing but indifference, in contempt of the Grandeur, and Magnificence, which they have before their Eyes.

They will give a thousand Praises to deceased Persons of but a common Vertue, and will hardly dispense with the Glory of the greatest Heroe, if alive.

The first Obstacle to their Esteem, is to Live, the most favourable Recommendation, is to have been. They will praise after the Death of a Man, what they blamed in him, whilst alive; and their Spirit, disengaged from the moroseness of their Humour, will justly render to his Memory,

what it unjustly robbed his Person of.

I was always of Opinion, That to make a sound Judgment of Men, and of their Works, it is necessary to consider them by themselves, to have a Contempt, or a Respect for things past according to their little Worth, or their Desert. I imagined that one ought not to oppose Novelties through a Spirit of Aversion, nor to enquire after them through a love of Novelty; but to reject, or receive them according to the true Opinion, one ought to conceive of them, we ought to part with our Capricious, and all the fantasticalness of our Humour, which yet is but a hindrance to know things well.

The most essential point is to acquire a true Judgment, and to get a pure Understanding.

Nature prepares us to it, Experience and Conversation with delicate Persons, compleats us therein.

IN.

INTEREST

In Persons altogether Corrupted.

The Corrupted speaks.

I Have passed, Gentlemen, through all conditions, and after an exact Reflection upon Life, I find but two things that can solidly employ a Wise Man, the care of getting, and that of hoarding.

Honour is but a conceit of Young Men; 'tis by that one begins his Reputation, when he is a Fool, and he concludes it by that which is called Corruption, so soon as he is Wise.

As for me, I never had a Spirit stained with this Chimera. Duty, Friendship, Gratitude, and the rest of those Errors, which make the Bonds of Sots and Fools, have not caus'd me a moments trouble in all my Life.

Nature brought me forth with the true Genius of Interest, which I have improved by Study, and fortified by Experience.

Greediness, which causes the same effect for Wealth, as Ambition doth for power, hath raised me to great advantages, without making me fall into the carelessness of small Gains.

One gets in a hundred different methods, which are as so many different products of our Industry.

It would be a difficult thing to give the particulars thereof; but one shall never be deceived, if so be he holds for a principal Maxim, to prefer the profitable before the honest: To apply himself to the profitable, is to follow the Intention of Nature, which by a secret Instinct carries us to what is agreeable to us, and obliges us to refer all things to our Selves.

Honour is an Imaginary Duty, which for the consideration of another, makes us abstain from those good things, that we might enjoy, or part with those which we should retain.

As for what relates to hoarding, is it not just to manage with care, what we have procured with difficulty? As long as we have Money in our Coffers, we shall have Friends, and humble Servants: If so be we exhaust it by a vain liberality, we shall but give Men the liberty to be ungrateful, losing
that

that which certainly draws them to us, to
tye them again to themselves.

There are but a few acknowledging Per-
sons, and when we can meet with any, it
is certain that the price of Gratitude very
rarely comes near that of Benefit.

There is one thing of great use, which I
have happily practis'd; it is, Gentlemen,
to promise eternally, and very rarely to
give. One reaps more Services by Promi-
ses, than by Presents. For Men put them-
selves in a state of deserving, what they
hope from us: And they are but just bare-
ly contented with what they receive, who
make it pass for a recompence of their pains,
or for an effect of their Industry. How-
ever amongst the ungrateful, these appear
to me less dangerous, because they unde-
ceive us immediately, and cannot put us
to the expence of above one Gift.

You will find those, that are much
more to be fear'd, who preach to us the
good which is done them, so far as to im-
portune the whole World. They have al-
ways the Name of their Benefactor in their
Mouths, and his Picture in their Cham-
bers; but what proceeds from this vain
appearance of acknowledgment?

They frame to themselves a Title for a
new

new pretension, and whilst you think they are employed about returning the favour, which they have received, they think they have rendered themselves worthy of another, which they are not wanting to request.

Fine subtilty of our days, to have turned Gratitude from the future side, that, which had not been hitherto but the Sense of a passed Obligation.

As you are to live with Persons, that make designs upon you; 'tis your business to take cautions against them; and instead of discovering the good and evil Intentions by the curiosness of Judgment, I find it necessary to secure your Self by a general defiance of all Men.

In the mean time, not to let a universal discontent be established, which would make you be abandoned of all the World, it will be proper to appear disinterested sometimes through a secret design of Advantage; it will be good to give to the Publick certain Actions of a seeming freedom, but indeed contrived, and to force your Nature to do a favour as Nobly, as if it came from a true Inclination.

By this you will make the past displeasures forgotten, and leave nothing in view,
but

but what's agreeable for the future.

But in these rare occasions the secret is, to chuse a Merit well known, or one of those pleasing subjects, which affect the Inclinations of Men: By this universal Esteem, or Friendship, every one foolishly thinks him obliged for a favour, which is received but by one single person.

After the noise of so fine an Action, let the World rest in the Opinion of your Generosity, and take pleasure some time in laughing at the Courting of Parasites, and the approbation of ill Judges.

As you have excited thereby desires, and permitted hopes to be conceived, all those that think themselves deserving, will endeavour to shew themselves in your presence.

Your Enemies will search secret ways to reconcile themselves, that they may not be excluded from your favours. Your Friends, encouraged by a new Zeal, will do their utmost to deserve them; and those persons, that are particularly intimate with you, will redouble their cares and their diligence in the performance of their Charges.

Then seeing the whole World well reunited upon your commendations, you will

will insensibly take again your usual methods.

Your Acquaintance will become more difficult, to have a sight of you will be no small favour, to converse with you will be a greater, your frowns will repulse the troublesome, and your smiles will satisfy the Ignorant; your familiarity, as severe as it is, shall be managed as a precious favour; and to conclude this discourse in a few words, you shall practise all the vain things to others, and wisely take all the solid ones to your self.

THE

Too Rigid Vertue.

The Vertuous Person speaks.

I Have passed, as well as you, through all conditions, and after an exact Reflection upon Life, I find but two things that may render it happy: The moderation of a Man's Desires, and the good use of his Fortune.

They,

They, to whom Reason affords repose, which takes away our fancy, live free from many Misfortunes, and are in a condition of tasting the most real good,

A Man, rais'd to Grandeurs, that makes others find their Fortune in his, joins a great Merit to a great Happiness, he is not the more happy by the Wealth, which he enjoys, than by that which he knows how to give: But he that, like you, seeks his Interest with all the World, and cannot suffer the company of any one, makes himself unworthy of common Society, and deserves to be excluded from the conversation of all Men.

Nevertheless, for all the ill opinion I conceive of you, it seems to me that there is a vanity in the confession of your Vices.

Nature has not left in your power the being as wicked, as you would appear to be.

One is not absolutely ungrateful with impunity; one doth not betray without remorse; one is not so greedy after the Wealth of another, and so covetous of his own without some shame. And when you shall be compos'd within your self, free from internal Combats and secret Agitations, you are still to account with the
World,

World, whose importunate reproaches and troublesome Accusations you must be forced to endure.

As for that Genius of Interest, which you spoke to us of, 'tis that which renders you contemptible: For there are Illustrious Debauchees, but there never was an Illustrious Miser.

The Grandeur of the Soul cannot consist with the filthiness of Avarice. Besides, what is more unjust, than to procure all that makes up the Commerce and Advantage of Mankind, to make no use thereof?

'Tis justifying the Crime, and robbing the publick by a continual Theft, of what was once taken from private Persons.

Those, that take away with violence, to disperse with profusion, are much more excusable.

Their expence is, as it were, a sort of restitution, and the losers seem to re enter into some part of their possessions, when Magnificence exposes to their Eyes, what Force had taken out of their Hands.

If so be an ill Reputation is indifferent to you, if Injustice hath no influence upon you, have at least some consideration for your own repose.

Since

Since Money is become the Master of your desires, whether it be in your own custody, or elsewhere, it equally afflicts you; that which you fail to obtain, disorders you; that which you enjoy, puts you in pain; what you have lost, torments you; and as there is nothing so agreeable as to have Riches, and to make use of them, so there is nothing so uneasy, as to be greedy, and too covetous together. I confess, that your discourse upon ungrateful Persons, is not less ingenious, than it is true; but one may say, that this nicety proceeds more from your observations, than your experience. Your great cautions against Ingratitude, mark less of hatred for that, than aversion for Generosity; and really you don't less avoid the thankful, than the ungrateful.

Both receive favours, and your intention is to make none Capable of pardoning the injuries, which are offered to you, you are irreconcilable when you have done a kindness, if so be it doth not gain you another of a greater consideration.

Since I am inferribly engaged in this matter of favours, I will push it on a little further. There are some Men of the Humour of Cardinal Ximenes, who never agree to what

what is requested of them, because they would not be prevented, say they, in their designs, and troubled in the order of the good, they would do.

There are some Men, jealous of the Honour of their motions, who refuse all things at the Inspirations of others. That may proceed sometimes from a good Principle, and be met with in very lofty Souls; but for the most part they are dishonest jealousies, and false niceries of Honour, which produce a true repugnance to the doing of favours.

Let us suffer the miserable to explain themselves to us in their necessities, since we do not so much as think of them in our abundance.

Let us not be ashamed of owing the Thoughts of a good Action to another, and let us leave all the Avenues free to those, that advise us to do well.

In the mean time we should think ourselves governed if we did not shew ourselves difficult at the perswasion of what's good, whilst we think our selves Masters in the greatest credulity, which one can have for what's ill.

Every one fears the ascendant of his Friends, if they will render a good turn near

near his person; every one takes for a freedom of Heart, and a Testimony of Friendship, the secret of an Imposture, and the Artifice of those ill Impressions, which they give him.

'Tis there notwithstanding that the caution is honest; 'tis there one may be upon his guard with Jealousie; 'tis there one ought to defend himself from nice Insinuations, which insensibly lead us to do ill.

But to lay aside discourses that are too general; what do you gain by husbanding so cunningly the Liberty of seeing you, and conversing with you?

What signifies that great Art, which rules all the features of your Face? Which governs your smiles, and your frowns; To give Seasonably, and to refuse with Reason, would be more beneficial for others, and more commodious for your self. 'Tis a small merit to play the Polticks with those, that are in your dependance.

You think to shew the subtilty of your Spirit, and you do but make known the malice of your Nature.

That Industry, which you employ to find vain things for others, is vain of it self for you.

Every

Every day brings you Riches, and every day retrenches the use thereof; your Wealth encreaseth, and your Senses, which should enjoy it, decay.

You engage Forreign things, and you lose your Self.

What then becomes of this happy Nativ-
ity? What advantage comes of this fine
Genius of Interest?

You pass your Life amongst superfluous
Treasures, of which Covetousness doth not
leave you the Disposal, and of which Na-
ture deprives you of the Enjoyment. Un-
happy Fortune, which respects neither
you, nor others, but through the perplexi-
ty of your Cares, and the moroseness of
their Envy.

A JUDGMENT

*Upon those Sciences, which a Gentle-
man should apply himself to.*

YOU ask me my Opinion of those Sci-
ences, to which a Gentleman may
apply himself: I will give it you very ho-
nestly,

nessly, without pretending to subject any Bodies judgment thereto. I never had great Inclinations to Reading; if so be I employ some hours therein, they are the most useless, without design; without order, when I cannot enjoy the Conversation of Men of Parts, and find my self remote from the commerce of Pleasures. Don't you imagine then that I speak to you profoundly of things, that I have but cursorily studied, and upon which I have made but slight Reflections.

Divinity seems to me very considerable, as a Science which regards Salvation: But in my judgment, it is become too common; and it is ridiculous that even Women dare dispute on questions, which should be handled with a great deal of Mystery and Secrecy. It would be enough for us to be tractable and submissive. Let us leave this Doctrine entire to our Superiors, and follow with respect those, that have the care of guiding us. Not but that our Doctors are the first to ruin this deference, and contribute to give Curiosities, which insensibly lead to Errors: There is nothing so well established in Nations, but they subject to the extravagance of reasoning. They Burn a Man unhappy enough

for not believing in God, and at the same time 'tis a question in the Schools, whether there is one, or no. By that you confound weak Spirits, you cause a suspicion in the distrustful; by that you arm the furious, and permit them to search pernicious Reasons, whereby they oppose their own proper Sentiments, and the true impressions of Nature.

Hobbs, the greatest Genius of England, since Bacon, could not suffer that Aristotle should have so much Credit in Theology, and makes his subtilties the occasion of the Division of the Church.

It is perhaps by these sorts of Reasonings, that the Divines are not sometimes the most tractable; from whence comes the Proverb, *That the Physicians, and Divines Rarely trust to Remedies, and Religion.* I'll say no more, but only wish, that our Directors would treat of matters of Religion with more moderation, and that those, who ought to be subject thereto, would have less Curiosity.

As Philosophy gives more liberty to the Mind, I have improved that a little more. In this time, where the Understanding gives way to Knowledge, I had a curious desire to comprehend the Nature of things,

and

and Presumption presently perswaded me, that I was acquainted therewith: the least Proof seemed to me a Certainty, and a Probability was to me a Truth; and I cannot express to you with what Contempt I look'd upon those, that I imagined Ignorant in what I thought my self instructed. At length, when Age and Experience, which unhappily come together, had caused me to make serious Reflections, I began to lay aside a Science always Contested, and upon which the greatest Men have had different Sentiments. I knew by the Universal consent of Nations, that *Plato*, *Aristotle*, *Zeno*, and *Epicurus*, had been the most conspicuous of their Age; yet there was nothing so contrary as their Opinions. Three Thousand Years after, I found them equally disputed, Partisans of all sides, nothing of Certainty and Assurance. In the midst of these Meditations, which insensibly disabused me, I had the curiosity to see *Gassendus*, the most enlightned of Philosophers, and the least presumptuous. After some long Entertainments, where he made me see all that Reason could inspire, he complained, that Nature had given so much Extent to Curiosity, and such narrow bounds to our Knowledge; that he did not

say it to mortifie the Presumption of others, or by a false Humility of him, which savours altogether of Hypocrisie; that perhaps he was not ignorant of what might be thought upon many things; but to know well, the most Inconsiderable, he durst not assure to himself. Then a Science, which was already suspected to me, appeared too vain to enslave my self to it any longer; I broke all Commerce with it, and began to admire how it was possible for a wise Man to pass his Life in unprofitable Enquiries.

The Mathematicks have, indeed, much more of Certainty; but when I consider the profound Meditations they require, as they draw you from Action and Pleasures, to employ you entirely, its Demonstrations seem to me very dear, and one must be very amorous of a Truth, to search after it at that Price. You will tell me, that we have but few Conveniencies in Life, few Ornaments, but we are obliged to them for: I will ingeniously acknowledge it; there are no Commendations which I will not afford the great Mathematicians, provided that I am not one of them. I admire their Inventions, and the Works which they produce: but I am of Opinion, that it sufficeth Men of good Sense, to know how
to

to apply them well; for to speak wisely, we have more Interest to enjoy the World, than to know it.

I find no Sciences that particularly belong to Gentlemen, but Morality, Politics, and the knowledge of good Literature.

The first regards Reason, the second Society, the third Conversation.

The one teaches us to rule our Passions, by the other you are instructed in Affairs of State, and how to direct your self in the Fortune of your Life. The last polisheth the Mind, inspires Delicacy, and Agreement. The Persons of Quality amongst the Ancients, had a particular Care to instruct themselves in all things; every one knows that Greece has given to the World, the greatest Philosophers, and the greatest Legislators: And one cannot deny, but that other Nations have taken from thence all the Politeness they have had.

The beginnings of Rome were Ignorant and Savage, and that wild Vertue which did not pardon their own Children, was advantageous to the Common-wealth; as they began to be more reasonable, they found a way for the Motions of Nature to consist with the Love of their Countrey; at length they joyned Graces and Orna-

ments to Justice and Reason. It has been seen then in the latter times, that there was no body of any Consideration, but what was tied to some Sect of Philosophy, not with a design to comprehend the Principles and Nature of things, but to fortifie their Minds by the study of Wisdom.

As for Politicks, it is incredible how the *Romans* instructed themselves early in all the Interests of their State; how they applied themselves in the Knowledge of their Policy, and Laws, as far as to render themselves capable of the Affairs of Peace and War, even without Experience. The least Curious know after what manner they were affected with Learning, and it is certain, that one saw but few great Men at *Rome*, who did not entertain some ingenious Greeks, to talk of things that were agreeable.

Amongst a hundred Examples, that I could alledge, I will content my self with that of *Cesar*, and it will suffice for my own Opinion to rely upon his Authority.

Of all the Sects that were then in Repute, he chose that of *Epicurus*, as the most pleasant, and most conformable to his Nature, and his Pleasures; for there were two sorts
of

of *Epicureans*, the one teaching Philosophy in Retirements, according to Precept; the other, who could not approve of the Austerity of too rigid Philosophers, gave way only to more natural Opinions. Of these last have been the greatest part of the ingenious Men of that time, who knew how to distinguish the person from the Magistrate, and apply their Cares to the Republick, in such a manner, that there was left enough, both for their Friends, and for themselves. It would be unprofitable to explain to you the Knowledge that *Cæsar* had of the Affairs of State, as well as the politeness and beauty of his Genius: I will only say, that he could dispute for the Mastery of Eloquence with *Cicero*; and if he did not affect the Reputation of it, no person can deny that he both writ, and spoke much better, as a person of Quality, than *Cicero*,

A DISCOURSE
UPON THE
Great ALEXANDER.

SINCE I have read the *Great Alexander*, the old Age of *Corneille* much less alarms me, and I don't so much apprehend to see the writing of Tragedies end with him. But I wish, that, before his Death, he would adopt the Author of this Piece, to form with the tenderness of a Father his true Successor. I wish, that he would afford him the good tast of Antiquity, which he enjoys so much to his Advantage; that he would make him enter into the Genius of those dead Nations, and know judiciously, the Character of Heroes, which are no more. It is, in my Opinion, the only thing which is wanting to so fine a Wit. He has Thoughts strong, and bold; Expressions, which equal the force of his Thoughts: But then you will permit me to tell you, That he was not acquainted with
Alex-

Alexander, or *Porus*. It appears, that he had a mind to give a greater Idea of *Porus*, than of *Alexander*, wherein it was not possible for him to succeed; for the History of *Alexander*, as true as it is, has much of the Air of a *Romance*; and to make a greater Heroe, is to make him pass for *Fabulous*, to take from his Work, not only the credit of Truth, but the agreeableness of Probability. Let us not imagine any thing greater than this Master of the World, when our Imaginations shall be too vast, and elevated: If we would give other Heroes an advantage over him, let us take from them the Vices which he had, and give them the Vertues which he had not: don't let us make *Scipio* greater, although there never was amongst the *Romans* a Soul so aspiring as his; he should be made more Just, more disposed to do Good, more Moderate, more Temperate, and more Vertuous.

Let the greatest Admirers of *Caesar* against *Alexander*, alledge in his Favour, neither the Passion of Glory, the Grandeur of the Soul, nor the Firmness of Courage. These Qualities are so compleat in the *Gracian*, that to have been more, would have have been too much; but let them
make

make the *Roman* more wise in his Enterprises, more dexterous in his Affairs, to have understood his Interests better, and more Master of himself in his Passions.

One who was a very curious Judge of the desert of Men, is contented to liken to *Alexander*, him, to whom he would give the highest Character: He durst not attribute to him greater Qualities, but took away from him the Bad. *Magno illi Alexandro par, sed sobrio nec iracundo.*

Perhaps our Author is entred into these Considerations in some measure; perhaps, to make *Porus* the greater, without Romancing, he took the party to lessen his *Alexander*. If that was his design, he could not succeed better therein, for he has made of him so moderate a Prince, that a hundred others might be preferred before, like him, *Porus*. Not but that *Hephestion* affords a fine representation of him; that *Taxila*, and *Porus* himself speak advantageously of his Greatness: but when he appears himself, he has not the force to sustain it, unless through Modesty he had a mind to appear an ordinary Man amongst the *Indians*, in a just Repentance, for having been desirous to pass for a God amongst the *Persians*. To
 speak

speaking seriously, I can discern here nothing of *Alexander*, but the single Name; his Genius, his Humour, his Qualities appear to me no where. I seek in an impetuous Heroe such extraordinary Motions, as should excite my Passion; and I find a Prince of so little Spirit, that he leaves my Blood entirely cold.

I imagined to my self in *Porus*, a greatness of Soul, which was more strange to us; the Heroe of the *Indies* should have a different Character from ours. Another Heaven, that I mak so speak, another Sun, another Land produce therein other Animals, and other Fruits: The Men appear there quite otherwise, by the difference of their Faces, and still more, If I durst say so, by a distinction of Reason; Morals, Wisdom, singular to Religion, seem there to guide other Minds in another World. *Porus* notwithstanding, whom *Quintus Curtius* describes an utter Stranger to the *Greeks* and *Persians*, is here purely *French*; instead of transporting us to the *Indies*, he is brought into *France*, where he is so well accustomed to our Humour, that he seems to be born amongst us, or at least, to have dwelt here all his Life.

They

They that undertake to represent some Heroe of ancient times, should examine the Genius of the Nation he was of, the time wherein he lived, and particularly his own. One ought to describe a King of *Asia* otherwise than a *Roman* Consul; the one should speak as an absolute Monarch, who disposes of his Subjects as his Slaves; the other, as a Magistrate, who only puts Life into the Laws, and makes their Authority respected by a free People. One ought to describe an old *Roman* furious for the publick good, and moved by a wild Liberty, differently from a flatterer of *Tiberius's* time, who knew nothing but Interest, and abandoned himself to their Slavery. One should not make the same description of persons of the same Condition, and of the same time, when History affords us different Characters of them. It would be ridiculous to make the same description of *Cato* and *Cesar*, *Catiline* and *Cicero*, *Brutus* and *Mark-Antony*, under pretence, that they lived at the same time in the same Republick. The Spectator, that sees these Ancients represented upon our Theaters, follows the same Rules to judge of them well, as the Poet doth to describe them well; and to succeed therein the better, he
removes

removes his mind from all that he sees in use, endeavours to get ridd of the humour of his own time, renounces the inclination of his own Nature, if 'tis opposite to that of the persons represented; for the Dead cannot enter into what we are, but Reason, which is of all times, may make us imagine what they have been.

One of the greatest Faults of our Nation, is the appropriating all to it self, so as to make Strangers to be as of their Country, where they have nothing, neither its Air, nor Manners. From hence it comes, that we are justly reproached, for not knowing how to esteem things, but by the report they have amongst us, of which *Corneille* has made an unjust and melancholly Experience in his *Sophonisba*. *Mairet*, who described his, unfaithful to old *Syphax*, in love with the young and Victorious *Massinissa*, pleased, as it were generally, the whole World, for having light upon the Inclination of the Ladies, and the true Humour of the Courtiers. But *Corneille*, who makes the *Greeks* speak better than *Greeks*, the *Romans* than the *Romans*, the *Carthaginians* than the *Ciizens of Carthage* speak themselves: *Corneille*, who alone almost has a true Taste of Antiquity, has had the misfortune

tune not to please our Age, for having entered into the Genius of these Nations, and preserved the true Character of *Asdrubal's* Daughter. Thus to the disgrace of our Judgments, he that hath surpass'd all our Authors, and has here, perhaps, even surpassed himself, in rendring to these great Names all that was their due, could not oblige us to afford him all that we are indebted to him; being enslaved by Custom, to those things we see in use, and little dispos'd, by reason, to esteem those Qualities, and Sentiments, which are not agreeable to our own.

Let us conclude after a consideration of Extent enough, that *Alexander* and *Porus* ought to preserve their Characters entire; that it was our business to view them upon the Banks of *Hydaspes*, such as they were: not theirs, to come upon the Shore of the *Seine*, to study our Nature, and speak our Thoughts. The discourse of *Porus* should have something more unusual, and extraordinary. If so be *Quintus Curtius* has made himself admired in the Oration of the *Scythians*, by Thoughts and Expressions natural to their Nation, the Author might have rendred himself as admirable in letting us see, that I may so speak, the rarity of a Genius of another World. The

The different Conditions of these two Kings, where each fills up so well what he should in his own, their Valour differently exercised in the Variety of their Fortune, draws the consideration of Historians, and obliges them to give us an account of them. The Poet, who might add to the Truth of things, or at least, set them off with all the Ornaments of Poetry, instead of using Colours, and Figures to embellish them, hath taken away much of their Beauty; and whether the scruple of Exceeding doth not let him far enough, or else, through dryness, or barrenness, he remains much beneath the Truth. He might have entred into the inward part, and have drawn from the foundation of those great Souls, as *Cornelle* hath done, their most secret Motions; but he scarce regards the simple outside, little curious of remarking well what appears, and little profound in searching what lies concealed.

I could have wished, that the strength of this piece had consisted in the representation of those great Men, and that in a Scene worthy of the Magnificence of the Subject, he would have made the greatness of their Souls advance, as far as it was possible.

○ If the Conversation of *Sertorius* and *Pompey* has had such influence upon our Minds, what should not one expect from that of *Porus*, and *Alexander* upon a Subject so uncommon? I could have wish'd yet, that he had given us a greater prospect of this War. Indeed, that passage of the *Hydaspes* so strange, that it is hardly to be conceived; a prodigious Army on t'other side with terrible Chariots, and Elephants at that time formidable; Lightning, Thunder, and Tempests, which made a general Confusion, above all, when he was obliged to pass so large a River upon simple Skins; a hundred dreadful things, which astonish'd the *Macedonians*, and which made *Alexander* say, That at last he had found a Danger worthy of himself; all this, I say, should have extreamly rais'd the Imagination of the Poet, both in the description of the preparations of the Fight, and the recital of it.

In the mean time, he hardly mentions the Camps of the two Kings, from whom he takes away their proper Genius's, to enslave them to Princesses, that are purely Imaginary. All that Interest hath of Great and Precious amongst Men, the Defence of a Country, the preservation of a Kingdom don't ex-

cite

cite *Porus* to the Battel; he is encouraged thereto by the Beautiful eyes of *Axiana* alone, and the single design of his Valour is to make himself recommendable to her. They describe Knights Errants after this manner, when they undertake an adventure, and the finest Genius, in my opinion, of all *Spain*, never makes *Don Quixot* enter the Combat, before he recommends himself to *Dulcinea*. A maker of Romances may frame his Heroes according to his Fancy; it is of little importance also to give a true Character of an obscure Prince, whose reputation is not arrived to us: But these great Persons of Antiquity, so famous in their Age, and more known amongst us, than the Living; the *Alexander's*, the *Scipio's*, the *Cæsars*, ought never to lose their Character in our hands. For the least curious Spectator perceives, that he is injured, when they give to them Faults, which they had not, or when they take from them Vertues, which had made upon his mind an agreeable impression. Vertues once established amongst us, interests our proper love, as our true Master, and one cannot bring the least alteration, without

making us discern this change with Violence. Upon the whole, one ought not to disfigure them in War, to render them more illustrious in their Amours; we may give them Mistresses of our own Invention, we may mix Passion with their Glory; but let us take care of making an *Anthony* of an *Alexander*, and not ruine Heroes confirmed by so many Ages, in favour of a Lover, whom we form to our single Fancy.

To reject the love of our Tragedies as unworthy of Heroes, is to take away that which makes us hold to them by a secret relation, and I know not what cohærence, which still remains between their Souls and others: But to bring them to us by this common Sentiment, don't let us make them descend beneath themselves, nor destroy what they possess above Men. With this moderation, I will affirm that there are no Subjects, where a general Passion, which Nature hath dispersed throughout, can't enter without trouble and violence. Moreover, as Women are as necessary for the representation, as Men, it is convenient to make them speak, as much as one can, of that which is most agree-

agreeable to their nature, and of which they speak much better than of other things. If you take away from some the expression of Amorous Thoughts, and from others a converse in Secret, into which, a confidence which they have of each other, makes them enter, you reduce them for the most part to very tedious Conversations. As if all their motions, as their Discourses, ought to be the effects of their Passion; their Joy, their Sorrow, their Fears, their Desires, ought to relish of a little love, to be taking.

If you introduce a Mother who rejoiceth for the Happiness of her Beloved Son, or afflicts her self for the misfortune of her poor Daughter, her Satisfaction or her Loss will make but little impression upon the Souls of the Spectators. To be affected with the Tears and Complaints of this Sex, let us see a Mistress that bewails the Death of a Lover; and not a Wife, that laments for the loss of a Husband.

The Grief of Mistresses, which is tender, has much more influence upon us, than the affliction of an inveigling, self-interested

interested Widow, and as sincere as she happens to be sometimes, always affords us a Melancholy Idea of Funerals, and their dismal Ceremonies. Of all the Widows, that ever appeared upon the Theatre, I love to see none but *Cornelia*, because instead of making me think of Children without a Father, and a Wife without a Spouse, her Affections all over *Roman*, recall into my mind the Idea of ancient *Rome*, and the Great *Pompey*.

Behold all that may reasonably be allowed to Love upon our Theatres, but let them be contented with this, and so far even their Rules will allow of it, and let not its greatest favourers believe that the chief design of Tragedy, is to excite a sort of tenderness in our hearts. In subjects truly Heroick, the Greatness of the Soul ought to be kept up before all things. That which would be pleasing and tender in the Mistress of an ordinary Man, is often weak and disgraceful in the Mistress of a Heroe. She may entertain her self, when alone, with the inward Combats, which she is sensible of in her self; she may Sigh in Secret for her misery, trust to a beloved and severe Con-

Confident, her Fears and her Griefs: But sustained by her Glory, and fortified by her reason, she ought always to remain Mistress of her Passions, and animate her Lover to great things by her Resolution, instead of disheartening him by her weakness.

Indeed, 'tis an unworthy Spectacle to see the Courage of a Heroe softened by Tears and Sighs; and if so be he fiercely contemns the Griefs of a Beautiful person that loves him, he discovers the firmness of his heart, less than the hardness of his Soul.

To avoid this inconvenience, *Corneille* has no less regard to the Character of illustrious Women, than to that of his Heroes. *Emilia* encourages *Cinna* to the execution of their design, and meditates how to ruine all the motions, that oppose the death of *Augustus*.

Cleopatra hath a Passion for *Caesar*, and leaves nothing undone to preserve *Pompey*: she would be unworthy of *Caesar*, if she did not oppose the baseness of her Brother, and *Caesar* undeserving of her, if he was capable of approving that Infamy. *Dirce* in *Oedipus*, disputes greatness

ness of Courage with *Theseus*, turning upon her self the fatal explication of the Oracle, which he would apply to himself for the love of her.

But one should consider *Sophonisba*, whose Character might be envied by the *Romans* themselves. One should see her Sacrifice the young *Massinissa* to Old *Syphax* for the good of her Countrey; one should see her hearken as little to the Scruples of Duty in quitting *Siphax*, as she had done the Sentiments of her love, in losing *Massinissa*: One should see her, who subjects all sorts of Obligations, what binds us, what unites us, the strongest Chains, the most tender Passions, to her Love for *Carthage*, and her Hatred for *Rome*. In a word, one should see her, when she's utterly abandoned, not wanting to her self, and when those hearts, which she had gained to save her Countrey signified nothing, to owe to her self the last support to preserve her Glory and her Liberty.

Corneille makes his Heroes speak with so much decency, that he had never given us the Conversation of *Cesar* with *Cleopatra*, if so be *Cesar* could have been believed to have

have had the Business, which he had at *Alexandria*, as Beautiful as she was, as far as to have rendred the Converse of a Lover to indifferent Persons, that should hear it. He had certainly let that alone, but that the Battel of *Pharsalia* was fully won, *Pompey* dead, and all that took part with him in flight. As *Cesar* then believed himself to be the Master of all, they might offer him an acquired Glory, and a power in all appearance assured: But when he discovered the Conspiracy of *Proton*, when he beholds his affairs in an ill Condition, and his own Life in Danger, it is no more a Lover, that entertains his Mistress with his Passion, but the *Roman* General, that speaks to the Queen of the Danger which relates to them, and leaves her with hast to provide for their common Security.

It is ridiculous then to take *Pomus* up with his single Love upon the point of a great Battel, which was to make a decision of all things for him; it is no less to make *Alexander* depart, when the Enemies began to rally. One might have made him enter with impatience to seek *Pomus*, not to draw him from thence with precipi-

tation to go and revisit *Cleophile*, he, that never had those Amorous Impatiences, and who never thought a Victory to be compleat, till he had either destroyed, or pardoned. That which I find more miserable on his account, is that he is made to lose much of one side, without gaining any thing on t'other. He is as little a Heroe of Love, as of War, and the History is disfigured, without any Ornament to the Romance: A Warriour, whose Glory cannot inflame us: A Lover, whose Passion cannot affect us.

Behold what I had to say of *Alexander* and *Perus*. If so be I am not regularly tyed to an exact Critick, 'tis because I had less mind to examine the piece in particular, than to enlarge my self upon the decorum one ought to observe in the Discourses of Heroes, upon the Judgment one should have in the difference of their Characters, upon the good and ill usage of the tenderness of Love in Tragedies, rejected too severely by those, that give up all things to the motions of Pity and Fear, and searcht with too much nicety by those, that have no Inclinations, but for these sorts of Sentiments.

A JUDGMENT

UPON

Seneca, Plutarch and Petronius.

I Will begin with *Seneca*, and will tell you with the utmost impudence that I esteem much more his Person, than his Works. I esteem the Tutor of *Nero*, the Gallant of *Agrippina*, an Ambitious Man that pretended to the Empire: Of the Philosopher, and Writer, I make but little account, and am affected neither with his Stile, nor his Thoughts. His Latin has nothing of resemblance to that of *Augustus's* time, nothing of easie, nothing of natural; all made up of points, all fanciful; more of the heat of *Affrick*, or *Spain* in them, than the Light of *Greece*, or *Italy*. You see there abrupt things, that have the Air and Shape of Sentences; but which have neither their Solidity, nor their good Sence: Which wet and spur on the Spirit,

Spirit, without winning the Judgment.

His forced Discourse communicates to me a sort of constraint ; and the Soul, instead of finding there its Satisfaction and Repose, meets with Trouble and Affliction.

Nero, although one of the most wicked Princes of the World, was notwithstanding very Ingenious, and had near him a sort of under-Masters extreamly Curious, who used *Seneca* as a Pedant, and turned him into ridicule. I am not of the Opinion of *Berville*, who imagined that the false *Eumolpus* of *Petronius* was the true *Seneca*. If so be *Petronius* would have given him an injurious Character, it had been under the Person of a Pedantick Philosopher, rather than an impertinent Poet. Besides, 'tis as it were impossible to find any agreement therein. *Seneca* was the Richest Man of the Empire, and always commended Poverty. *Eumolpus*, a Poet very low in the World, and in the despair of his Fortune, he complained of the Ingratitude of the Age, and found no other comfort than that *bona mentis soror est paupertas*. If *Seneca* had Vices, he conceal'd them with care under the appearance of Wisdom: *Eumolpus* made

made a Vanity of his, and used his pleasures with much Liberty.

I don't apprehend then upon what *Berville* could ground his Conjecture. But I am deceived if all that *Petronius* says of the Stile of his time, of the Corruption of Eloquence and Poetry, if the *controversia sententiarum vibrantibus picta*, which offended him so much, if the *vanus sententiarum strepitus*, wherewith he was astonished, doth not belong to *Seneca*, if the *perambages & Deorum Ministeria*, &c. did not relate to the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*: if the Encomiums, which he gives to *Cicero*, *Virgil* and *Horace*, were not designed in contempt of the Uncle, and Nephew. Be it as it will, to return to what appers to me concerning this Philosopher, I never read his Writings, without removing my self from the Sentiments which he would inspire his Readers with. If he attempts to perswade Poverty, I long for his Riches; his Vertue frightens me, and the lest despos'd to Vice would abandon himself to pleasures by the description, which he gives of them. In a word, he speaks so much of Death, and leaves me such Melancholy Ideas, that I do my utmost endeavours not to improve
by

by his Lecture. The finest things that I find in his Works, are the Examples and Citations he mingles therein. As he lived in a curious Court, and knew a thousand fine things of all Times, he alledges some that are very agreeable, sometimes of the Greeks, sometimes of *Cesar*, *Augustus* and *Mecenas*, for after all his Parts, and Knowledge were infinite : But his Stile has nothing that affects me, his Opinions are too severe, and 'tis ridiculous that one who lived in abundance, and was so careful of himself, should encourage nothing but Poverty and Death.

UPON

PLUTARCH.

Montagne has found much resemblance between *Plutarch* and *Seneca*, both great Philosophers, great Encouragers of Wisdom and Vertue, both Tutors of *Roman* Emperors : The one more Rich and Elevated ; the other more Happy in the Education

ducation of his Pupil. The Opinions of *Plutarch* (as the same *Montagne* affirms) are more sweet and more agreeable to Society: He thinks those of *Seneca* more solid, but I, more rough, more severe. *Plutarch* sweetly insinuates Wisdom, and would render Vertue familiar even in Pleasures. *Seneca* brings back all Pleasures to Wisdom, and esteems the Philosopher only Happy. *Plutarch*, natural, and first perswaded, easily perswades others: The Spirit of *Seneca* opposes it self, and encourages it self to Vertue, and as if it were to him a strange thing, he takes pains to exceed himself. As for the Stile of *Plutarch*, having no Experience in Greek, I cannot make a certain Judgment: But I will acknowledge to you, that amongst the Treatises of his Morals, there's a great deal which I cannot comprehend, whether it be through the great difference of things and manners of his time, from those of ours, or that they are really above my little understanding. The familiar Spirit of *Socrates*, the Creation of the Soul, the Circle of the Moon, may be admirable to those that understand them. I will confess to you Ingeniously, that I don't apprehend the
Beauty

Beauty of them ; and if they are wonderful, 'tis a wonder that's beyond my Capacity. One may judge by the good Words of the Ancients, which he hath left us, by his Sayings which he hath Collected with so much Care, by his long Table Discourses, how much he was taken with Converse. In the mean time, whether it were that there was but little of delicacy at those Times, or else that his Palate was not very exquisite : He supports grave and serious things with a great deal of good Sense and Reason ; in things that depend purely upon Wit, he has nothing of ingenious, or delicate.

To speak the truth, the Lives of Illustrious Men is the Master-piece of *Plutarch*, and in my Opinion one of the Noblest Works in the World. You see there those great Men set in publick view, and in their retirements at home, you see them in the purity of their Nature, and in the whole extent of action. One sees therein the Resolution of *Brutus*, and that fierce answer to the evil Genius that spoke to him : One sees that there remained with him in spite of himself some Impression of this Ghost, which the reasoning of *Cassius* had
much

much ado to efface. A few days after, one sees him put his Troops in order, and give Battel so successfully on his side, and so fatally by the Error of *Cassius*. One sees him try his Fortune again, lose the Battel, reproach Vertue; and find more relief in despair, than with an ungrateful Mistress whom he had so well served.

There is a natural force in the Discourse of *Plutarch*, which equals the greatest actions; and 'tis of him that one may properly say, *facta dictis exaquata sunt*: But he forgets neither the moderate, nor the common ones, and examines with Care the ordinary course of Life. As for his Comparisons, which *Montagne* has found so admirable, they appear to me indeed very fine: But I'm of Opinion that he might have gone further, and pierced more into the bottom of their Tempers.

There are folds and turnings in our Souls, which he has avoided. He has judg'd of Man too much in general, and has not thought him so different as he is to himself; wicked, vertuous, equitable, unjust, merciful, cruel: When a Man seems to be opposite to himself, he attributes to strange Causes. In a word, if he had de-
fined

fin'd *Catiline*, he would have made him
 Covetous, or Prodigal: That *alieni appe-*
tans, sui profusus, was beyond his appre-
 hension; and he would never have disco-
 vered those contrarieties, which *Salust*
 hath so well separated, and which *Mon-*
tagne himself hath much better under-
 stood.

JUDG.

A
J U D G M E N T
U P O N
P E T R O N I U S.

TO judge of the Merit of *Petronius*,
I will only see what *Tacitus* says
of him ; and, without Flattery, he must
have been one of the most Gentleman-
like of the World, since he has obliged
so severe a Historian, to renounce his own
Nature, and to enlarge himself with Plea-
sure upon the Commendations of a vo-
luptuous Person. - Not but that a Luxury
so exquisite tended as much to the Delicacy
of Genius, as to that of the Relish. That
erudito luxu, that *arbiter elegantiarum*, is
the Character of an Ingenious Politeness,
far remote from the gross thoughts of a
Vicious Man : He was not so possessed of
his Pleasures, as to become incapable of
Business ; and the sweetness of his Life did
not render him an Enemy to Employment.
He had the Merit of a Governour in his
R Govern-

242 *A Judgment upon Petronius.*

Government of *Bithynia*, the Vertue of a Consul in his Consulship. But instead of subjecting his Life to his Dignity, as do the greatest part of Men, and to bring there all his Troubles and all his Joys, *Petronius* of a Spirit superiour to his Charges, centred them to himself; and to explain my self after the manner of *Montagne*, He did not renounce the Man, for the Magistrate. As for his Death, after having examined it well, either I am deceived, or it is the finest of Antiquity. In that of *Cato*, I find Trouble and even Anger. The despair of the Affairs of the Republick, the loss of Liberty, his Hatred to *Cesar*, much assisted his Resolution, and I know not if his rough Nature did not extend to Fury, when he tore out his own Bowels.

Socrates died truly as a wise Man, and with indifference enough: Yet he endeavoured to assure himself of his Condition in another Life, and did not: He reason'd thereof with his Friends in the Prison without ceasing, weakly enough; and to say all, Death was a considerable Object to him.

Petronius alone hath shewed softness and indifference in his.

Audiphatque referentur

nihil

nihil de immortalitate animæ, & Philosophorum placitis; sed levia carmina & faciles versus. He did not only go on in his ordinary course, in giving Liberty to Slaves, in chastising others, he followed those things that pleased him; and his Soul at the point of so doleful a Separation, was more touched with the sweetness and easiness of Verse, than all the Sentiments of Philosophers.

Petronius, at his Death, leaves us nothing but an Image of Life, no Action, no Word, no Circumstance, Marks the perplexity of a dying Person. 'Tis for him properly, that to die is to cease to live, and the *vixit* of the *Romans* justly appertains to him.

U P O N

P E T R O N I U S.

I AM not of the Opinion of those who believe that *Petronius* had a Mind to reprehend the Vices of his Time, and that he composed a Satyr with the same Spirit, that *Horace* writ his. I am deceived, or

good Manners have not so great an Obligation to him ; He is rather a nice Courtier that finds the Ridicule, than a publick Censurer that ties himself to blame Corruption. And to speak truth, if so be *Petronius* had a mind to leave us an Ingenious Moral in the Description of Pleasures, he had endeavoured to give us some distast thereof: but 'tis there that Vice appears with all the Graces of the Author ; 'tis there he shews with the greatest Care the agreement and Politeness of his Wit.

Further, if he had had a design to instruct us by a way more fine and conceal'd than that of Precepts, we should at least see some Example of Divine or Humane Justice upon those Debauchees. So far is he from that, that the only honest Man that he introduceth, the Poor *Licas*, a Merchant of good Credit, fearing the Gods much, miserably perisheth in a Tempest in the midst of those depraved Persons, that are preserved. *Eucolpius* and *Giton* embrace one another, to die more closely united together ; and Death durst not interrupt their Pleasures. The Lustful *Triphena* saved her self in a Skiff, with all that belonged to her. *Eumolpus* was so little concerned at the danger, that he had leisure enough to make an Epigram:

Licas,

Licas, the Pious *Licas* calls to his Gods in vain for Relief; and to the disgrace of their Providence, the only Innocent pays here for all the Culpable. If so be one sees *Eucolpius* sometimes in his Afflictions, they don't proceed from his Repentance. He kill'd his Host, is a Fugitive, there's no sort of Crime, which he has not committed; thanks to the Goodness of his Conscience, he lives without Remorse: His Tears, his Lamentations have a very different cause; he complains of the Infidelity of *Giton* that abandons him, and his Despair is to imagine himself in the Arms of another, that derides the Solitude he's reduced to.

*Jacent nunc amatores obligati noctibus totis,
& forsitan mutuis libidinibus attriti derident
solitudinem meam.*

All Crimes have happily succeeded to him, except one alone, which indeed occasion'd him a rigorous Punishment: but 'tis an offence, for which the Divine and Humane Laws have not ordained a Chastisement. He had not answered well the Caresses of *Circe*; and in truth his Impotence is the only Fault, which hath troubled him. He confesses that he has failed several times, but that he never deserved

Death, except on this Occasion. In a word, without tying my self to the particulars of the whole Story, he falls again into the same Crime, and receives the deserved Punishment with a perfect Resignation: then he comes to himself, and acknowledges the anger of the Gods.

Hellepontiaci sequitur gravis ira Priapi.

He laments the pitiful Estate, wherein he finds himself. *Funerata est pars illa corporis, qua quondam Achilles eram;* and to recover his Vigour, he puts himself into the Hands of a Priestess of this God with very good Sentiments of Religion: but indeed, the only ones he appears to have in all his adventures. I might say too, That the good *Eumolpus* is followed by little Children, when he recites his Verses: but when he corrupts his Scholar, the Mother regards him as a Philosopher, and lying in the same Chamber, the Father awakes not: So severely is Ridicule punished by *Petronius*, and Vice happily protected. Judge by this, if Vertue has not need of another Orator, to be perswaded. I fancy he was of the Opinion
of

of *Botru*, That a Gentleman and Good Manners don't agree together.

Si ergo Petronium adimus, adimus virum ingenio verè aulico, elegantia arbitrum, non sapientia.

CHAP. II.

ONE cannot doubt, but that *Petronius* had a Mind to shew the Debaucheries of *Nero*, and that this Prince was the chief Object of his Derision: but to know whether the Persons he introduces be true, or fictitious; whether he gives us Characters according to his fancy, or the proper Temper of certain Persons, the thing is very difficult, and one cannot reasonably be assured of it. As for me, I'm of Opinion, That there is no Person in *Petronius*, who may not in general agree with *Nero*. Under *Trimaltion* in all probability he derides his ridiculous Magnificence, and the extravagance of his Pleasures: *Enmolpus* represents to us the foolish Passion, which he had for the Theatre: *Sub nominibus exoletorum, feminariarumque*, & *novitate cujusque stupri, flagitia*

flagitia Principis præscripsit ; and by an agreeable Disposition of different Persons but imagined, he touches several Imperinences of the Emperour, and the usual disorder of his Life.

One might say, That *Petronius* is very contrary to himself, to blame the Magnificence of Banquets, and the softness of some other Pleasures ; he that was so Ingenious in the search of them : *Dum nihil amarus & molle, affluentia putat, nisi quod ei Petronius approbasset.* For, to speak the truth, although the Prince was of his own Nature, corrupt enough, in the judgment of *Plutarch*, the Complaisance of this Courtier contributed much to cast him into all sort of Luxury and Profusion. In that, as in the most part of things in History, one should regard the difference of times. Before *Nero* let himself yield to this strange abandoning, no body was so agreeable to him, as *Petronius* ; even so far, as every thing passed for gross, which had not his Approbation.

This Court was, as it were, a School of meditated Pleasures, where all was subservient to the Delicacy of so exquisite a Palate. I am even of Opinion, That the Politeness of our Author became pernicious

ous to the Publick, and that he was one of the chief in Ruining some considerable Persons, that made a particular Profession of Wisdom and Vertue. He preached up nothing but Liberality to an Emperour already Prodigal, softness to a voluptuous Man; every thing that had the Face of Austerity, had to him a ridiculous Air. According to my Conjectures, *Thraseas* had his turn, *Helvidius* his; and whosoever had Merit without the Art of Pleasing, was not troublesome without Punishment. In this manner of Life, *Nero* corrupted himself more and more, and as the Delicacy of Pleasures came to yield to the disorder of the Debauch, he fell into the extravagance of all Tastes. Then *Tigellinus*, one that was jealous of the Agreements of *Petronius*, and the advantages which he had over him in the Science of Pleasures, attempted to ruine him, *quasi adversus amulum, & Scientie voluptatum potiozem*. It was no difficult thing for him to do; for the Emperour, abandoned as he was, could no longer suffer so curious a Witness of his Infamies: He was less troubled through the Remorse of his Crimes, than through a secret Shame which he felt, of his gross Pleasures, when
he

he remembred the Delicacy of things past. *Petronius* on his side had no less distastes; and I believe, that in the time of his private Discontents, he composed that Ingenious Satyr, which we have but unhappily misrepresented.

We see in *Tacitus* the noise of his Disgrace, and that at length, by the Conspiracy of *Piso*, the Friendship of *Severinus* was the pretence of his loss.

C H A P. III.

P*etronius* is admirable throughout in the purity of his Style, in the delicacy of his Sentiments: but that which more surprises me, is that great easiness in giving us ingeniously all sorts of Characters. *Terence* is perhaps the Author of Antiquity, that enters best into the Nature of Persons. But still I find this to say, that he has too little extent; and his whole Talent is confined in making Servants and Old Men, a Covetous Father, a Debauched Son, a Slave, to speak properly. Behold how far extends the capacity of *Terence*. You must expect from him neither Gallan-

Gallantry, nor Passion, nor the Thoughts, nor the Discourse of a Gentleman. *Petronius*, who had an Universal Wit, finds the Genius of all Professions, and frames himself as he pleases, to a Thousand different Natures. If so be he introduceth a Declamer, he practiseth so well his Air and his Style, that one would say, he had used to declaim all his Life. Nothing expresseth more naturally the disorder of a Debauched Life, than the Quarrels of *Eucolpion* and *Acyltos* upon the Subject of *Giton*.

Quartilla, doth not she represent admirably those prostitute Women? *Quarum sic accensa libido, ut saepius peterent viros, quam peterentur.* The Marriage of Young *Giton* and Innocent *Panichis*, doth it not give us the Image of an accomplished Wantonness?

All that can make a Sot ridiculously, magnificent in Banquets, a false delicate, an impertinent, you have it undoubtedly at the Feast of *Trimaltion*.

Eumolpus shews us the folly which *Nero* had for the Theatre, and his vanity to recite his own works; and you will observe in passing by so many Noble Verses, which he makes an ill use of, that an excellent Poet

Poet is for the most part an irregular Man. In the mean time as *Eucolpion*, to represent *Eumolpus* a maker of Fantastical Verses, doth not cease to find in his Physiognomy something of greatness, he judiciously takes care not to ruine the Idea's which he gives us of him. That infirmity, which he has in making Verses out of Season, even in *vicinia mortis*, his fluentness in repeating his Compositions in all places, and at all times, answers to his ridiculous Beginning: *Et ego, inquit, Poeta sum, & ut spero, non humillimi spiritus, si modo aliquid coronis credendum est, quas etiam ad imperitos gratia deferre solet.*

His knowledge general enough, his extraordinary Actions, his expedients in unlucky Encounters, his Resolution to support his Companions in the Vessel of *Licas*, those People he brings in at *Crötona*, so agreeably courting of Old Men for their Estates after their Death, have always some agreement with what *Eucolpion* had promised to himself. *Senex canus exercitati vultus, & qui videbatur magnum aliquid promittere.*

There is nothing so natural as the Person of *Crisis*, none of our Confidants come near her; and without mentioning her first

first Conversation with *Polienos*, that which she tells him of her Mistress upon the affront she received, is of an inimitable simplicity : *Verum enim fatendum est, ex qua hora accepit injuriam, apud se non est.*

Whosoever has read *Juvenal* is well enough acquainted with *impotentia matronarum*, and the ill humour it puts them in, *Si quando vir aut familiaris infelicius cum ipsis rem habuerat.* But there is no body but *Petronius* that could have described *Circe*, so Beautiful, so Voluptuous and so Gallant.

Enothea, the Priestess of *Priapus*, ravishes me with the Miracles she promises, with her Enchantments, her Sacrifices, her Lamentation upon the Death of the Sacred Goose; and the manner of her Pacification, when *Polienos* makes her a Present, wherewith she might purchase a Goose and Gods too, if she thought fit.

Philumena, that honest Lady, is not less good, who, after having spent several Estates in the Flower of her Youth and Beauty, coming to be Old; and by consequence unfit for all Pleasures, endeavoured to continue this fine Art by the means of her

her Children, whom she introduced with a Thousand Noble Discourses to Old Men, that had it not. In a word, there is no Nature, no Profession, which *Petronius* doth not admirably pursue the Genius of. He is a Poet, he is an Orator, he is a Philosopher, at his pleasure.

As for his Verses, I find in them an agreeable Force, a natural Beauty, *Naturali pulchritudine carmen exurgit.*

I know not if I am deceived; but in my Opinion, *Lucretius* has not so affectingly treated of the matter of Dreams, as *Petronius*.

*Somnia, quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris,
Non delubra Deum nec ab æthere numina mittunt:
Sed sibi quisque facit; nam cum prostrata sopore
Urget membra quies, & mens sine pondere ludit,
Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit; oppida bello
Qui quatit & flammis miserandas sævit in urbes,
Tela videt, &c.*

And what can one compare to this voluptuous Night, whose Image fills the Soul in such a manner, that one has need of a little Vertue to hold fast the simple Impressions it makes upon the Mind?

Qualis

*Qualis nox fuit illa, Dii, Deaque!
Quam mollis ihorus! Hæsimus calentes,
Et transfudimus hinc & hinc labellis
Errantes animas. Valet cura,
Mortalis ego sic perire capi.*

What a Night, O good Gods! What Warmth! What Kisses! What Breathing! What mixture of Souls in those hot and amorous Respirations!

Although the Style of the Declamer seems ridiculous to *Petronius*, yet for all that he shews much Eloquence in his Declarations; and to demonstrate that the most Debauched are not incapable of Meditation, Morality has nothing more serious, or better handled than the Reflections of *Eucolpion* upon the Inconstancy of Humane Affairs, and the Uncertainty of Death.

In every Subject that's offered, one cannot think more nicely, nor speak with more purity. Oftentimes in his Narrations he lets himself go to the Simple Nature, and contents himself with the Graces of Plainness: sometimes his work is a finished piece, and then there's nothing so exact. *Catullus* and *Martial*

treat of the same things in a gross manner ; and if so be any one could find the secret of covering what's obscene in a Language like his, I'll answer for the Ladies, that they would praise him for his Discretion.

But that which *Petronius* hath more particular, is, That excepting *Horace* in some Odes, he is perhaps the only Person of Antiquity, that knew how to speak of Gallantry. *Virgil* is affecting in Passions ; the Amours of *Dido*, the Amours of *Orpheus* and *Euridice* have Charms and Tenderness : Yet there is nothing of Gallant, and the Poor *Dido*, so Compassionate was her Soul, became Amorous of the Pious *Aeneas* at the recital of his Misfortunes. *Ovid* is ingenious and easie : *Tibullus* delicate. In the mean time, their Mistresses ought to be Learned.

As they alledge Gods, Fables and Examples drawn from the most remote Antiquity, they always promise Sacrifices ; and I fancy that Monsieur learnt of them the Method of burning Hearts in Offerings. *Lucian*, as ingenious as he is, becomes gross so soon as he speaks of Love, and his Courtezans have rather the Language of the Stews, than the Discourse of the Bed-Chamber.

As

As for me, who am a great admirer of the Ancients, I can't but render Justice to our Nation, and believe for certain, that we have over them in this point a great advantage. And, without romancing, after having examined this matter, I do not know one of these great Genius's, that could have made *Massinissa* and *Sophonisba*, *Cesar* and *Cleopatra*, speak so gallantly of Love, as we have heard them in our Language. As much as others come below us therein, so much doth *Petronius* exceed us. We have no Romance that affords us a History so agreeable as the *Ephesian* Matron. Nothing has so much of Gallantry as the Love-Letters of *Circe* and *Polixenos*; and all their adventure, whether in the management, or in the Descriptions, hath a Character very much above the Politeness of our Age. You may judge, in the mean time, whether he could nicely treat of a Noble Passion; since here 'twas an affair of two Persons, that at their first sight were to taste the utmost Pleasure.

S

MAXIM.

M A X I M

That one ought never to be wanting to his Friends.

THIS Maxim is generally approved of, the weakest and the firmest Friend, the ungrateful and the acknowledging Person, observe the same Language. Yet there are but few People, that practise what they say. Is there a dispute about the acknowledgment of a good turn, a thousand Men refine upon the Discourses of *Seneca*? Is there a Question about acquitting himself towards a Benefactor, nobody frankly confesses the debt, nor concludes on the value of the Service? He that hath given, magnifies Objects; he that hath received, lessens them. The World is full of Braggadocio's and Hypocrites in Friendship. Nevertheless, it is certain that Friendship is a commerce; the traffick thereof ought to be honest, but 'tis still a traffick. He that hath ventured most therein, ought to reap the most. It is not permitted to infringe it, without coming

coming to an account; but where are those to be found, that act sincerely, and don't put in the Balance the slightest displeasure to counter-poise the service of the greatest weight?

Every one brags of his own Heart, 'tis a vanity *Al-a-mode*, you hear nothing less repeated, and that without blushing: then every one makes to himself a Rule of Acknowledgment, always commodious for him, but inconvenient for his Friends. *Tacitus* has told us the reason of it; 'tis that our own acknowledgement is made use of at our own expence, and that of others to our advantage.

He that doth good, because he thinks himself obliged to do it, doth it always with an ill Grace: He looks upon his Duty as a troublesome Master: He seeks for occasions to free himself, and to shake off a Yoke, which he bears with discontent.

From whence it comes to pass, that the Offices of these Persons have something of a Languor in them, which takes away all the Blossom of the good they do us. Should you die with shame, you must explain to them all your Necessities; and explain them more than once, if so be you would have them understand you: you must

push them on continually by the Interest of their own glory, and make level all their ways. Their Hearts are always in a sort of Lethargy. Stir them up, they awake for a moment, and afford some token of Life: I say no more to them, they return to their first State.

On the other side, the Offices of true Friends have something of liveliness, which always precedes our Wants, and even prevents our very Desires. They find every thing easie; one is sometimes forced to retain them, and moderate that heat, which carries them to goodness; 'tis of them one may truly affirm, That they think to have lost the day, wherein they have done no service for those they love.

But Honour, which disguiseth it self under the name of Friendship, is nothing but a Self-love, that serves it self in the Person, it makes an appearance of serving. The Friend, who acts but by this motive, advances to do good in Proportion only to the encrease of his Reputation. He stops short, when his Witnesses are gone; 'tis a false brave that turns his Eyes to see if he is regarded; 'tis a Hypocrite, that gives Alms with an unwilling Mind, and pays this Tribute to God, only to impose upon Men.

Thus

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There are yet other Friends, whose only Prospect is their own Satisfaction ; this Internal Law, which they lay upon themselves, makes them faithful and generous : but there is in all their Actions a stiff regularity, that puzzles those whom they oblige. They do all things by weight and measure. 'Tis a Misfortune to him that has need of their Service, when they think to have accomplished their Duties.

Provided they have nothing to reproach themselves with, the Misfortune of another doth not affect them, on the other side they would be concerned, that it was ended so soon. They continue it sometimes for the continuance of their own Glory. They rejoice, they triumph in secret for a disgrace, which gives them an occasion of shewing themselves : instead of searching the most ready means to assist you, they search the most signal ones to make themselves honoured : they always make a Figure, as they go ; and, in a word, they look upon their Friends, as Victims devoted to their Reputation. To speak the Truth, these Persons love nothing but themselves ; and if they think not to deserve reproach, one may as well be of Opinion, that they deserve no acknowledgment.

You see others pass their lives in Formalities, and Complaisance ; they won't so much as pardon you a Ceremony. These are the First Men of the World, to comfort one upon the Death of a Father, or to make offers of Service, after the Sword is drawn : Is the danger pass'd, they put themselves in Garrison with you, and are as constant in their attendance, as your Shadow. They are always Slaves to Circumspection, great admirers of their own Vertue, very importunate with those that are indebted to them.

One must acknowledge that these constraints are extreamly troublesome to a Free Soul. There is no good turn that is not purchased too dear at this Price : There is no Misfortune worse, than that of being served after this manner ; To love because one's obliged to it, is not to love.

In the mean time, if those Friendships that are urged only by Honour or Duty, have something of Languor or Troublesomeness in them, those that are made by the resemblance of Humours, and Communication of Pleasures, are very subject to Alteration.

Since a Man is sometimes disgusted with himself, 'tis yet more easie to be disgusted

disgusted with others. The end of Friendship depends less upon our will, than the beginning. There is no Sympathy so perfect, that is not mixed with some contrariety; no agreement, that holds an eternal Familiarity. The noblest Passions become ridiculous in growing old. The strongest Friendships decay with the time; every day makes a breach therein. One is for going immediately so fast, that he's out of breath; in the midst of his Journey. He wearies himself, and wearies others.

After all, says a Fickle Friend, 'tis a very tiresome business to be always hinting to the same Person, I love you. Nothing comes near the Vexation, that a too steadfast Passion occasions. It is fine indeed to endeavour to hide his distaste, and labour to entertain Correspondence; Letters become insipid, Conversations languish, the Lover tells, the Lady counts every hour, each at length sees himself reduced to talk of the Foul or the Serene Weather. There is not that fine Genius in Love, that is not exhausted: there is not that Solid Heart in Friendship, that is not repelled. The taste of the best things changes, before they are changed themselves.

When the sole Interest of our Diversions forms the Knot of Friendship, Absence, Employments, Disorders of Life, may easily break it, or at least untie the same. The new Delights which are enjoyed with new Friends, efface the remembrance of past Contentments. The first Pleasures of each Engagement, have something of sharpness, that excites the desire to engage it self more. As soon as they become more solid, they are satiated.

Wherefore there is no reason to reproach Inconstancy, as a very great evil; it is no more in the power of certain Persons to love or not to love, than to be in health, or out of order. All that one can reasonably demand from Fickle Persons, is ingenuously to acknowledge their Levity, and not to add Treason to Inconstancy.

For it happens but too often, that the best established Friendships, the most strict Confidences, insensibly slacken. We are to blame to exclaim against Ingratitude, and to decry those that desert us; we are sometimes glad, that they give us an Example of change. We seek a Quarrel, we seem to be angry, to the end of finding some pretence to set our selves at liberty: But supposing it were a real Anger, per-
haps

haps it is not their fault, it may be 'tis our own : which of us hath a right to judge of it? That which we call a Crime of the Soul, is very often a defect of Nature. God was not pleased to make us Perfect enough to be always amiable : why should we desire then to be always loved?

Without doubt we took more care at the beginning to conceal our Imperfections ; our Complacency held the place of the greatest merit : we enjoyed the Graces of Novelty ; these Graces resemble a certain Flower, which the Dew disperses upon Fruits ; there are but few Hands dextrous enough to gather them, without spoiling the same.

One must acknowledge then, that even the best Men find in the strongest Unions, Intervals of heaviness and weakness, whereof they know not always the cause : This weakness, when it is not supported, passes at length to the Death of Friendship, if so be Honour comes not to its Rescue.

'Tis Honour, that labours sometimes to hide the defects of the Heart, that plays the Person of Tenderness, that saves appearances for some time, till the Inclination is awaked, and retakes its former vigour.

I don't

I don't mean that Formal and Ceremonious Honour, that consists in nothing but Rules and ridiculous Looks, that takes away all from the unfortunate, as far as an opportunity to complain, and whose Tyranny becomes sometimes more insupportable, than Infidelity it self.

I speak of a true reason, that agrees with the Imperfections of our Nature, that helps them the best it can, that's an Enemy to Affectation, that aims at good, for the sake of good alone, and far remote from all the Evasions of Self-love; that's always ready to perform a Kindness, and thinks never to have done enough; that doth not applaud it self, nor seeks for the Applause of the World.

It is certain then, that these two Qualities stand in need of one another, and that if Honour without Friendship is disagreeable, Friendship, that is not supported by Honour, is never well assured.

OBSER

O B S E R V A T I O N S
U P O N T H E
M A X I M ;

Which says,

*One ought to despise Fortune,
and not care for the Court.*

IT is more difficult to perswade this Maxim, than the rest. They that receive Favours, even they that have but simple Pretentions, laugh at a Notion so contrary to theirs.

I confess, that it is not easie to believe, that Reasonable Men would make this Opinion Universal: I fantasie they had no other design than to speak to the Unfortunate, and to cure sick Minds of an unprofitable Disquiet.

In this case I cannot condemn them; if 'tis permitted to call a Mistress Ungrateful and Cruel, when a Man hath served her without any effect; 'tis sure most reasonable for those that think to have received Outrages from Fortune, to have the Privilege

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vilege of forsaking her, and to seek, far from the Court, a Repose which makes some amends to them for the advantages which she has denyed them : what injury is done her to return Contempt for Contempt ?

I don't find it strange then in this case, for a Gentleman to despise the Court : but I think it ridiculous for him to despise it, in hopes of making himself honoured. It is fine to act the Philosopher, but this Philosophy is to me suspected of Vanity. I am not the Cully of those Hypocrites at Court, that preach to others upon retreat, and cannot perswade themselves that 'tis a happiness. The more they labour to make a suitable appearance in their Solitude, the more earnest is their desire of altering their State.

They don't so much as attend the call of Fortune : the least hope makes them forget all their Oaths ; they cast themselves at the Feet of that Mistress, whom they had exclaim'd against ; they become the Slaves of those Favourites, whom they had braved ; and their false Constancy has been of no other use, than to render their change the more contemptible.

They

They return to the Court, like Persons of another World; their Habits, their Air, their Language, are no more *Al-a-mode*; they pass for Strangers in their own Country, and for ridiculous Persons amongst the young Courtiers. There is no Patience which they don't put to the extremity, with their Tales of Ancient Times, and their Stories of the Old War. They give Lessons to all Comers, both of Military Discipline, and fine Gallantry. They put forth upon all occasions cold Rallies against Flaxen Periwigs and wide Pantaloons. Too happy, provided you hearken to them, and make an appearance of giving Credit to them: but the thanks which you receive, are not worth the tiresomeness they give you.

There are others, that are not less displeasing to me; they are those, who can't leave the Court, and yet are vexed at every thing which passes there; who interest themselves in the disgrace of the most indifferent Persons, and who find fault with the Preferment of their own Friends.

They look upon, as an injustice, all the Good and Bad that's done to others; it doth

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doth not suffice to merit the being Happy to avoid their Envy : but to be Unhappy, just suffices to attract their Pity.

In the mean time, if you hearken to these Persons, they'll talk to you of nothing but Constancy, Generosity, and Honour : and in every thing they say, there's always a melancholy Air that makes you sad, instead of affording you some Comfort. They meet with a certain Pleasure in Complaints, which makes you not to be obliged to them for their Pity. They never find the State well Governed, they favour no living Person, they give Quarter only to the Dead. Their Choler blemishes the best Things ; if through respect it spares the Prince, it diffuseth it self bitterly amongst his Favourites. In a word, they are ill Courtiers, ill Philosophers, and very unprofitable Friends.

They are incapable of the Cares of a Tumultuous Life, they can't taste the Repose of a Retired one, their Disquiet tosses them up and down, and raises them to nothing : Like those that travel in a Dream, the error of their Imagination torments them more, than the truth it self would do ; and just as if they had dreamt

dreamt all their Life, they find themselves as little advanced the last Day, as they were the first.

We are not in a time to storm against the Government. He that Rules is no less above Censorious Persons, by the Wisdom of his Conduct, than by the Majesty of his Rank. In truth, 'tis a Misfortune for the Peevish Courtiers, to have no Minister in their Prospect, that might serve as a pretence for their Cabals. But at last, Intrigue is no more in fashion, the Court laughs at those that discommend it, one gains nothing there by acting the discontented, she is repulsed by the importunity of those, who can't be satisfied; she is deaf to their Complaints, because one's aweary of pitying those, who complain eternally.

In whatsoever place you go, you ought to depend upon finding the World composed of two sort of Persons, the one mind their Employments, the other consult their Pleasures.

The first fly from the access of the miserable, and are afraid of becoming so by Contagion. To enter into their Commerce, one must hide his Infirmary, and be serviceable to them in some things:
Interest

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Interest alone is an infallible bait to procure their Confidence, Compassion is of no use therein, they are hardened by a long experience against the Miseries of others, and have preserved nothing of Tenderness, but for themselves.

Those that give themselves up entirely to their Diversions, have something more of Humanity, and are more familiar. Their Mistresses, their Confidants advantage themselves by the follies which employ them. Their Souls are more open, but their Conduct more uncertain: Passion always carries them beyond Friendship, they look upon the Duties of Life, as an insupportable burthen. To live long with them, you must follow the course of their Pleasure, confide but little in them, and know their Minds as much as you can.

The greatest Art consists in knowing well these two sorts of Persons. As long as you are engaged in the World, you must comply with its Maxims, because there is no fancy more unprofitable, than the Wisdom of these, who turn to Reformers of the Age.

'Tis a Person that one cannot long represent without offending his Friends, and
rendring

rendring himself ridiculous: there is no Life chaste enough to afford this privilege, when Employments do not allow it.

In the mean time, the most part of these Reformers have their Prospects, their Interests, their Cabals: one may well exclaim against them, all that is asserted of them at Court and upon the Stage, doth not move them; if they find one Passage stopt, they re-enter at another. *Proteus* had less variety of shapes, than these Persons have of Air and Language. Harken to their Remonstrances, you shall have them immediately for Masters; Give no attention to them, they become your Enemies. The most secure way then, is to avoid their Conversation, to have always before our Eyes, that these Reformers have been Men like us, and are still, for all the Figure they make, and perhaps more than we. As long as Fortune smiled upon them, they have enjoyed her Favours: are they fallen into any Disgrace, they seek to raise themselves, and put themselves forward by a Reputation of Integrity. They become Persons of Quality, just as Wanton Girls become Wise. Old Age too hastily advanced, brings Re-

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morse

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more with Wrinkles ; Frauds and Knavery are of no more use, Cullies are undeceived, Disgrace approaches, one is at a loss how to behave himself. The World is a Comedy , every Comedian plays his part therein : but there is nothing so unbecoming as to shew himself when 'tis ended , and to come and censure those, that remain upon the Stage.

To what purpose is it, to hate in another, the Fortune they seem to neglect for themselves? if they would have it believed, that they have quitted it, why do they pretend to find fault with others for pursuing the same?

Their Aversion is tied to those, that stand for Favours, their envy to those that obtain them , and their Animosity to the Persons that distribute them : And to have their esteem, or their friendship, one must be dead, or at least very miserable.

I know that a Gentleman is always to be pitied in Adversity, and that a Fop is always to be despised, whatsoever Condition he is in. But to hate Favourites through the sole hatred of Favour ; to love the miserable through the sole Consideration of their Disgrace, is a very odd
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sort of Conduct, incommodious to himself, insupportable to others, and always prejudicial.

Notwithstanding, the diversity of minds shews all these different effects in the Life of Courtiers.

We have said, there are Persons enough at Court, that break with their Friends at the very moment, when some disorder happens to them; who have neither Friendship, nor Aversion, but what is measured by Interest. Whosoever is not useful to them, never wants Defects; and he that is in a State of serving them, is endowed with all Perfections.

There are others, who don't content themselves with deserting the unfortunate, they insult over them even in the misfortune; the more humility they shew in flattering Favourites, the more fierce they are in affronting those, that are fallen into some Disgrace.

To speak the truth, if the moroseness of those, who storm against Fortune continually, is extravagant, the Prostitution of those who Sacrifice to her even as far as their Friends, is infamous.

There is an exact Situation between Baseness, and False Generosity; there is a

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true Honour that Rules the Conduct of Reasonable Persons. It is not disallowable for an honest Man to have his Ambition and his Interest ; but he must follow them by lawful means. He may have Art without Subtilty, Dexterity without Deceit, and Complaisance without Flattery. When he is a Friend of the Favourites, he enters agreeably into their Pleasures, and faithfully into their Secrets: if they happen to fail, he partakes of their Misfortunes, as well as he did of their Favours.

The same Spirit that knew how to please them, can give them comfort ; He makes their Miseries less troublesome, as he rendered their Pleasures more agreeable ; he manages his Service ingeniously without staining his Fidelity, or injuring his Fortune ; he serves more conveniently for himself, and more to the advantage of his Friends.

Oftentimes he is less discouraged, than those who seek their own glory in assisting others, who aim at nothing but to recommend themselves by Marks of Constancy, and who prefer the noise of a good Action before the good of those whom they oblige.

Of

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Of these two sorts of Persons, the one make an appearance of being at a distance from the unfortunate to the end of serving them the better, the others run after them to be their Conduct. Whilst the first conceal themselves, and only think how to relieve the afflicted, the others love nothing so much as to exercise a cruel and imperious Generosity, and to insult over those, that stand in need of their Credit.

I have gone too far in this Discourse. I go to conclude by the Opinion one should have of Favourites.

Methinks their greatness ought not to dazle our Eyes ; in our Souls we may judge of them, as the rest of Men ; to esteem them, or undervalue them according to their merit, to respect them or despise them according to the good or ill they do to us : never to be wanting in the acknowledgement that's due to them, to conceal carefully the displeasures they give us : and when Honour or Interest would carry us to Revenge, to respect the Inclination of the Master in the Person of the Enemy. Not to confound the publick good with our own, and never to make a Civil War of a particular Quarrel.

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To despise them, to hate them, these are free Motions so long as they are kept secret: as these Motions are in us, they depend upon us alone; but when they carry us to things wherein the State is involved, we owe to that an account of our Actions, and the Justice of the State hath its Rights upon such Criminal Undertakings.

Man, that is desirous of knowing all things, is ignorant of himself.

YOU are become more unsociable than you were, your Meditations have taken away your Pleasant Humour; Study has something of dullness in it, which spoils the good Grace, which one should have in Conversation. You say that those Agreements, which proceed from the easiness of the Genius, scarce affect you any more; but withal, take care that you lose not with your Friends, what you think to gain with your self.

I know

I know very well that your Employment is serious and important ; you desire to be satisfied from whence you come, what you are, and what you shall be elsewhere, when you exist no more here. 'Tis a design that appears very reasonable, it is even necessary ; but you ought to apply your self to it with more Moderation, and by a better Motive than you do. Our small Improvement causes your Compassion, whilst you are employed in an Affair, which, according to your sense, ought to be our continual business.

But tell me, I entreat you, can you imagine that those Philosophers, whose Works you read with so much Application, have found what you enquire after ? They have searcht it as you do, Sir, but they have searcht it in vain.

Don't suppose that the Ingenuous Persons of the past Ages lived at Random ; your Curiosity has been of all Ages ; the most stupid Men at this time have enquired with the same Desire as you have ; the most Passionate return sometimes to these Thoughts, the Libertines themselves can't be prevented from making some Reflections therein ; no Man is insensible of an Interest so general, and of so much

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Consequence; every one meditates there-
on, but with little advantage: Inso-
much that after having dreamt to no pur-
pose, one finds that it is Wisdom to dream
no longer, and to submit to the Orders of
Providence.

The Author of Nature was not pleased
to let us be perfectly acquainted with our
selves; and amongst desires too curious of
knowing all, he has reduced us to the ne-
cessity of knowing scarce any thing, and
of being ignorant of our selves.

He gives Life to the Springs of our
Soul, but he conceals from us the admi-
rable Secret that makes them move;
and this Knowing Maker reserves to him-
self the sole intelligence of his Work.

He hath placed us in the midst of an
Infinity of Objects, with Senses capable of
being affected therewith: He has given us
Spirits that make continual Efforts to be
acquainted with them. Our Curiosity is
raised to the very Heavens; we observe
the Course of the Stars almost with as
much exactness, as the Motions of a Clock.
Astronomers have certain Rules to fore-
tel Eclipses Two Thousand Years before
they happen; and by the means of great
Perspectives, which Invention becomes
more

more perfect every Day, they discover new Planets, and determine the different Motions thereof. In a word, they remark Spots in the Sun, and Irregularities in what God hath made most Regular in the World.

Although these things are much beyond us, they are not beyond our Spirit; but our Spirit is above it self, and after it has comprehended the whole Universe, it cannot comprehend it self, but in adoring him that hath made it; and as soon as it Would know it self, it intrenches upon the Rights of its Creator.

I have an Opinion, that you will not approve of. I believe it notwithstanding to be true enough: It is, That no Person has ever well apprehended, by the sole Lights of Humane Reason, whether the Soul be Immortal, or subject to Corruption.

It is our Interest to believe its Immortality, but it is not easie to conceive it: my Intention is not to go far into a regular Dispute; it were necessary to be of another Humour than I am, and to be better prepared. Let us leave *M. . . .* and *M. . . .* to make whole Volumes by their Frivolous Reasonings upon the Immortality

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lity of the Soul. The Examples of those,
whose precepts you study, are to me in-
stead of Proofs, and perswade me more
than all the Arguments of our Doctors.

'Tis not to be disputed, but that *Socra-
tes* believed the Soul Immortal ; we see it
in what remains of the History of his
Life ; and even the Thoughts which *Plato*
attributes to him, seem to confirm it. If
so be you are curious, notwithstanding
you will see that *Socrates* is a Jest-
ing Person that diverts himself with all things,
and makes use of reasoning to shew that
one cannot even know, what Reason is.
He takes every Party you'll have him,
whether it be to defend or attack. With
the Evasions of his Arguments, and the
Sophistry of Logick, he puts probability in
the place of truth, and dazles his Audi-
tors in such a manner, by the various
colours he gives to things, that he reduces
them to the being no longer able to
distinguish the Shadow from the Body :
but in spite of his nice Ralleries, and all
his Subterfuges, he perplexes himself very
often in the Conclusions he infers, and is
so much dissatisfied with himself, that he
tears off his very Hair and Eye-lids for
Vexation, because he could not find what
he

he sought after. If you urge him to speak sincerely, he will tell you, That the God, who hath named him the Wisest of Men, gives him an *Encomium* that doth not belong to him, unless he deserves the name of the Wisest, that confesses he knows nothing; and that 'tis impossible to know any thing.

He will tell you, That the *Demon*, who inspires him, is not enough informed of the news of the other World, to decide the Question of the Immortality of the Soul. He disputes of it before his Judges, like a Person that desires it, and handles Annihilation as a Philosopher that fears it not.

After having endeavoured to persuade his Friends in the Prison, 'tis plainly seen that he could not assure himself thereof. He ends his Discourse with Doubts, and all his Arguments tend to avert from his Mind the Image of Death.

From whence, do you think, proceed the Contradictions which appear upon that Subject, in the Writings of *Aristotle* and *Seneca*?

As for *Aristotle*, I have no design to cry down his Doctrine, and to use him as a Prisoner. I believe, as well as you, that
it

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it is a Calumny, and that the *Roman Emperor*, whom you speak of, was foolish enough in causing the Books of this Philosopher to be burnt, to revenge *Alexander* above Three Hundred Years after his Death. But amongst us, one is not cautious of saying that he is a Sophister, that seldom speaks like an honest Man: He Bites and Flings; he is Ungrateful to his Master, and Captious with his Disciples. He is a Dreamer, that fences with his own Shadow, and makes Monsters for himself to engage with. It may be he is accused with Reason, that when he explains his idle fancies, he doth like the Fish, that disturbs the Water for fear of being taken: he intangles himself in Arguments, which he cannot unravel. He plays the Mysterious to hide his Doubts. In a word, he speaks like the Oracles to puzzle the World, and is puzzled himself with his own Arguments. I say nothing here, but what others have said before me. How many Fortunes do you think his Writings have run through to come to us? If you appeal to his best Friends, the greatest part of the Works, that are attributed to him, is not his own: but allowing all that has been said of him
not

not to be true, you must not believe, that at those Privileged Hours when *Aristotle* permitted none to come to him, but some particular Persons, he taught the same things he delivered in publick. His Morning Thoughts did not resemble those of the Evening. So soon as the Gates of the *Lycaum* were shut, and that he thought himself at Liberty, he spoke another Language. 'Tis there he acknowledged much more clearly, than he doth in his Treatise of the Soul, that nothing is more impenetrable than its Nature, its Original, and its Duration. Thus, when *Alexander* was angry that he had published some Works, that he had composed for him alone: Don't afflict yourself, answered this cunning Tutor; I have taken good order to prevent their being comprehended; they are not made to instruct the present Age, but to exercise Posterity.

As for what relates to *Seneca*, you will agree that he is a Braggadocio, that shakes for fear at the prospect of Death; that he collects all his forces to assure his Countenance, in the cutting of his Veins; and that he speaks as a Man, who is not altogether perswaded of what he says.

Some-

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Sometimes these Philosophers tell us wonders of the Residence of the Gods, and the Ultimate Bliss : sometimes they know not where to harbour them, and say, That all things annihilate in Death, as far as Death it self. Now they promise themselves Immortality, and promise it to others. Now they turn it into Ridicule. This is so true, that *Aristotle* is expell'd *Athens* for an Atheist, and *Seneca* laughs at a Divinity in the Deifying of *Claudius*.

From whence, do you think, proceeds this Diversity in their Opinions? It is, that they are troubled with different Ideas of present Death, and future Life; their Soul uncertain upon the knowledge of it self, establisheth or overthrowes its Opinions, according as it is seduced by the different appearances of truth. If you hearken to these Talkers, they'll do their utmost to make you believe them. Assure your self, Sir, that the most resolute amongst them are no more than Quacks, that swallow down the Poison with a better Grace than others, to the end of selling off their Drugs with more applause.

Epicurus makes an open Profession of putting the Sovereign good in the Senses, and teaches that all things conclude with them :

them : notwithstanding, doth he not seem in dying to contradict the Maxims, which he made Profession of during his Life? He makes his Will with all the Cautions of a Man, that's concerned at what will happen after him. Posterity has an influence upon him, his Memory becomes dear to him, he cannot wean himself from the Delights of his Garden, he flatters himself with the Reputation of his Writings, and recommends them to his Disciple *Hermachus*. His Mind, which was so far engaged in the Opinion of Annihilation, is affected with some tenderness for himself, and lays up Honours and Pleasures in another State, besides that he goes to leave.

Solomon, who was the greatest of all Kings, and the wisest of all Men, seems to furnish the Impious wherewith to sustain their Errors, at a time when he advises the good Men to remain firm in the love of truth.

When he makes the Libertines speak in *Ecclesiastes*, is it not plain that he appropriates to Wisdom alone the knowledge of our selves? He forms all the Doubts, wherein for the most part Humane Reason is perplexed; he makes a downright Descripti-

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Description of his Irresolution, his Desires, his Distastes, his Knowledge, his Ignorance ; and at length concludes that Eternal Wisdom alone can disentangle this Labyrinth ; that we must adore the Profundity of its Mysteries, and that the silence of a Wise Man, is of more value than the Arguments of a Philosopher.

If any one ought to have been exempt from Error, Doubt, Inconstancy, it was *Solomon*: Notwithstanding we see in the inequality of his Conduct, that he was weary of his Wisdom, that he was weary of his Folly, and that his Vertues and his Vices turn by turn gave him new Disgusts. Sometimes he enjoy'd his Life, as if all things went at random ; sometimes he brought back all things to Providence, and never spoke with a firm tone, but when Eternal Wisdom made him speak.

Let the Philosophers, let the Learned study, they will oftentimes find an Alteration, and now and then an absolute contrariety in their Judgments. Unless Faith subjects our Reason, we pass our Lives in Belief and Unbelief ; in endeavouring to persuade our selves, and unable to convince us : the activity of our Spirit gives
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us Motion enough, but its Lights are too dim to conduct us.

The one amorous of themselves help their Imagination to flatter themselves, they think to have found what they seek for, they triumph some time in their Error, but are undeceived in the end.

The others are vexed at their Ignorance, every thing stops them, nothing satisfies them; they debate upon all Questions that are put to them: more unhappy in this than the former, in as much as they have not the Wit to deceive themselves.

This is it, Sir, in my Judgment, where in consists the purest Wisdom; provided that one is always deceived, provided that one is puzzled with every thing that's difficult, and that one thinks of the future only to reap the more advantage of the present, provided at length that one has reduced his Reason to dispute no more upon things that God was not pleased to submit to reasoning, is all that one can desire.

I not only believe with *Solomon*, that the silence of a Wise Man, in this case, is of more account, than the Discourse of a

290 *Man that desires to know all things,*
Philosopher, but I esteem the Faith of a
stupid Peasant, more than all the Lessons
of *Socrates*.

I know very well, that Examples might
be brought, which seem contrary to what
I say. There are Pagans perswaded of
the other Opinion; and affected to their
own Sentiments. A Discourse upon the
Immortality of the Soul, hath pulh'd
on some even to brave the horrors of
Death, the better to enjoy those Pleasures
of Life, which were promised to them.

But not to displease the Partisans of the
Vertue of the Pagans, I believe, with
some great Saints, that Vain-glory made
more than half of those Heroick Actions,
which cause our Admiration. When one
comes to these terms, 'tis no more reason that
conducts us, 'tis Passion that draws us along;
'tis no more the Discourse that has an
effect upon us, 'tis a desire to be better, 'tis
a vanity to die with courage, which we
love more than Life it self; 'tis a weariness
of present Misfortunes, 'tis a hope
of future Rewards, a blind Love of Glo-
ry; in a word, a Distemper, a Fury that
doth violence to natural Instinct, and
transports us beyond our selves.

But a peaceable Mind, that examines in cold Blood this terrible Alteration, is not at all disturbed by the reading of *Plato*, or *Seneca*. They may preach up, That Death is not an evil; if Grace doth not come to its relief, they don't determine it to us. It belongs only to the Sovereign Master of Reason, to make Martyrs, to inspire a courageous Contempt for false advantages, and to perswade upon his word that he prepares real ones for us.

I repeat it the last time, Sir; study as much as you please to know your self, consult all your Books, consume your finest days in reflecting upon the Immortality of the Soul, you will find that it belongs only to Religion to decide it. As for me, I confess to you, That without that, the thoughts of Eternity would never take up the most useless Moments of my Life.

Complaining; nothing makes one more terrible of Joy, than the Delight of expressing it. In a word, Man is to be born of the terrible, that his Quality is no less essential to him, than Reason.

O F
STUDY
A N D
CONVERSATION.

Conversation is an advantage peculiar to Man, as well as Reason. It is the Bond of Society, by it is entertained the Commerce of a Civil Life ; the Minds communicate their Thoughts, the Hearts exprefs their Motions, and Friendships are contracted and kept up by the same.

The Conversation of two Friends renders their Happinefs and their Misfortunes common ; it augments their Pleasures, and decreases their Afflictions. Nothing alleviates Grief so much, as the liberty of Complaining ; nothing makes one more sensible of Joy, than the Delight of expressing it. In a word, Man is so far born to be sociable, that this Quality is no less essential to him, than Reason.

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To fly from Company, is to act against the Intention of Nature ; to live always in Solitude, one must be something more than Man, or less than Brute : There is a sort of Communication amongst them. Many Philosophers have affirmed that Beasts have a particular Language, and several Experiments have given occasion to believe it.

However it is very true, that there are no Beasts upon Earth so wild, as some certain Men that make a Profession of Contempt and Aversion for all Mankind : like that extravagant Citizen of *Athens*, who spoke to no one to any other intent, than to advise him to hang himself, and took care to make his Epitaph so, as to curse Men after his Death.

One must have a Mind blemish'd with Melancholy, to lead a Savage Life, and always in obscurity. I don't pretend to blame those, whose Silence and Retirement our Religion has Consecrated ; on the contrary, I admire them. The Principle, which has disposed them to chuse a Life so repugnant to Nature, obliges us to have them in Veneration. As there is nothing more extraordinary, than the Vertue of a true Solitary Person, so there is nothing

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thing more inimitable, and which better deserves our Commendations.

But it is certain, that amongst those, whom a real Vocation, or a Fancy that one sometimes takes to it, have cast into a dislike of the World, there is found but very few that persevere in their Condition to the end, with the same zeal. The State of a Solitary Person, is a violent State for Man. Natural Instinct, which makes him love Society, makes it self at length the Master, and causes to him from time to time some concern for having forsaken it. After all, to be concealed all ones Life, is that living? What distinction is there between Death and Retirement, between Solitude and the Grave?

To live then as Man, 'tis necessary to converse with Men; 'tis fit Conversation should be the most agreeable Pleasure of Life; but 'tis also fit, that it should be confined. One ought to enjoy it with Choice, and moderate the use of it with Discretion. There is nothing more advantageous, and nothing more dangerous: as a too long Retirement weakens the Mind, so too frequent Company consumes it. It is good sometimes to recollect himself; it is even necessary to render
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an exact account of his Words, of his Thoughts to himself, and of the progress he hath made in Wisdom. To reap the fruits of his reading, and the entertainments he hath had, to improve by what he has seen, he must have Silence, Repose, and Meditation.

There must be a time for Study, and also for Affairs, that are tied to our Profession. Conversation cannot take up our whole Life; these two other Duties deserve to be preferred before it. Ignorance is always disgraceful to a Gentleman; his Condition doth not excuse him, and the World doth not instruct him enough. When one knows how to make an equal mixture of all these things, he must distinguish himself extreamly from those that apply themselves to but one of them.

Study is the most solid Nourishment of the Mind; 'tis the Spring of its most Noble Qualities: 'tis Study that augments the Faculties of Nature; but 'tis Conversation that sets them on Work, and refines them. It is the great Book of the World, that teaches the Good Use of other Books, and can make of a Learned Man, a compleat Gentleman.

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In a word, Study makes a greater difference between a Scholar and an ignorant Man, than there is between an ignorant Man and a Brute : but the Air of the World yet makes a greater distinction between a Polite and a learned Person. Knowledge begins the Gentleman, and the Correspondence of the World compleats him.

It has been observed notwithstanding, That extraordinary Genius's have passed of a sudden from the Meditation of the Closet to the most difficult Charges : but these Men can't be brought for Examples. When a Man, intoxicated with reading, makes his first step in the World, 'tis usually a false one. If he advises himself by his Books alone, he runs the hazard of being always but an ungenteel Man. Immoderate Study engenders a grossness in the Mind, and injures his Sentiments ; the Conversation of our Friends must assist and refine him.

To meet with a faithful, understanding, discreet Friend, is to be happy : faithful, to conceal nothing from us ; understanding, to remark our faults ; and discreet, to reprehend us for them. But to be enabled to believe his Counsels, is the Perfection

fection of Happiness: it happens oftentimes, that we take a pride in following our own Conceits; like those Travellers, that lose their way for want of taking a Guide, or enquiring for the Road.

It is true, that a Man who is sensible of his force, and knows the advantages of his Mind, that a Man (I say) who aspires to Glory, and will raise his Reputation, ought to dread, as a Rock, to be suspected of being governed.

Dependence is insupportable to a Man of Courage, especially that of the Mind. When one would exercise a sort of Tyranny upon the freest part of the Soul, it is difficult not to revolt against Reason, through Malice against him that argues.

There is need of as much Discretion to give advice, as Compliance to follow it: nothing is so dreadful as a Friend, that takes the advantage of his own Experience, that proposes all his Counsels as Laws, and with the Air of a Master, that takes from us the Privilege of examining what he says, and would force the Mind by Authority, rather than win it by Discourse. He never fails to give himself

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self for an Example. He applys to all purposes the Observations of the old Court. He brings his own adventures for Proofs, he has seen all that he advances, every thing that he says is extravagant, and the fear of not saying enough to perswade, makes him always say too much to be believed.

Yet, a great weakness in receiving advice is not less blameable, than a great roughness in giving it. It is our Interest to surmount the one, and to sweeten the other. Sometimes we should assist the liberty of him that informs us, by accepting his Counsels with easiness.

A good Advice loseth its force in the Mouth of a Friend, that's too Complaisant; when he expresses himself with strength, he stirs up our Hearts the more, he incites our attention the better; wholesome Remedies seldom have an agreeable Taste, and the best humoured Physicians are not always the most assistant.

We ought to look upon our selves as infirm, so long as we have need of Advice. Alas! who has no need of it? If the Advice is good, why should we reject it, because it is not delivered with a good Grace? We ought to consider, whether it may be
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of any advantage to us, before we cast it aside: it is not proper to reject even all the evil Counsels, for fear of disheartning those, that are capable of administering good ones to us.

At the worst, when we shall reap from them no other Fruit, than to learn how to overcome our nicety, and to take from our selves what's displeasing to us in another, is it not sufficient to oblige us to give ear to them, and to acknowledge our thankfulness?

An ill Example may serve to make us avoid evil, as a good one to excite us to that which is good: let us reap the advantage of it from whatsoever part it comes, of whatsoever Fashion 'tis given to us.

'Tis our business to distinguish Gold from Earth, we find it seldom pure, but 'tis ne'er the less Gold: 'tis the fault of the Workman, not the Metal.

One meets sometimes with Men of an exquisite Sense, that have not the gift of explaining themselves. One ought to dispence with the defect of their Expression, and take the benefit of their Good Sense. Others have an easiness of Speech, and only insist upon the outside of things. Let us
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imitate what's good in their Language, and pierce further into the Truth.

There are still others, that have labour'd all their Life to render themselves ingenious, and could not make themselves agreeable : we esteem their knowledge, but their way is of little account with us : we should be glad of improving our selves by their learning, but will not endure their ill humours.

A little distast hinders us from reaping all the advantage, that one might, from their Conversation ; we prefer the Discourse of an ignorant Flatterer before the Conversation of a learned Man, when he is morose and severe. The Authority, which he takes over us, is indeed troublesome ; but is it not a privilege acquired by Age ? If he lets us partake of what he knows, is it too much to acknowledge him, to have a seeming Submission to his Sentiments ?

Yet I would not have this Submission blind, it is just to reserve to our selves the liberty of reflecting upon what he says : but we must answer him with a great deal of observance : we ought not to contradict him, but to instruct our selves the better ; one should comply with Reason, as soon

as

as it appears, and find it agreeable even in the Mouth of a Pedant.

Notwithstanding, we are not to receive his Doctrine, as infallible; we are not to establish an Opinion upon that of another; for 'tis in the Faith alone one ought to swear upon the words of a Master.

To know things Judiciously, we ought always to be upon our guard against the Reputation of him that speaks them; the Air of the Face, the manner of Speaking, the Quality, the Time, the Place, all imposes. You hear the Court exclaim against all the words of because he sometimes delivers those that are good. Admiration is the Mark of a little Spirit, and the great admirers are for the most part very silly People. They want to be informed, when 'tis proper to laugh; the Pit, that has no other assistance, than that of Nature, judges better of the Play, than those who pester the Stage.

The greatest Secret then to succeed in Conversation, is, to admire little, to hear much, always to distrust our own Reason, and sometimes that of our Friends; never to pretend to ingenuity, to make that of others appear as much as one can, to
hearken

302 *A Discourse upon the word Vast,*
hearken to what is said, and to answer to
the purpose. In a word, to practise the
precept of the Excellent *Horace*,

Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici.

A Discourse upon the Word
VAST, *to the Gentlemen*
of the Academy.

AFTER having condemned my self upon
the Word *Vast*, I was perswaded
that one ought to be contented with my
Recantation : But since the Gentlemen of
the Academy have thought fit to add their
Censure to mine, I declare that my dis-
owning was not sincere ; 'twas a pure
effect of Compliance, and a voluntary
Submission of my Thoughts to those of
Madam Mazarin.

Now I take up my Defence against
them, which I had quitted upon her ac-
count, which every Gentleman might
take a pride in having lost. One may
dispute

dispute with the Gentlemen of the Academy the privilege of regulating our Language, as they please. It doth not depend upon Authors to abolish old Terms because they dislike them, and to introduce new ones according to their Fancy; all that may be done for them, is to render them Masters of Use, when that Use is not contrary to Judgment and Reason.

There have been Authors that have refined Languages, there have been also those that have corrupted them, and one must have recourse to a good Sense to decide the matter.

Never had *Rome* such noble Genius's, as at the latter end of the Republick: The reason is, That there was yet liberty enough amongst the *Romans* to give force to their Spirits; and Luxury enough to give them negligence and agreeableness.

At this time, when the beauty of the Language was in the highest degree; this time, when there was at *Rome* such great Genius's, as *Cesar*, *Salust*, *Cicero*, *Hortensius*, *Brutus*, *Asinius Pollio*, *Curio*, *Catullus*, *Atticus*, and many others, whom 'twould be of no importance to alledge; it was just to submit to their Opinions, and to receive

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receive their Decisions with Compliance :
but when the Language came to be corrupted under the Emperours, when *Lucan* came to be preferred to *Virgil*, and *Seneca* to *Cicero*, was any one obliged to subject the liberty of his Judgment to the Authority of those that made the Men of Parts ? And *Petronius* is not he commended by all judicious Persons, for having turned into Ridicule the Eloquence of his Time, for having known the false Judgment of his Age, and given to *Cicero*, *Virgil*, and *Horace*, all the Praises that they deserved ?

*Tertiis, Cicero, Virgilins,
Horatii curiosa felicitas.*

Let us proceed from our *Latin* Authors to our *French*. When *Nerveze* made his false Eloquence to be admired, would not the Court have been under an Obligation to any person of good Sense, that had undeceived it ? When *Coiffeteau* was seen to charm all the World with his Metaphors, and that the chief fails of his Eloquence passed for wonderful : When the Florid Language of which had neither force nor solidity, affected all the
false

false Polite, and pretended Curious ; When the affectation of *Balsac*, that undermined the natural Beauty of his Thoughts, passed for a Majestick, Noble Style ; should not one have rendred an important Service to the Publick, by withstanding the Authority that these Gentlemen usurped, and by preventing the ill Opinions that each of them hath differently established in his own Time ?

I confess, That one has not the same privilege against the Gentlemen of the Academy. *Vaugelas*, *Ablancour*, *Patru*, have put our Language in its Perfection, and I make no Question but that our present Authors will keep it up in the same Condition wherein they have left it. But if one day a false Idea of Politeness should make our Discourse feeble and languishing, if by too great a love for making Histories, and writing News, one should study for an affected easiness, which can be nothing else but a false Nature ; if so be a too great Application to purity should at length produce something of dryness : if to pursue always the Method of Thought, one should take from our Language the fine turn it bears, and depriving it of all Ornament, one

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should make it barbarous, with an intent to render it natural; would not it be reasonable then to oppose Corrupters, that would subvert the good and true Style, to form one as little proper to express strong Imaginations, as curious Thoughts?

What have I to do to recall what's past, or to foresee the future? I acknowledge the Jurisdiction of the Academy, and would have it decide, whether *Vast* be in use, or no. I will submit to their Judgment. But to know the force and propriety of the term, to be satisfied whether 'tis an Imputation, or an Honour, they will permit me to refer my self to Reason. This small Discourse will shew, if I have the Notion of it.

I maintained, That in the Mind this term *Vast* was taken in a good or evil Sense, according to the things which are added to it; that a Vast Mind, Admirable, Piercing, mark'd a wonderful Capacity; and that on the other side, a Genius Vast and Immoderate, was a Genius that lost it self in rambling Thoughts, in fine but vain Idea's, in designs too great, and little proportioned to the means that might make us succeed.

My

My Opinion appears to me to be moderate enough. I am dispos'd to deny that *Vast* can ever be a Commendation, and that nothing is capable of making this quality true. *Great* is a Perfection in Minds. *Vast* always a Reproach. A just and regulated extent makes the *Great*; an immoderate Grandeur makes the *Vast*. *Vastitas*, an excessive greatness. The *Vast* and the *Terrible* have a great resemblance.

Vast Things don't suit with those, that make upon us an agreeable Impression. *Vasta solitudo*, is not one of those Solitudes, which affords a delicious Repose, which charms the Pains of Lovers, and enchants the Misfortunes of the Miserable; 'tis a barbarous Solitude, where we are astonished at being alone, where we regret the loss of Company, where the remembrance of lost Pleasures afflicts us, and the Sense of present Misfortunes torments us. Your *Vast* House is somewhat formidable to the sight. *Vast* Apartments never gave any Person a desire of continuing there: *Vast* Gardens cannot have that agreement which proceeds from Art, or the Graces which Nature might afford. *Vast* Forests put us in a Fright. The

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prospect is dispersed, and loses it self in
looking over Vast Plains. Rivers of a
reasonable greatness make us behold
agreeable Banks, and suggest to us insen-
sibly the pleasantness of their peaceable
Current. Rivers too large, Overflowings,
Inundations displease us by reason of their
violent Motions, and our Eyes cannot en-
dure their *vast* extent.

Savage Countries that are untilld,
Countries ruined by the Desolation of
War, Lands forsaken and abandoned, have
something of *vastness* which produceth
in us as it were a secret Sentiment of
Horror.

Vastus, quasi vastatus vaste.

'Tis almost the same thing with spoiled,
and ruined. Let us repair from Solitudes,
Forests, Plains, and Rivers, to Living
Creatures and Men.

Vasta & immanes Bellua.

That which the Poets have feigned
most Monstrous, the *Cyclops*, the Giants
are named *vast*.

Vastosque

——*Vastosque abrupte Cyclopos*
Prospicio——

——*Vasta se mole moventem*
Pastorem Poliphenum.—— Virg.

Amongst Men, those that exceed our ordinary Stature, those whom bigness or height distinguishes from others, are called by the *Latins*, *Vasta Corporum*.

Vastus has pass'd as far as Customs and Manners.

Cato, who had otherwise so many good Qualities, was a Person *vastis moribus*, according to the *Romans*. He had nothing of Elegance in his Discourse, nothing of Grace either in his Person, or his Actions: He had a rustic and harsh Behaviour in all things. The *Germans*, at present civilized and polished in many places, loved heretofore that what was in use with them, should have something of *vastness*. Their Habitation, their Attendance, their Equipage, their Assemblies, their Festivals, *vastum aliquid redolebant*; that is to say, they were pleased with an immoderate greatness, wherein there was neither Politeness, nor Ornament. I have observed, That the word *Vast* hath four or five

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different Significations in *Cicero*, all in an
evil Sence.

*Vasta Solitudo, vastus & agrestis, vasta
& immanis bellua, vastam & hiantem ora-
tionem.*

The most usual Signification of *vastus*,
is, too spacious, too extensive, too great,
immoderate.

One will tell me, That *vast* doth not
signifie in *French*, what *vastus* may signi-
fie in *Latin*, in all the sences that are
given to it. I confess it. But why should it
not keep the most natural, as well as grief,
pleasure, liberty, favour, honour, affliction,
consolation, and a Thousand words of
this nature keep theirs? There is a reason
for *vast*, that is not found in the rest ; it is
that there never was a *French* Term that
expresses really and truly, what the
vastus of the *Latins* can express ; and we
have not made it *French* to encrease a
number of words, which signifie the same
thing ; it is to give our Language what
it wanted, and what rendred it defective.
We think with more force, than we ex-
press our selves. There is always a part of
our Thought that stays behind ; we very
seldom communicate it entirely ; and 'tis
by this Spirit of Penetration, more than
by

by the Intelligence of words, that we enter absolutely into the Conception of Authors. In the meantime as if we should profess to understand well what others think, or to make our own Thoughts comprehended, we should weaken the Terms that would have the force of expressing them. But in spite of our selves, *vast* will preserve in *French* the true signification it has in *Latin*.

One says too *vast*, as one says too *insolent*, too *extravagant*, too *covetous*, and 'tis the excess of a vicious Quality. One doth not say *vast* enough, because enough marks a Situation, a Consistence, a Measure just and reasonable; and at the moment that a thing is *vast*, there is an excess, there is too much, enough can never be agreeable with it. Let us come to examine particularly the *vast* Soul, since 'tis the subject of the Question. That which we call the Soul, is divided into Three Faculties, the Judgment, the Memory, and the Imagination.

A Judgment may be commended for being Solid, Profound, Curious in discerning, just in defining; but in my Opinion, never did a Person of good sense give to it the Quality of *vast*.

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One says, That a Memory is happy, faithful, fit to receive and preserve Species: but I never observed, that it has been named *vast*.

Vast may be applied to an Imagination, that rambles, that loses it self, that forms to it self Visions and Chimæra's.

I am not ignorant, that some have pretended to praise *Aristotle*, in attributing to him a *vast* Genius; they have believed, that this very Quality of *vast*, was a great Commendation for *Homer*.

One says, That *Alexander*, *Pyrrhus*, *Catiline*, *Cæsar*, *Charles* the Fifth, and Cardinal *Richlieu*, had *vast* Souls; but if we take the pains to examine well all they have done, we shall find that their fine Pieces, their brave Exploits should be attributed to other Qualities of their Minds, and that their Errors and Faults ought to be imputed to what they had of *vast*. I acknowledge it: But it was their Vice, and a Vice that is not pardonable, but in Consideration of their Vertues. It is the error of our Judgment to make their merit of a thing that cannot be excused but by Indulgence. If they had not been almost always Great, they would not have been suffered to be sometimes *vast*.
But

But let us come to the Examination of their Works and their Actions, let us give to each Quality the Effects that really belong to it, and begin with the Works of *Aristotle*. His Poetry is one of the most finished; but to what are owing so many Judicious Precepts, and so many Observations so just, but to the purity of his Judgment? one will not say, That it was to his *vast* Soul. In his Politicks, which might guide our present Legislators, he is wise, prudent and skillful in regulating the different Constitutions of States: He was by no means *vast*. No Body ever pierced so far as he into the Heart of Man, as one may see in his Morals, and in his Speculation, in the Chapter of the Passions. But he entred therein as a Philosopher, that knows how to make profound Reflections, that had studied much his own Motions, and strictly observed those of others. Don't found the Merit of *Vast* upon that, for it had no Share therein. *Aristotle* had properly a *vast* Genius in Natural Philosophy, and 'tis from thence, that proceed all his Errors, by that he is lost in his Principle, in his own Matter, in the Heavens, in the Stars, and in the rest of his false Opinions.

As

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As for *Homer*, he is admirable as long as he is purely Humane, just in his Characters, Natural in Passions, wonderful in knowing and expressing well, what depends upon our Nature.

When his *vast* Genius is extended upon that of the Gods, he speaks thereof so extravagantly, that *Plato* excluded him from his Republick, for a Fool.

Seneca was to blame for treating *Alexander* as a rash Person, that owed his Grandeur to his Fortune.

Plutarch, seems to me to be rational, when he attributes the Conquests of *Alexander* to his Vertue, more than to his good Fortune.

In Effect, consider *Alexander* at his coming to the Crown, you will find, that he had not less Conduct, than Courage, to establish himself in the Dominions of his Father. The Contempt they made of the Prince's Youth, carried his Subjects to rebell, and his Neighbours to be in Motion; he punished the Seditious, and subjected the Restless.

All Things being pacified, he took Measures to make himself chosen General of the *Greeks* against the *Persians*, and these Measures were so well taken, that one
could

to the Gentlemen of the Academy. 315

could not have expected more just ones from the most consummated Policy; he made the Lieutenants of *Darius*, and *Darius* himself, commit a Thousand Faults, without making one. It the Greatness of his Courage had not made him pass for a rash Man by the Dangers which he exposed himself to, his Conduct would have left us the Idea of a Wise and Prudent Man.

I describe him to you, Great, and Skillful, in every noble Thing he hath done. You would have him *Vast*, and 'tis to this *Vast*, that's owing all that he undertook without Effect. A Desire of Glory, that nothing could limit, caus'd him to make a very extravagant War upon the *Scythians*. An immoderate Vanity perswaded him that he was the Son of *Jupiter*. *Vast* extends as far as his affliction, when it carried him to sacrifice entire Nations to the Soul of *Hephestion*. After he had destroyed the Empire of *Darius*, and subjected *Babylon*, he could even attempt the Conquest of the World we are acquainted with; but his *vast* Soul framed the Design of the Conquest of another. As *Vast*, he undertook his Expedition of the *Indies*, where the Army would abandon

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don him, and where his Fleet was near being lost; from whence he returned to *Babylon*, melancholy, disturb'd, uncertain, distrusting both Gods and Men; Fine Effects of the vast Soul of *Alexander*. Few Princes have had one so vast as *Pyrrhus*: His Conversation with *Cineas*, that Conversation that is known by all, is a sufficient Argument of it. His Valour, his Experience in War made him win Battels; his vast Mind that embraced all Things, did not permit him to arrive at the end of one; there was enterprize upon enterprize; War upon War: No Effect of it.

Conquerour in *Italy*, Conquerour in *Sicily*, in *Macedon*, Conquerour throughout, no Part well established; his Fancy prevailing over his Reason by new imaginary Designs, that hindred him from drawing any Advantage from good Successes.

Catiline is spoken of, as a detestable Person; the same thing had been said of *Cesar*, if so be he had been as unfortunate in his undertaking, as *Catiline* was in his. It is certain, that *Catiline* had as great Qualities, as any of the *Romans*. Birth, good Grace, Courage, Vigour of Spirit, Strength of Body, *Nobili genere ortus,*

ortus, *magna vi animi & corporis*, &c. He was *Sylla's* Lieutenant, as *Pompey* was; of a Family much more Illustrious, than that of the last, but of less Authority in the Party.

After the Death of *Sylla*, he aspired to Employments, that the other knew how to obtain; and if so be nothing was great for the Reputation of *Pompey*, nothing was high enough for the Ambition of *Catiline*.

What was impossible, appeared to him but extraordinary, and the extraordinary seem'd to him common and easie, *Vastus animus immoderata, incredibilia, nimis alta cupiebat*.

And by that you see the Relation there is between a *vast* Soul, and immoderate things. Good Men condemn his Crime, *Politicians* blame his Undertaking, as ill-contrived; for all those, that had a Mind to oppress the Commonwealth, except him, have had for them the Favour of the People, and the Assistance of the Legions.

Catiline had neither one, nor t'other of these Supports, his Industry and his Courage served instead of all other things in so great and so difficult an Affair. He himself

self made an Army of collected Soldiers, that had hardly any Arms, or Subsistence; and these Troops notwithstanding fought with more Obstinacy, than ever Troops did. Each Soldier had the Fierceness of *Catiline* in the Battel, *Catiline* the Capacity of a great Captain, and the Stoutness of the bravest and most resolute Soldier. Never did Man die with so Noble a Fierceness.

It's difficult even for the best Man, that shall read this Battel, to be very much of the Republick's side against him: impossible not to forget his Crime, to pity his Misfortune.

He might have securely gotten a great Power according to the Laws.

This ambitious Man so *vast* in Projects, aspired always to Power, and at length dispos'd himself to that Fatal Conspiracy, which ruined him.

Who was greater, more dextrous than *Cesar*? What Address, what Industry did not he use to send back an innumerable Multitude of *Switzers* that endeavoured to establish themselves amongst the *Gauls*? He had as much need of Prudence as Valour to get rid of, and send the *German*s far from him. He had an admirable

ble Dexterity in managing the *Gauls*, prevailing over their particular Jealousies to subject them one by another. Something of *Vast*, that mingled in his Spirit with his Noble Qualities, made him forsake his ordinary Measures to undertake the Expedition of *England*, a fantastical Expedition, vain for his Reputation, and altogether inconvenient for his Interests.

What Stratagems he made use of to raise the Obstacles, that opposed the Design of his Dominion. He undermined the Credit of all the reputable Men, that could support the Republick. He made *Cicero* be banished by *Clodius*, who came to lie with his Wife. He gave so much distaste to *Catullus* and *Lucullus*, that they left Business. He rendred the Integrity of *Cato* odious, and the Greatness of *Pompey* suspected. He raised the People against those, that protected Liberty. Behold what *Caesar* has done against the Defenders of the State ; see what he did to those, that assisted him to overwhelm it. His Inclination for factious Persons discovered it self at the Conspiracy of *Catiline* ; he was a Friend of *Catiline's*, and a secret accomplice of his Crime. He sought the Friendship of *Clodius*, a Man violent and rash.

He

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He contracted one with *Crassus*, more a rich, than a good Citizen. He made use of *Pompey* to acquire Credit. And when it was debated to give Bounds to his Authority, and to prevent the Establishment of his Power, he forgot nothing to ruine *Pompey*.

He placed *Anthony* in his Interests, he gained *Curio* and *Dolabella*. He fixed to himself *Hirtius*, *Oppius*, *Balbus*, and all the disaffected Persons he could, all the bold, undertaking ones, all that were capable of procuring under him the ruine of the Commonwealth. Measures so fine, so artificial, Methods so secret and so delicate, a condition so studied for in all things, so much dissimulation, so many secrets, cannot be attributed to a *vast* Soul ; his Faults, his Misfortunes, his Ruine, and his Death can be imputed to nothing else.

It was this Soul that hindred him from enslaving *Rome* as he could, or from ruling it as he ought. 'Tis this, that gave him the fancy of making War against the *Parthians*, when there was more necessity of assuring the *Romans* ; in an uncertrin State, where the *Romans* were neither Citizens nor Subjects, where *Cesar* was neither Magistrate,

gistrate, nor Tyrant ; where he violated all the Laws of the Republick, and could not establish his own ; being perplexed, unsettled, dispersed into *vast* Idea's of his Grandeur, not knowing how to rule his Thoughts, nor his Affairs, he offended the Senate, and trusted to the Senators ; he abandoned himself to faithless and ungrateful Men, who preferring Liberty before all Vertues, chose rather to have a Friend and Benefactor, than to have a Master.

Commend, Gentlemen, commend a *vast* Soul, it has cost *Cesar* both his Empire and his Life.

Beaumont, who judged well enough of the desert of Men, was accustomed to prefer *Charles* the Fifth before all Persons that have existed in *Europe*, since the *Romans*. I will not decide, but I may believe that his Soul, his Courage, his Action, his Vigour, his Magnanimity, and his Constancy have rendered him as considerable as any Prince of his Time.

When he took upon him the Government of his Dominions, he found *Spain* Revolted against Cardinal *Ximenes*, who was Regent thereof. The severe Humour, and obdurate Manners of the Cardinal were insupportable to the *Spaniards*.

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Charles was obliged to come into *Spain*, and affairs passing from the hands of *Ximenes* to his own, all the *Grande*s returned forthwith to their Duty, and all the *Cities* to their Obedience. *Charles* the Fifth was more Politick, or more Fortunate than *Francis* the First.

In their Competition for the Empire, *Francis* was more Rich, and more Powerful. *Charles* carried it by his Fortune, or by the Superiority of his Genius. The Victory of *Pavie* and the taking of *Rome* put into his hands a King of *France*, and a Pope. A Triumph, that surpassed all those of the *Romans*. The great League of *Smalcades* was undermined by his Conduct, and by his Valour. He changed all the Posture of the Affairs of *Germany*, transferr'd the Electorship of *Saxony* from one branch to another, and from *Frederick* conquered and dispossest'd, to the House of *Maurice*, who had followed the Victorious. Religion it self was enslaved to Victory, and received from the Will of the Emperour the famous *Interim*, which will be always talk'd of. But this vast Soul embraced too many Things, to regulate any one: he did not consider that he could do more by others, than by himself;

self; and in the time when he thought to have subdued *Rome* and the Empire, *Maurice* turning against him the Armies he seem'd to command for his Service, was very near surprizing of him, obliged him to save himself in his Shirt, and to retire in all diligence to *Willac*.

It is certain that *Charles* the Fifth had great Qualities, and performed very great Things; but this *vast* Soul, for which he is applauded, made him commit many Faults, and occasion'd to him many Misfortunes. 'Tis to that are owing his Fatal Undertakings in *Africk*; 'tis to that are owing several Designs as ill contrived, as they were ill followed; to that are owing those Voyages from Nations to Nations, wherein there was less of Interest, than Fancy. 'Tis this *vast* Soul, that made him be called Knight-Errant by the *Spaniards*, and gave an occasion to the disaffected to esteem him a greater Travellour, than Conquerour. Admire, Gentlemen, admire the Vertue of this *vast* Spirit. It turns the Hero into a Knight-Errant, and gives to Heroical Truths the Air of Fabulous Adventures.

I could shew that this Spirit was the cause of all the Disgraces of the last Duke of *Burgundy*, as well as those of *Charles Emanuel*, Duke of *Savoy*. But I am impatient to come to Cardinal *Richlieu*, to discover in his Person the different effects of *great* and *vast*. One may say of Cardinal *Richlieu*, that he had a very great Genius; and as Great, he brought extraordinary Advantages to our State; but as he was sometimes *Vast*, he has brought us very near our Ruine. In the Ministry he found, that *France* was governed by the Spirit of *Rome* and *Madrid*. Our Ministers received all the Impressions that Cardinal *Marquemont* gave them.

The *Pope* inspired all things to this Cardinal, the *Spaniards* all things to the *Pope*. The King jealous of the Grandeur of his State, as much as a King can be, had an Intention to follow the Interests of it. The Stratagems of those that governed, made him follow those of Strangers. And if so be Cardinal *Richlieu* had not been Master of the Counsels, the Prince naturally Foe to *Spain* and *Italy*, had been a good *Spaniard*, or good *Italian*, in spite of his Aversion. I will alledge a thing that's little known, but very true.

Cardinal

Cardinal *Marquemont*, writ a long Letter to Cardinal *Richlieu* concerning the Business of the *Valtoline*; and to render himself necessary near this new Minister, he instructed himself with Care in the curious Measures one ought to observe, when there was any Concern with the *Italians* and *Spaniards*. For answer, Cardinal *Richelieu* sent him four Lines, of which behold the Sence.

The King hath changed the Council, and the Council their Maxim; there shall be an Army sent to the Valtoline which shall make the Pope more compliant, and give us Satisfaction of the Spaniards.

His Excellency of *Marquemont* was much surprized at the Dryness of the Letter, and yet more to see the new Spirit, that was going to reign in the Ministry. As he was an expert Man, he changed the Model of his Conduct, and begg'd Pardon of the Minister, if he had been presumptuous enough to give him Instructions, which himself ought to have received. He confess'd his Error in having believed, that the *Spaniards* might be reduced to a reasonable Treaty by a single Negotiation.

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Monsieur de Seneçtere often said, That this small Letter of Cardinal *Richlieu* to Cardinal *Marquemont*, was the first thing, that made the Design comprehended, of the Ministers pulling down the Power of *Spain*, and rendring to our Nation the Superi-
ority, it had lost.

But to undertake abroad, it was necessary to be assured at Home, and the *Huguenot* Party was so considerable in *France*, that it seem'd to compose another State in the State. That did not hinder *Richlieu* from reducing it. As they made War unfortunately enough in the Ministry of the Constable of *Luynes*, it was convenient to make a new Model, and this Model produced Effects as happy, as the other had Successes little favourable.

It is not questioned, but that *Rochelle* was the Soul of the Party; 'twas there were Deliberations made, Designs were framed, the Interests of a Hundred and a Hundred Cities came to unite; and 'twas from thence, that a Body composed of so many separate Parties, received Heat and Motion, there was nothing else to be done then, but to take *Rochelle*, *Rochelle* falling destroyed all the rest.

But

BUT when the Strength of the Place came to be considered, when they thought on the Multitude of Defendants, the Zeal of these People, and how much their Soldiers were encouraged, when they considered the Easiness of relieving it; they saw the Sea at Liberty, and thereby the Gates open to Strangers, then they believed impregnable, that which had never been taken. There was but a Cardinal *Richlieu*, that did not despair of a Possibility of taking it.

He was in Hopes, and his Hopes made him draw the Design of this great Siege. In the Deliberation all Difficulties were raised; in the Execution all subdued.

One will eternally remember that famous Bank, that great Work of Art that did Violence to Nature, that gave new Bounds to the Ocean. One will always remember the Obstinacy of the besieged, and the Resolution of the Aggressors.

To what end should there be a longer Discourse, *Rochelle* was taken, and it was hardly surrendred, but there was a greater Enterprize without. The Dukedom of *Mantua* being come by succession to the Duke of *Nevers*, *France* had a mind to establish it self therein, and

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Spain gathered an Army to prevent it. The Emperour under pretence of his Right, but indeed to serve *Spain*, transported some Troops into *Italy*, and the Duke of *Savoy*, who was entred into the Interests of the House of *Austria*, was to stop us at the Passage of the Mountains, to give the *Spaniards* and *Germans* leisure to execute their Designs.

So many Oppositions were unfruitful, the way of was forced, the Army of the Emperour lost all. *Spinola* died with Grief for not having taken *Cassal*, and the Duke of *Nevers* acknowledged Duke of *Mantua*, remained quiet possessor of his Dominion, whilst the Emperour's Army destroyed it self in *Italy*. *Gustavus* King of *Sueden* was in *Germany*, where he won Battels, took Cities, extended his Conquests from the *Baltick Sea* to the very *Rhine*. He became too powerful for us, when he was kill'd; and his Death left the *Suedes* too Feeble for our Interests. There was the Master-piece of the Ministry of Cardinal *Richlieu*. He retained Troops that were desirous of passing into *Suedeland*. He fortified the good Intentions of a Young Queen not well established, and rested so well upon
Bavaria,

Bavaria, that the War was maintained under a new Reign with as much vigour, as it was under that Great King.

When the Duke of *Weymar*, and the *Marshal Hornes* had lost the Battel of *Norlingue*, Cardinal *Richlieu* redoubled his Succours, dispatch'd great Armies into *Germany*, stopt the Progress of the Imperialists, and gave the *Suedes* an opportunity to re-establish their Affairs in the Empire.

Behold what Cardinal *Richlieu* has done, as Great, Magnanimous, Wise, and Resolute. Let us see what he did by his *vast* Soul.

The Prison of the Elector of *Trier* gives us an occasion, or pretence to declare War against the *Spaniards*; and this design was worthy of the great Soul of Cardinal *Richlieu*: but that *vast* Spirit, which was imputed to him, was lost in the extent of his Projects. He took such false Measures abroad, and gave such ill Orders at home, that our Affairs in all likelihood must be ruined.

The Cardinal had in his Thoughts the most fantastical design that ever was; it was to attack *Flanders* behind, and take from it all the Communication it might have

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have with *Germany* by the way of the
Meuse. He imagined that he should take
Brussels, and reduce the *Low-Countries* at
the same time. For this effect, he sent an
Army of Thirty Five Thousand Men to
join that of the Prince of *Orange* in *Brabant*. But instead of inclosing *Flanders*
between the *Meuse* and the *Sarne*, he shut
up our Army between the Forts of
Flanders and the *Meuse*: infomuch that
there was neither Provision, nor Com-
munication in our Camp; and without
amplifying the Matter, the Misery was so
great there, that after having raised the
Siege of *Louvain* defended by some Scho-
lars only, the Officers and Soldiers re-
turned into *France*, not in a Body, like
Troops, but dispersed, begging for their
Subsistence, like Pilgrims. See what the
vast Spirit of the Cardinal produced by
the fantastical Project of two Armies con-
joined. The second Campaign, this same
Spirit scattered into its Idea's, took yet
less measures. The Enemies forced the
Count who defended the Passage
of *Bec* with an inconsiderable Body.

Having passed the *Somme*, they made
themselves Masters of the Field, took
our Cities, which they found provided
with

with all Things, carried Desolation as far as *Compiègne*, and Terror even to *Paris*. A fine Commendation for Cardinal *Richlieu* to have been *vast* in his Projects. That very Quality, which the Gentlemen of the Academy make so highly valuable, made him commit no less Faults in the Campaign of *Aire*. He undertook a great Siege in *Flanders* at the same time that the Count entred into *Champagne* with an Army. Hardly had we taken *Aire*, but the *Mareschal de la Meilleray* was shock'd, and the City besieged by the Enemy.

If so be the Count had not been killed after he had won the Battel of *Sedan*, one might have expected the greatest disorder in the World, in the Disposition People were in. If the Gentlemen of the Academy had known particularly *Monsieur de Turenne*, they would have plainly seen that the *vast* Spirit of the Cardinal had no Recommendation with him. This Great General admired a hundred Qualities of this Great Minister, but he could not bear with the *vast*, for which he is commended. 'Twas this that caus'd him to affirm, That Cardinal *Mazarin* was Wiser than Cardinal *Richlieu*; that
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the designs of Cardinal *Mazarin* were just and regular, those of Cardinal *Richlieu* greater and less concerted to come from an Imagination, that had too great an extent.

See, Gentlemen, a part of the Reasons that I had to tell you against *vast*. If so be I don't submit to the Judgment you have given in favour of Madam *Mazarin*, 'tis because I have found in your Writings a Censure of *vast* of much greater force, than what shall be read in this Discourse.

St. EUREMONT

TO THE

Modern LEONTIUM.

YOU desire to know, whether I composed that Moral of *Epicurus*, which is attributed to me. I could honour my self therewith, but I don't love to give my self a desert which I have not, and I will tell you ingeniously, That it is not mine. I have a great disadvantage in those little Treatises, which are printed under

under my Name. There are some that are well done, which I don't acknowledge, because they don't belong to me; and amongst the Things which I have done, there is mixed a great many Silly Things, which I don't trouble my self to disclaim. At the Age I am of, an Hour of Life well managed is much more considerable to me, than the Interest of a Moderate Reputation. How difficultly do People get rid of Self-love, I leave it as an Author, and retake it as a Philosopher, feeling a secret Pleasure in neglecting what makes the Application of others. The word *Pleasure* makes me recall *Epicurus*, and confess that of all the Opinions of Philosophers concerning the Sovereign Good, there is none that appears to me so reasonable, as his. It would be to no purpose to alledge here the Reasons, that are a hundred times given by the *Epicureans*, that the love of Pleasure, and the avoiding of Grief are the first and most natural Motions, that are observed in Men: That Riches, Power, Honour, and Virtue may contribute to our Happiness: but that the sole enjoyment of Pleasure, Voluptuousness, to speak all, is the single end to which our Actions relate. 'Tis a thing

thing clear enough of it self, and I am fully perswaded thereof. In the mean time, I don't well know what was the Pleasure of *Epicurus*; for I never saw Sentiments so different, as those Men have entertained upon the Manners of this Philosopher. Philosophers, and even some of his own Scholars have exclaimed against him, as a sensual and careless Person, that never departed from his Idleness but by a Debauch. All Sects are opposed to his. Magistrates have considered his Doctrine as prejudicial to the Publick. *Cicero* so just, and so wise in his Opinions, *Plutarch* so much esteemed for his Judgment, have not been favourable to him. And for what relates to Christians, the Fathers have made him pass for the greatest and most dangerous of impious Persons. Behold his Enemies, and behold now his Friends. *Metrodorus*, *Hermacus*, *Menecius*, and many others that argued with him, had as much Veneration, as Friendship for his Person. *Diogenes Laertius* could not write his Life more advantageously for his Reputation. *Lucretius* was his adorer; *Seneca*, as much an Enemy as he was to his Sect, hath spoken of him with Praise. If so be some

Cities

Cities have an Aversion for him, others have erected Statues in his Honour.

In the midst of all these Authorities opposed one to the other, what Medium is there to decide? Shall I say that *Epicurus* is a Corrupter of good Manners, upon the Credit of a jealous Philosopher, or a discontented Disciple, that shall have let himself go to a Resentment for some Injury or other?

Besides, *Epicurus* desiring to ruine the Opinion, which was had of Providence, and the Immortality of the Soul, cannot I reasonably perswade my self, that the World rose up against a scandalous Doctrine, and that the Life of the Philosopher was assaulted to discredit more easily his Opinions? but if I am unwilling to believe what his Enemies and his Rivals have published of him, so do I not easily believe, what his Partisans dare say. I don't think, that he had a design to introduce a Pleasure more severe, than the Vertue of the *Stoicks*. This jealousy of austeriry seems to me extravagant in a voluptuous Philosopher, let his Pleasure be interpreted as it will. A fine secret to de-claim against a vertue, that takes away the Sence from a Wise Man, to estab-

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bliss a Pleasure that affords him no Motion. The wise Man of the Stoicks is a virtuous insensible; that of the *Epicureans* a voluptuous Immoveable. The first is in Afflictions without Afflictions; the second tastes a Pleasure without Pleasure. What Reason had a Philosopher, that disbelieved the Immortality of Souls, to mortifie the senses? Why put a Divorce between two Parties compos'd of the same Matter, who ought to have found their Advantage in the Concord and Union of their Parties? I pardon our religious Men the sad Singularity of eating nothing but Herbs, in the Prospect they have of obtaining thereby an eternal Happiness: but that a Philosopher, who knows no other good things, than those of this World, that the Doctor of Pleasure should make a Commons of Bread and Water to arrive at the sovereign Happiness of Life, that's what my little Understanding will not comprehend. I admire, they don't establish the Pleasure of such an *Epicurus* in Death; for to consider the Misery of Life, his chiefest Good should have been, to put an end to it. Believe me, if *Horace* and *Petrarch* had imagined him to themselves, as he is described, they would not have taken

taken him for their Master in the knowledge of Pleasures. The Piety, which is allowed him for the Gods, is no less ridiculous, than the Mortification of his Senses; those idle Gods, those disabled Beings, from whom he saw nothing to be hoped, or feared, did not merit the pains of his Worship; and let not People say, That he went to the Temple, for fear of drawing the Magistrates upon him, and scandalizing his Citizens; for he had much less scandalized them, by not assisting at the Sacrifice, than he doth offend them by his Writings, which destroyed the Gods in the World, or at least ruined the confidence they had in their Protection. But what's your Opinion of *Epicurus*, says one to me? You believe neither his Friends, nor his Enemies, his Adversaries, nor his Partisans. What is your Judgment of him? I'm of Opinion, That *Epicurus* was a very wise Philosopher, who, according to the time and occasions, loved Pleasure in Repose, or Pleasure in Motion; and from this different Pleasure, is come that of the Reputation he has had. *Timisecrates* and his Enemies have set upon him by sensual Pleasures: those that have defended him,

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have

have spoken of nothing, but of a Spiritual Pleasure. When the first have accused him of the expence he made in his Banquets, I am perswaded that the Accusation was well grounded. When the others have made him swallow down those little Morfels of Cheese to make better cheer than was usual, I believe they did not want Reason. When one says that he argued with *Leontium*, one says true. When one affirms that he diverted himself with her, one doth not tell me, there is a time to laugh, and a time to weep, according to *Solomon*; a time to be sober, and a time to be sensual according to *Epicurus*. Besides a voluptuous Man is not equally so all his Life. In Religion, the greatest Libertine is sometimes the most Devout. In the study of wisdom, the most indulgent to Pleasure, is sometimes the most severe. As for me, I look otherwise upon *Epicurus* in Youth and Health, than in Old Age and Distempers. Insensibleness, Tranquillity, and the Happiness of idle sick Persons could not be better express'd, than they are in his Writings. Sensual Pleasure is not less explained in that Formal Passage, which *Cicero* expressly alledges. I know, that nothing is forgotten

ten to destroy him, or to shift him off: but may Conjectures be compared with the Testimony of *Cicero*, who knew so well the Philosophers of *Greece*, and their Philosophy? It were much better to reject him upon the Inconstancy of Humane Nature, and upon the Inequality of our Minds. Where is a Man so uniform, as to have nothing of inequality, and contrariety in his Actions? *Solomon* deserves the name of Wise, at least as much as *Epicurus*, and he did equally mistake in his Opinions, and in his Conduct. *Montagne*, as yet very Young, believed that his Thoughts should be eternally fixed upon Death, to be prepared for it: when he approached Old Age, he makes, says he, a Recantation, desiring to be sweetly conducted by Nature, that will sufficiently learn us to die.

Mr. *Bernier*, a great favourer of *Epicurus*, doth now confess, that after having studied Philosophy Fifty Years, he doubts of things that he had believed the most assured. All Objects have different Faces, and the Minds, which are in a continual Motion look upon them, as they turn: insomuch that we have nothing, that I may so speak, but new Aspects,
Z 2 thinking

thinking to enjoy new Discoveries. Moreover Age brings great Alterations in our Humour, and by the Alteration of Humour is very often framed that of Opinions. Add, that the Pleasures of the Senses sometimes render despicable the Satisfactions of the Mind, as too dry, and too naked; and that the nice and refined Satisfactions of the Mind, despise in their turn the Pleasures of the Senses, as gross. So one ought not to be surprized, that, in so great a diversity of Prospects, and Motions, *Epicurus* who hath writ more than any Philosopher, should say the same thing in a different Manner, according as he might have different Thoughts and Notions of it. What Occasion is there for those general Arguments to shew that he could be sensible of all sorts of Pleasures? If you consider him in his Familiarity with Women, you will not believe that he spent so much time with *Leontium* and *Ternissa* to do nothing but read Philosophy. But if he loved the Enjoyment of them as a voluptuous Person, he managed himself as a prudent Man; and being indulgent to the Motions of Nature, contrary to Efforts, not always reckoning Chastity for a Vertue, always
accounting

accounting Luxury a Vice, he would have Sobriety to be a Dispensation of the Appetite, and that the Feasts which were made, should never hurt those that were to be. *Sic presentibus voluptatibus fruaris, ut futuris non noceas.* He disengaged Pleasures from the Disorders that precede them, and the Distaste that follows them. As he fell into Infirmities and Pains, he fixed the chiefest Good in Insensibleness: Wisely, in my Opinion, for the Condition he was in; for the Cessation of Pain, is the Happiness of those that endure it. As for the Tranquillity of the Mind, which composed the other part of his Happiness; 'tis nothing but an Exemption from Trouble: But he that can have no more agreeable Motions, is happy in curing himself from the grievous Impressions of Pain.

After all this Discourse, I conclude, that Insensibleness and Repose should make the chiefest Good of *Epicurus* infirm and languishing: but for a Man that's in Health, for a Man that's in a Condition to taste of Pleasures, I'm of Opinion that Health makes it self discerned by something more lively than a Want of Sense, and that a good Disposi-

tion of the Soul would have something more enlivening than a peaceable State.

We live in the midst of an Infinity of Goods and Evils, and with Senses capable of being affected with the one, and prejudiced with the other: Without so much Philosophy, a little Reason will make us taste good things as sweetly as 'tis possible, and adapt us for Misfortunes as patiently as we can.

REFLECTIONS UPON RELIGION.

TO consider purely the Repose of this Life; it would be well if Religion had more or less Influence upon Mankind. It compells, and doth not subject enough; like some Politicks, that take away the Sweetness of Liberty, without bringing the Advantages of Subjection.

The Will makes us aspire gently to those good things, which are promised

to

to us, because it is not excited enough by an Understanding, that is not enough convinced.

We say by Compliance, that we believe what one says with Authority, we ought to believe : But without a particular Mercy we are more disturbed, than perswaded of a thing, that doth not fall under the Evidence of the Senses, and which affords no manner of Demonstration to our Minds.

Behold what is the effect of Religion, in respect of ordinary Men ; now see the advantages of it for the true and perfect Religious Man.

The true Devout Person breaks with Nature, if one may so speak, to take pleasure in the abstinence of pleasures ; and in the Subjection of the Body to the Mind, he renders to himself in some measure delightful the use of Mortifications and Pains.

Philosophy goes no further, than to teach us to endure Misfortunes. The Christian Religion makes us triumph over them, and one may say seriously of it, what has been gallantly express'd of Love.

All other Pleasures are not worth its Pains.

The true Christian knows how to make his advantages of all things ; the evils which he suffers, are the good Things which God sends to him. The good Things which he wants, are evils which Providence has secured him from. Every thing's a benefit to him, every thing in this World is a Mercy, and when he must depart, by the necessity of his Mortal Condition, he looks upon the end of his Life, as a Passage to one more happy, which is never to conclude.

Such is the Felicity of a true Christian, whilst uncertainty and trouble make an unhappy Condition to all others.

Indeed, we are almost all unresolved, little determined to good and evil.

There is a continual turn and return from Nature to Religion, and from Religion to Nature.

If so be we abandon the care of happiness to satisfy our Inclinations; these very Inclinations rise immediately against their Pleasures, and the distaste of Objects, which have flattered them the most, sends us back to the cares of our happiness.

If so be we renounce our Pleasures by a Principle of Conscience, the same thing happens to us in the Application to happiness,

ness, where habit and tediousness sends us back to the Objects of our first Inclinations.

Behold, how we are upon Religion in our selves: now see the Judgment which the Publick makes of it.

Should we forsake God for the World, we are treated as Impious Persons.

Should we forsake the World for God, we are look'd upon as weak, and decayed in our Understanding; and we are as little pardoned for Sacrificing Fortune to Religion, as Religion to Fortune.

The Example of Cardinal *Retz* will suffice singly, to justifie what I say.

When he was made Cardinal by Intrigues, Factions, and Tumults, they cryed out against an Ambitious Man, that sacrificed (said they) the Publick, his Conscience, and Religion to his Fortune. When he left the cares of Earth for those of Heaven, when the Perswasion of another Life made him regard the Grandeurs of this as Chimæra's, they said that his Head was turned, and that he made a scandalous weakness of what is proposed to us in Christianity, as the greatest Vertue.

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An ordinary Mind is but little favourable to great Vertues, a lofty Wisdom offends a common Reason.

Mine, as common as it is, admires a Person truly perswaded, and would admire still more that this Person, absolutely perswaded, could be insensible to any advantage of Fortune.

I question a little the Perswasion of those Preachers, who offering us the Kingdom of Heaven in Publick, solicit in particular a small Benefice with the utmost importunity.

The sole Idea of eternal profits renders the Possession of all the rest contemptible to a believing Man : but because there is but a few that have Faith, few Persons defend this Idea against Objects ; the hope of what is promised to us, naturally yielding to the enjoyment of what's given us.

In the greatest part of Christians, the desire of believing holds the place of belief : the will gives them a sort of Faith by desires, which the Understanding refuses them by its Lights.

I have known some Devout Men, that in a certain contrariety between the Heart and the Mind, loved God perfectly without a strong Faith in him.

When

When they abandoned themselves to the Motions of their Heart, there was nothing but zeal for Religion; all was fervency, all love. When they turned to the Intelligence of the Mind, they were amazed at their incomprehension of what they loved, and at their Ignorance how to answer themselves upon the Subject of their love. Then they wanted Consolations, to speak in Spiritual Terms, and they fell into that sad State of Religious Life, which is called Aridity and Dryness in Monasteries.

God alone is able to give us a certain, firm, and real Faith. That which we can do of our selves, is to captivate the Understanding in spite of the resistance of the Lights of Nature, and to dispose our selves with submission to execute what is ordained for us.

Humanity easily mingles its errors in what relates to Faith; it mistakes a little in the practice of Vertues; for it is less in our power to think exactly upon the things of Heaven, than to do well.

One can never be disappointed in the Actions of Justice and Charity.

Sometimes Heaven ordains, and Nature makes an Opposition.

Some-

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Sometimes Nature demands what Reason won't consent to. Upon Justice and Charity all Rights are concerted, and there is, as it were, a general agreement between Heaven, Nature, and Reason.

A Fragment of Friendship without Friendship.

THE Love of Women had softned the Courage of Men ; the Vertue of good Men was altered by it. The Grandeur of a Magnanimous Soul might be weakned, but true Wisdom incurr'd little danger with the Female Sex.

The Wise Man, above their weakness, their inequalities, and their fancies, can govern them at his pleasure, or gets rid of them as he thinks convenient. As long as he sees others in slavery, tormented by some unfortunate Passion, he tastes a sweetness that charms the senses, and frees him from the sense of Misfortunes, which are not to be made insensible by Reason alone.

Not but that he may fall into an error. Humane Nature leaves no certain state to
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our Souls: but it is not long before he finds again his dispersed Lights, and re-establishes the Repose he had lost.

Scarce do we begin to grow Old, but we begin to be displeased by some distast, which we secretly frame in our selves. Then our Soul, free from Self-love, is easily filled with that which is suggested to us, and what would have pleased us heretofore but indifferently, charms us at present, and enslaves us to our own weakness.

By this Mistresses dispose of their Old Lovers to their Fancy, and Wives of their Old Husbands: by this *Syphax* abandoned himself to the will of *Sophonisba*, and *Augustus* was managed by *Livia*. And not to draw all my Examples from Antiquity, 'twas thus *Monsieur de la Ferte-Seneclere*, worthy to be named with Kings and Emperours by the single merit of Gentleman; 'twas thus this Courtier, as wise as he was polite, let himself go to the Friendship of a Woman, whom he married in his Old Days. If you should know, said he to his Friends, what is the Condition of a Person of my Age, that hath nothing but himself to represent in his Solitude, you would not admire that I have sought for a Companion that pleases me, be the purchase

chase of what value it will. I never discommended him. And why discommend a thing that hath authorized by his Example? In the mean time, in spite of his Authority, I shall esteem a Person that hath strength enough to preserve the taste of his Liberty to the end of his Days. Not that a full independance of Persons so free and so disengaged, of all those indifferent and those ungrateful Men, is always commendable. Let us avoid Subjection in an entire liberty; to preserve a sweet and sincere contract, as agreeable to our Friends, as to our selves. If so be they demand of me more than fervency and cares, for the Interest of those I love; more than my small assistance, whilst they are in necessities; more than discretion in Commerce, and a taste in Confidence, let them go and seek for Friendships elsewhere, mine can dispense with no more.

Violent Passions are unequal, and make the disorder of a change to be feared. In Love, they should be abandoned for the *Polexander's*, and the *Cyrus's* in Romances; in Friendship for *Orestes* and *Pilades* in Plays. These are things to read, and to see represented, which are not found in
the

the Use of the World. And happily they are not practised ; for they would produce very extravagant Adventures.

What hath *Orestes* done, that great and illustrious person of Friendship? What hath he done, that ought not to give Horrour?

He killed his Mother, assassinated *Pyr-
rhus*, and fell into such strange Furies, that it costs the Players their Lives, that endeavour to represent him.

Let us observe with Attention the Nature of those Obligations which are sold so dear, and we shall find them composed of a hideous Melancholy, that makes up all Man-haters.

Indeed, to dispose ones self to love but one person, and to hate all the rest, is what is taken for Vertue in particular: In the mean time 'tis a Vice against all the world.

He that makes us lose the Acquaintance of Men by a Desertion like his own, makes us lose more than he is worth, had he a considerable Merit. Let us act the disintereffed as long as we please, and shut up all our desires in the Monuments of our Passions, thinking of nothing that proceeds not from thence, yet we shall grow faint in this Noble Friendship, if so be we don't draw from Society a part of
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the Conveniencies and Agreements of Life. The love of Two Persons made fast one to another, this fine Union hath need of Foreign things to excite the Taste of Pleasure, and the sense of Joy; with all the Sympathy of the World, the Counsel and Intelligence, it will be troubled to furnish some Consolation from the Tiresomeness, it is the Occasion of. 'Tis in the World, and amongst Divertisements, and Business, that the most agreeable Contracts are formed. I esteem the Correspondence of *Monsieur d'Estrees*, and *Monsieur de Senectere*, that lived Fifty Years at Court in an equal Familiarity: I esteem the Confidence that *Monsieur de Turenne* had with *Monsieur de Ruvigni* Forty Years together, more than these Friendships always extravagant, and never rightly used between Women and Men.

There is nothing that contributes more to the sweetness of Life, than Friendship. There is nothing that disturbs its Repose so much as Friends, if we have not Judgment enough to chuse them well.

Importunate Friends desire to be thought indifferent; the scrupulous give us more trouble by their Humour, than they bring advantage by their Services. The imperious

ous ones are Tyrants to us: We must hate what they do, be it never so agreeable: We must love, what they love, when we find it rigorous and unpleasant: we must do Violence to our Nature, enslave our Judgment, renounce our Parts, and under that sweet Name of Complaisance have a general submission for all that they impose. Jealous Friends disturb us; averse from all Counsel they don't give, troubled at the good, which happens to us without their Participation, and glad of the Misfortunes, which come by the Ministry of others. There are Friends of Profession, that take a pride in following our Party at random, and upon all Occasions. These sort of Friends serve for nothing else, but to incense the World against us by imprudent Contests. There are others, that justify us when no Body accuses us; who by Indiscretion make us commit Offences in Places where we were not, and bring us into what we would avoid. Let him, that will, be contented with these Friendships; as for me I am not satisfied with a single good Will, I would have it accompanied with Discretion and Prudence.

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The Affection of a Man doth not make amends for what he has spoiled: I thank him for his impertinent Zeal, and advise him to display its merit amongst Fools. If so be the Lights of the Understanding direct not the Motions of the Heart, Friends are more proper to incense us, and more capable of injuring than serving us. Notwithstanding one speaks of nothing but the Heart, in all the Discourses, which they are heard to make upon Love and Friendship. Poets become troublesome therein, Lovers tedious, and Friends ridiculous. One sees nothing else in our Plays but Kings Daughters, that yield the Heart, but refuse the Hand; or Princesses, that give the Hand, and cannot agree to yield the Heart. Lovers become insipid in asking eternally the Purity of this Heart, and Friends raised to esteem would have it, as well as the Lovers. It is not in knowing the Nature, where for a little Heart ill managed, for some unequal and uncertain Tenderness it might have, one observes otherwise nothing but Fancy, Ingratitude, Infidelity, which one ought to fear.

Love is called blind very improperly, not to displease the Genius of Poets, and the Humours of Painters. Love is for the
most

most part a Passion, of which the Heart often makes an ill Use.

The Heart is a blind thing, to which are owing all our Errours; 'tis that which prefers a Fool before an ingenious Man, that loves silly Objects, and disdains amiable Persons; that yields to the most ugly, and most deformed, and refuses the most handsom, and most genteel.

'Tis that, which confounds the most regular, that lifts up the most wise to Vertue, and disposeth Saints to Grace; as little subjected to Government in Monasteries, as disposed to love in Families; unfaithful to Husbands, less secure to Lovers; it troubles the first, and puts a Disorder amongst the rest.

It acts without advice, and without Knowledge. Weak against Reason that should conduct it, it moves secretly by hidden Springs, which it doth not discover; it gives, and withdraws its Affections without Occasion, it engages without design, breaks without measure, and in a word, produceth Fantastical Noises, which dishonour those that make them.

Behold the end of Love and Friendships. Upon the Heart, by Reasons just and reasonable, whose Division the Mind can

take, there is no Rupture to be apprehended; for either it remains the whole Life, or it is insensibly disengaged with Discretion and Diligence. It is certain that Nature hath put in our Hearts something of Laughter, if one may say so, some secret Principle of Affection, that conceals what's tender, that explains it self, and is communicable with Friends. But the use of it has not been received and authorized amongst Men, but only as much as to render Life more peaceable and more happy.

That's the Foundation, that *Epicurus* so much recommended to his Disciples.

That *Cicero* exhorts us to it, and invites us by his own Example; that *Seneca*, as wrinkled and severe as he is, becomes sweet and tender, so soon as he speaks of Friendship.

That *Montagne* excells *Seneca* by more lively Expressions.

That *Gassendus* explains the Advantages of this Verrue, and disposes the Reader, as much as lies in his power, to procure them.

All reasonable Persons, all honest Men unite Philosophers therein, upon the Foundation, that Friendship ought to contribute more, than any other thing, to our Happiness.

Indeed

Indeed, a Man would not break with himself upon no Account whatsoever, to unite himself to another, if so be he did not find more Sweetness in this Union, than in the first Sentiments of Self-love.

The Friendship of wise Men finds nothing in the World more precious than it self.

That of others, imperious, and confus'd, disturbs the Peace of publick Society, and the Pleasures of particular Conversations.

'Tis a savage Friendship, which Reason disowns and which we could wish to our Enemies, to be revenged of their Hatred.

But as honest, and as regular as Friends may be, 'tis an inconvenient thing to have too many: Our separated Cares don't leave Application enough for those that affect us, nor also for what relates to others in the overflowing of a Soul, that disperses it self upon all remote Actions, and applies it self properly to nothing, nor we our selves for few Persons living. As for us, let us seek the Advantage of Commerce with all the World, and the Benefit of our Affairs with those that can.

A
FRAGMENT
UPON THE
ANCIENTS.

THere is no Person that has more admiration than I have for the Works of the Ancients. I admire the Design, the Oeconomy, the Elevation of Spirit, the Extent of Knowledge: but the change of Religion, Government, Customs, and Manners, has made so great a one in the World, that we must have, as it were, a New Art, to enter well into the Inclination, and Genius of the Age, we are in: And certainly my Opinion ought to be found reasonable by all those that will take the pains to examine it; for if one gives Characters quite opposite to

Take away the Gods of Antiquity, you take from him all his Poems. The Constitution of the Fable is in disorder, the Oeconomy thereof is turned upside down.

With-

Without the Prayer of *Thetis* to *Jupiter*, and the Dream which *Jupiter* sent to *Agamemnon*, there would be no *Iliad*; without *Minerva*, no *Odysseus*; without the Protection of *Jupiter* and the Assistance of *Venus*, no *Aeneid*. The Gods, assembled in Heaven, debated what was to be done upon Earth; they formed Resolutions, and were no less necessary to execute them, than to take them.

The Immortal Captains of the Party of Men, contrived all, gave Life to all, inspired Force and Courage, engaged themselves in fight, and except *Ajax*, who asked nothing but Light, there was no considerable Warriour, that had not his God upon his Chariot, as well as his Squire.

The God to conduct his Spear, the Squire for the management of his Horses. Man was a pure Machine, whom secret Springs put upon Motion, and those Springs were nothing else but the Inspiration of their Goddesses and Gods.

The Divinity, which we serve, is more favourable to the Liberty of Men. We are in his Hands, as the rest of the Universe, by dependance; in our own to deliberate, and to act. I confess

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self that we ought always to implore his Protection.

Lucretius asks it himself, and in the Book where he engages Providence with all the force of his Spirit, he Prays, he Conjures that which governs us to have the goodness to avert Misfortunes.

Quod procul à nobis flectat, & natura gubernans.

In the mean time, we must not introduce this Formidable Majesty in all things, whose name it is not permitted to make use of unseasonably. That false Divinities are mixed in all sorts of Fictions, those are Fables themselves, the vain effects of the Imagination of Poets.

As for Christians, they should give nothing but Truth, to him who is Truth in Perfection, and they should adapt all their Discourses to his Wisdom, and to his Goodness.

This great Principle is followed by that of Manners, which by reason of their being civilized, and sweetned at present, can't suffer what they had of wildness in those times.

'Tis this change, that makes us find so strange, the fierce and brutish injuries, which *Achilles* and *Agamemnon* boast of.

'Tis

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'Tis by this *Agamemnon* appears odious to us, when he takes away that *Trojan's* Life, which *Menelaus* had pardoned.

Menelaus, for whom the War was made, pardons him generously. *Agamemnon* the King of Kings, who owed Examples of Vertue to all the Princes, and to all the People, the cowardly *Agamemnon* kills this miserable Person with his own Hand. 'Tis then *Achilles* becomes horrible, when he kills the young *Lycaon*, who entreated him so tenderly for his Life.

'Tis then we hate him even to his Vertues, when he ties the Body of *Hector* to his Chariot, and drags him inhumanely to the Camp of the *Greeks*. I had a kindness for him, when he was the Friend of *Patroclus*. The cruelty of his Action makes me abhor his Valour, and his Friendship.

'Tis quite otherwise in *Hector*. His good Qualities return into our Minds; we pity him, we lament him more; his Idea is become very dear, and draws all the Sentiments of our Affection.

Let it not be said in favour of *Achilles*, that *Hector* kill'd his dear *Patroclus*. The resentment of this Death doth not excuse him with us. An Affliction that permits him

him to suspend his Revenge, and to tarry for his Arms, before he goes to the Combat; an Affliction so patient ought not to have push'd him to this unusual Barbarity, after the Fight's over.

But let us disengage our Friendship from our Aversion; the sweetest, the tenderest of Vertues doth not bring forth effects so contrary to Nature.

Achilles found them in the bottom of his Nature. It is not to the Friend of *Patroclus*, but to the Inhumane and Inexorable *Achilles*, that they belong.

All the World will easily consent to it. However, the Vices of the Hero will not fall upon the Poet. *Homer's* Intention was more to describe the Nature, such as he saw it, than to make Heroes very accomplished.

He has describ'd them with more Passions, than Vertues; Passions being in the Foundation of Nature, and Vertues purely established in us by the Lights of an instructed Reason.

Policy had not as yet united Men by the Knots of a reasonable Society; it had not turned them well to others. Morality had not yet formed them well for themselves.

Good

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Good Qualities were not distinguished enough from the Bad.

Ulysses was prudent, and fearful, cautious against dangers, industrious to get out of them, valiant sometimes when there was less danger to be so, than not to be.

Achilles was valiant, and fierce, and what *Horace* would not set down in his Character of him, relaxing sometimes to very great Puerilities, his Nature uncertain, and irregular framed Manners, sometimes fierce, sometimes childish. Now he drags the Body of *Hector* in a Barbarian manner, now he prays the Goddess his Mother, as a Child, to drive away the Flies from that of *Patroclus* his dear Friend.

The ways are not less different, than the manners. Two Hero's ready for the Combat would not amuse themselves now a days in declaring their Genealogy: but it is easie to observe in the *Iliads*, and even in the *Odyssæus*, and the *Æneids*, that such a Method was practised. Men discoursed, before they fought, just as they make Speeches in *England*, before they die.

As

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As for Comparisons, Discretion shall make us do less than they. Good sense will render them more just, Invention more new.

The Sun, the Moon, the Elements, will lend us no more an easie stateliness. Wolves, Shepherds, and Flocks, will not afford us a simplicity too much known.

It seems to me, that there is an infinite number of Comparisons, that are more alike, than the things compared. A Kite that grounds upon a Pidgeon, a Spar-Hawk that sets upon little Birds, a Faulkon that makes his descent; all these Birds have more Relation one to another in the swiftness of their flight, than the Men have, whom they compare to them, in their impetuosity. Take away the Distinction of the names of Kite, Sparhawk, and Faulkon, you'll find but the same Thing.

The violence of a Whirl-wind, that roots up Trees, more resembles that of a Tempest, which makes some other disorder, than Objects with which they are compared.

A Lion, whom Hunger drives from his Den, a Lioness pursued by Hunters, a Lion furious and jealous of his Whelps, a
Lion

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Lion against whom a Village assembles, and who ceases not to retire fiercely with Pride : this is a Lion differently represented, but still a Lion which doth not afford Idea's different enough. Sometimes Comparisons take us from Subjects that employ us most, by the vain Image of another Object, that makes an unseasonable Diversion.

I oblige my self to consider two Armies, that are ready for the engagement, and I take the Spirit of a Man of Courage to observe the Behaviour, Order, and Disposition of the Troops. Of a sudden, I am transported to the Banks of a Sea, which becomes swell'd by the Fury of the Winds, and I am more likely to behold Ship-wrack'd Vessels, than broken Battalions. These vast Thoughts, which the Sea affords me, extinguish the former.

One represents to me a Mountain all on Fire, and a Forest absolutely inflamed. Whither doth not the Idea of a Conflagration extend? If so be, I were not full Master of my sence, one might insensibly conduct me to the Imagination of the World's end.

From

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From so terrible a Conflagration, I pass to a hideous Lightning, and with much Diversion, I am so much interrupted from the first Image that imployed me, that I lose entirely that of the Battle.

We think to embellish Objects in comparing them to eternal, immense, infinite beings, and we stifle them, instead of extolling them.

To say, that a Woman is as handsome as *Madam Mazarin*; is to praise her more, than if she were compared to the Sun; for the sublime and miraculous, make esteemed.

The impossible and the fabulous destroy the Commendation; which one would give.

Truth was not the Inclination of the first Ages; an unprofitable Lye, a lucky Falshood made the Interest of Impostors, and the Pleasure of credulous Persons; 'twas the Secret of the great and the wise to govern the People, and the simple Men.

The Vulgar, who respected mysterious Errours, despised naked Truths, and Wisdom consisted in the abusing of it.

Discourse was fitted to so advantageous a Use; there was nothing in it but Fictions

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ons, Allegories, and Similitudes; nothing appeared as it is in it self, Specious and Rhetorical out-sides covered the inward part of all things; vain Idea's, concealed Realities, and too frequent Comparisons turn'd men from the Application to true Objects, by the Amusement of Resemblances.

The Genius of our Age is quite opposite to this Spirit of Fable, and false Mysteries.

We love open Truths, good Sense takes an advantage over the Illusions of Fancy, and nothing satisfies us now-a-days, but the Solidity of Reason.

Add to this Alteration of Humour, that of Knowledge: we look otherwise upon Nature, than the Ancients did.

The Heavens, that eternal Mansion of so many Divinities, are no more, than an immense, and fluid Space.

The same Sun shines still upon us, but we give it another Course, and instead of going to set in the Sea, it goes to enlighten another World.

The Earth immoveable heretofore in the Opinion of Men, turns now, and is not to be equall'd in the Swiftnes of its Motion. Every thing is changed, Gods, Nature, Politicks, Manners, Humours, and Ways. Will not so many Alterations

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rations produce some change in our Works?

If *Homer* was living at present, he would make admirable Poems, fitted to the Age, wherein he should write. Our Poets, make bad ones, framed to that of the Ancients, and guided by things, which time hath altered.

I know that there are certain eternal Rules to be grounded upon a good Judgment, upon a firm and solid Reason, that shall always subsist. Yet there are but few, that bear the Character of this incorruptible Reason. Those that relate to the Manners, Affairs, and Customs of the Ancient *Greeks* have no effect upon us at present. One may say of them what *Horace* said of Words; they have their Age and their Duration, they die of old Age. *Ita verborum interit ætas.*

Others perish with their Nation, as well as the Maxims of Government, which subsist not after the Empire.

There are then but very few, that can direct our Minds in all Times, and it would be Ridiculous always to Rule new Works by extinguished Laws. Poetry would be to blame to exact from us, what Religion and Justice do not.

'Tis

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'Tis to an Imitation, servile, or too much affected, that is owing the disgrace of all our Poems.

Our Poets have not force to escape the Gods, nor address to employ well what our Religion could furnish them with.

Tied to the Humour of Antiquity and confined to our Sentiments, they give the Air of *Mercury* to our Angels, and that of the Fabulous wonders of the Ancients to our Miracles.

This mixture of Ancient and Modern has made them succeed very ill. And one may say, That they have not known how to draw any advantage from their Fictions, nor make a good use of our Truths.

We conclude that the Poems of *Homer* will always be a Master-piece, and not a Model in all things. They will form our Judgment, if so be we determine them with Discretion, and pursuant to the Disposition of present Affairs.

*The Character of a Woman that
is not, and never will be found.*

IN all the handsome Persons I have seen, if so be there were some Passages to be admired, there were also some, that one ought not to observe, or at least disguise them with much artifice; for, to speak the truth, it's hard to commend all, and be sincere. I am obliged to *Emilia* for leaving me purely in my Nature, as much disposed to speak well, as to remain exactly true. As she wants neither favour nor kindness, I have no business either with Disguises or Flatteries. By her means I can praise to day without Complaisance: Observators too exact loose a Malicious Nicety, which is applied but to examine Faults; and in a new Spirit which she inspires them with, they pass with pleasure from their usual Censure, to real Approbations.

It is certain that the greatest part of Women are more indebted to our Complements, than their own Merits, in all the Praises which are given to them. *Emilia* is obliged only to her self for the Justice which is rendered to her, and secure of the good one ought to affirm of her, she has properly no Interest, but for that which may be procured from her.

In effect, if her Enemies speak of her, it is not in their power to betray their Conscience, and they confess with as much truth as anger, the
advan-

advantages which they are obliged to acknowledge in her: If so be her Friends enlarge themselves upon her Commendations, it is not possible for them to add any thing to the Merit which affects them. Thus the former are forced to submit to Reason, when they would follow the Malice of their Motions; and the others meerly just with all their Friendship, without a Capacity of being either officious, or favourable. She expects then nothing from the Inclination, as she apprehends nothing from an evil Will, in the Judgments that are made of her. But since one is free to conceal his Opinions, *Emilia* will have Reason to fear the Malice of Silence, the single prejudice that Rivals and Enemies can offer to her.

It's necessary to leave things somewhat general, to come to a more particular Description of her Person.

All her Features are regular, which is very seldom observed. All her Features are regular and agreeable, which is as it were never seen; for it seems that a Fancy of Nature may produce the Agreements of Regularity, and that compleat Beauties, who have always something to be admired, rarely enjoy the Secret of Pleasing. *Emilia* hath affecting Eyes, the Complexion parted, delicate, smooth; the Whiteness of Teeth, the Vermilion of Lips are Expressions too general for a secret and particular Charm, which I cannot describe. Without her, that Shape, that lower Part of the Face, where was placed the great Beauty of the Ancients, would be found no where but in the *Idea* of some Painter, or in the Descriptions which Antiquity has left us; and to enliven so many fine things, you

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see upon her Face a lively Clearness, an Air of Health, a Fullness in a good Degree, that leaves nothing more to be apprehended.

Her Stature of an exact Height, well proportion'd, easie, of a Freedom as far from Constraint, as that excessive Beauty, wherein appears as it were a sort of Looseness, which ruins the good Grace, and the good Carriage. Add to this a noble Gate, a serious Behaviour, but natural, which is neither starch'd, nor confus'd; the Laugh, the Speech, the Action, accompanied with Agreements and Decorum's.

Her Spirit is extensive without being *Vast*, never rambling so far in general Thoughts, as not to be able to return easily to singular Considerations; nothing escapes her Penetration, her Judgment leaves nothing unknown: And I cannot tell, whether she is more fit to unravel hidden things, than to judge soundly of those, which appear secret to us and not Mysterious; knowing equally how to be opportunely silent, and speaking. In her ordinary Conversation, she says nothing with study, and nothing at adventure, the least Matters mark Attention, there appears no endeavour in the most serious; what she has of Life ceases not to be exact, and her most natural Thoughts are express'd with a delicate Turn: But she hates lucky Imaginations, that escape from the Mind without Choice and without Judgment, that are as it were always admired, and for the most part little esteemed by those, that have them. In all her Person you see something of Great and Noble, which is found by a secret Relation in the Air of the Face, the Qualities of the Mind, and those of the Soul.

Naturally she would be too Magnificent, but a just

just Consideration of her Affairs retains this noble Sentiment, and she chuseth rather to constrain the Generosity of her Humour, than to fall into a Condition, where she should stand in need of that of another, as fierce to refuse any Favour from her own, as officious with Strangers, and full of Heat in the Interests of her Friends. Not that these Considerations make her lose an Inclination so noble, she regulates it in the use of her Estate; her Nature, and her Reason form an Unconcernedness without Negligence.

She has good Sense and Dexterity in Affairs she enters in voluntarily, if so be she finds therein a substantial Advantage for her self, or for her Friends: But she hates to act by a Spirit of Restlessness; equally against an unuseful Motion, and the Softness of a Repose, that takes a Pride in the Name of Tranquillity, to cover a true Indifference.

After having described so many Qualities so fine, it's proper to see what Impressions they make upon our Soul, and what's doing in her own.

She has something of Majestical, that imprints Respect; something of sweet and ingenious, that wins the Inclinations. She attracts you, she retains you, and you always approach to her with Desires, that you cannot shew.

To pierce into the inward Part, I don't believe her to be incapable of the Sentiments she gives: But imperious upon her self, as well as upon you, she masters in her own Heart by Reason, what Respect constrains in yours.

Nature being infirm in some Souls, doth not leave there force to desire any thing; impetuous in others, it brings forth transported Passions; exact in *Emilia*

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lia, it has made the Heart sensible, which ought to feel, and has given to Reason, which ought to command, an absolute Empire over her Motions.

Happy she, that lets her self go to the Tenderness of her Sentiments, without interressing the Curiousness of her Choice, nor that of her Conduct: Happy, that in a Correspondence established for the Sweetness of Life, contents her self with the Approbation of ingenious Men, and her own Satisfaction; that fears not the Murmurs of the envious, who are jealous of all Pleasures, and malicious against all Vertues.

One knows by an Infinity of Experience, that the Mind is blind in loving; and Love has as it were, never well established his Power, till he has ruined that of our Reason: Upon the Subject of *Amelia* our Sentiments become more passionate, according as our Knowledge becomes more refined; and the Passion, which always appeared a Mark of Folly, is here the true Effect of our Happiness.

The great Enemies of *Amelia* are those that have a false Knowledge of things, her Friends, all that know how to judge of things with Discretion. One has more, or less of Friendship for her, according as one has more or less of Nicety; and every one thinks to be the most curious, by knowing every day new Passages, in order to love her more.

Some Persons have no Occasion for this long discerning, and for so slow a Meditation. At the first sight they are touched with her Merit without the Knowledge of it, and feel secret Motions of Esteem, as well as Inclination for her. Scarce has she uttered six Words, but they find her the most reasonable in the World: No body ever appeared to them

them so ingenious, nor so wise, and as yet they know neither her Procedure, nor her Conduct. They frame, as it were by Instinct, the most advantageous Thoughts of her Vertue; and Reason being since consulted, instead of hiding the Surprise, doth but approve of such happy, and just Preventions.

Amongst the Advantages of *Amelia*, one of the greatest, in my Opinion, is to be always the same, and always pleasing. For one sees that the finest Humour doth at length become tiresome: The most fertile Spirits come to exhaust themselves, and make you fall with them into a Langour; the most enlivened Vivacities either repulse you, or weary you. From whence comes it, that Women have need of Fancies sometimes to stir us up, or else are obliged to mix in their Entertainments Diversions, that revive us? That which I describe pleases by her self alone, and at all times an eternal Equality never affords us a quarter of an Hour's distate. One is glad to be able to find with others one agreeable Hour; with her one would complain of a tedious Moment. Go and visit her in what Condition soever it be, upon what Occasion soever, you go to a certain Pleasure, and to an assured Satisfaction.

'Tis not an Imagination that surprizes you, and presently after is troublesome to you. 'Tis not a serious thing, that makes you purchase a solid Conversation by the loss of its Gayety: 'Tis a Reason that pleases, and a Judgment that's agreeable. I'll conclude by the Quality, which ought to be considered before all the rest. She is devout without Superstition, without Melancholy; far from
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that Infirmity, which frames Miracles particularly, and perswades it self at all Moments of supernatural Fopperies; averse from those retired Humours, which insensibly diffuse in the Mind the Hatred of the World, and an Antipathy against Pleasures.

She is not of Opinion, that one ought to retire from Humane Society, to seek God in the Horror of Solitude: She doth not believe that to be disengaged from a civil Life, to break the most reasonable and dear Correspondences, is to be united to God, but to be tied to ones self, and foolishly pursue ones own Imagination: She thinks to find God amongst Men, where his Goodness is most active, and his Providence appears to be more worthily employed; and there she seeks with him to enlighten her Reason, to perfect her Manners, to regulate her Conduct, both in the Cares of Salvation, and the Duties of Life.

Behold the Description of a Woman that is not to be found; if so be one may make the Description of a thing that is not. 'Tis rather the Character of an accomplished Person. I was not disposed to seek it amongst the Men, because there is always wanting to their Commerce something of that Sweetness, which one meets with in that of Women; and I thought it less impossible to find in a Woman the strongest and foundest Reason of Men, than in a Man the Charms and Agreements natural to Women.

THE END.

